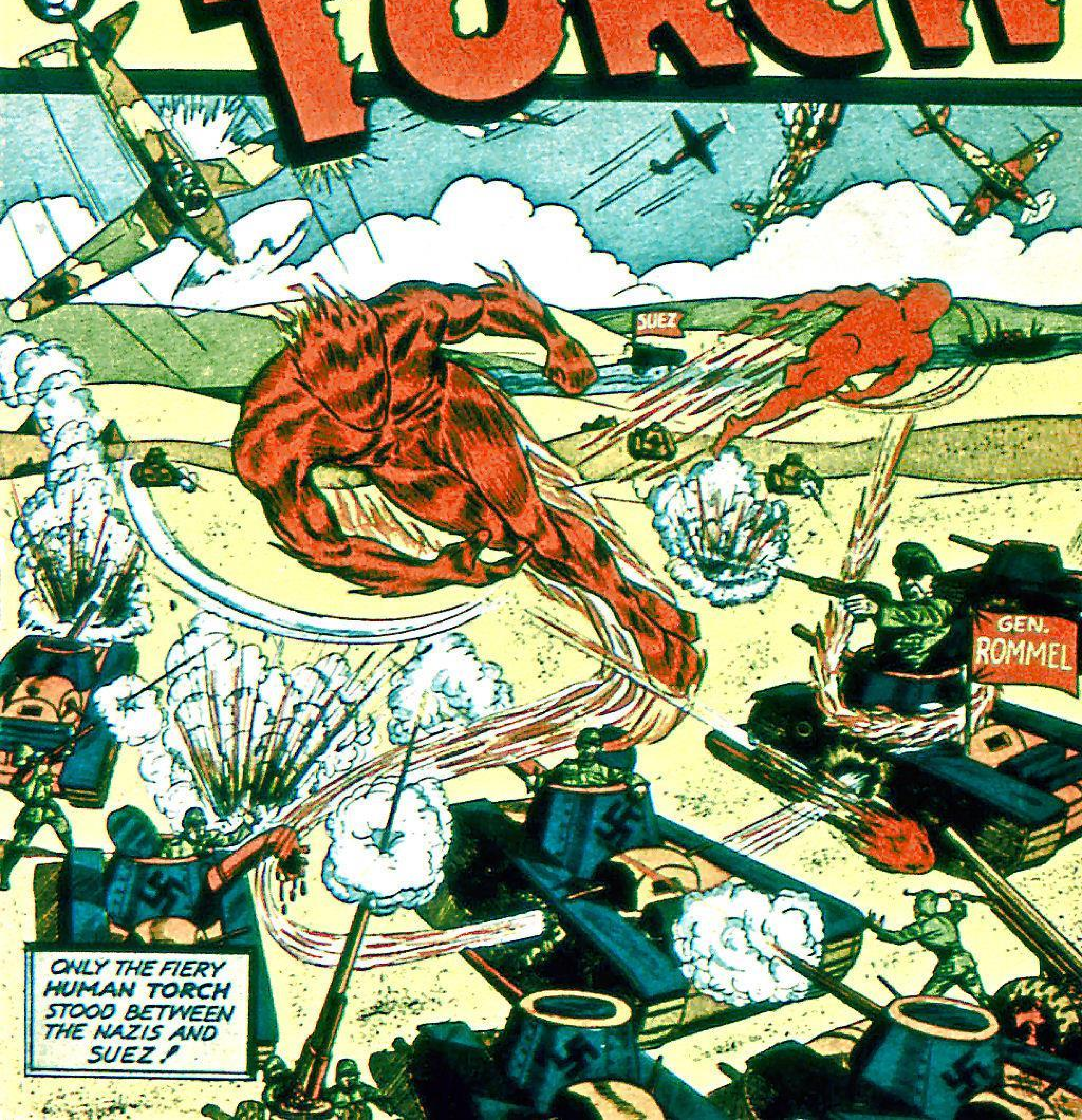
FALL ISSUE

10¢

THE HUMAN TORCH

NO. 9


SUEZ
GEN. ROMMEL

ONLY THE FIERY HUMAN TORCH STOOD BETWEEN THE NAZIS AND SUEZ!

THE BEST YET!

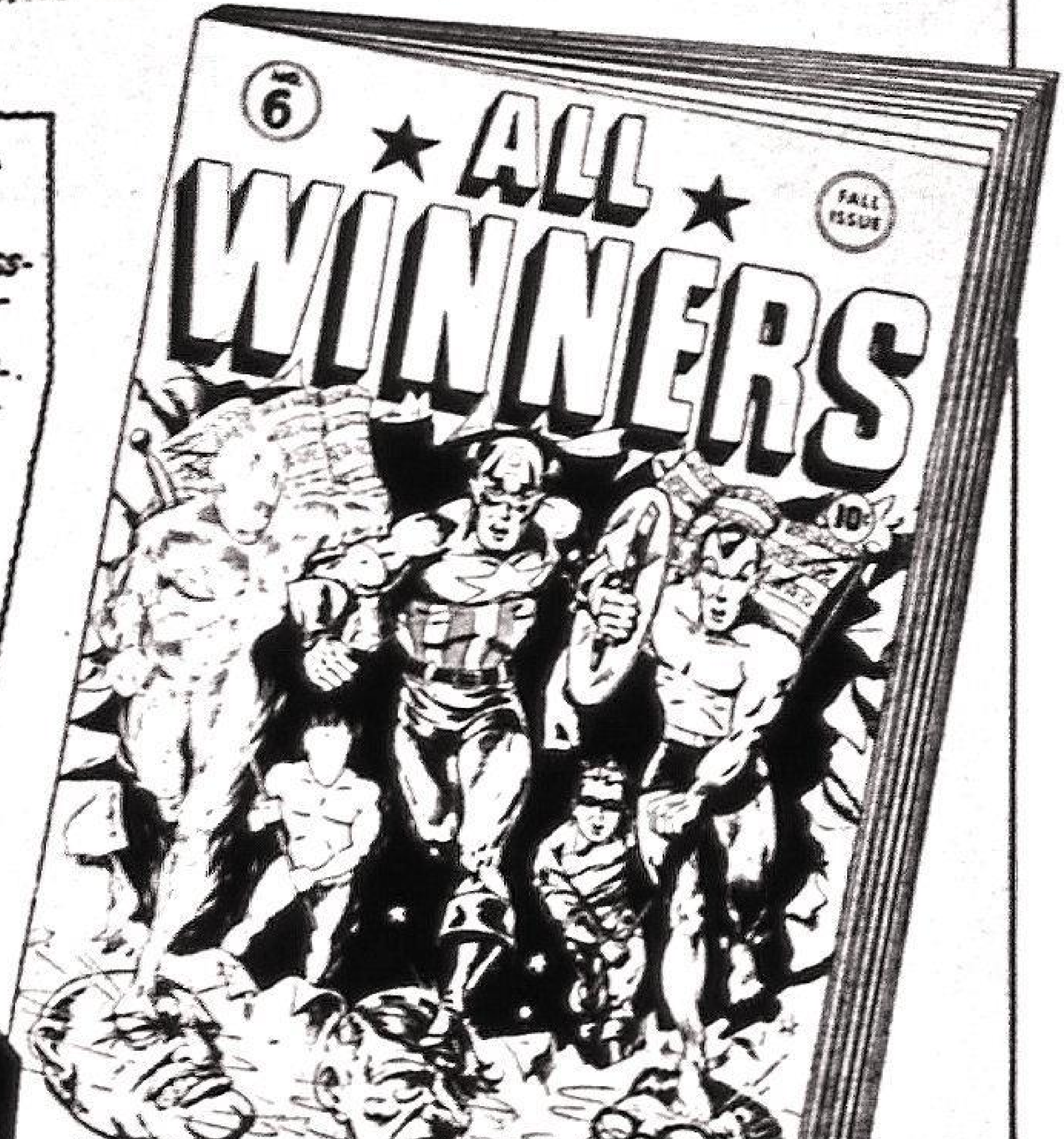
HEROES ALL!! OUT OF THE PAGES OF THIS GREAT MAGAZINE THEY COME... FIGHTING WITH TERRIBLE, AVENGING FISTS ALL THOSE WHO THREATEN THE RIGHTS OF FREEDOM... STRUGGLING ENDLESSLY TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY AND END THE GREEDY AND POWER-THIRSTY CAREERS OF THE FIENDS AND MONSTERS OF EVIL WHO DARE OPPOSE THE POWERFUL EFFORTS OF AMERICAS GREATEST HEROES.....

HERE THEY ARE.... ALL THE CHARACTERS WHOSE ADVENTURES YOU FOLLOW BREATHLESSLY IN OUR OTHER MAGAZINES, COMBINED TO MAKE ANOTHER SMASHING, THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF THE NEW FALL ALL WINNERS!

- CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY
- HUMAN TORCH AND TORO
- SUB-MARINER
- DESTROYER
- BLACK AVENGER

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND



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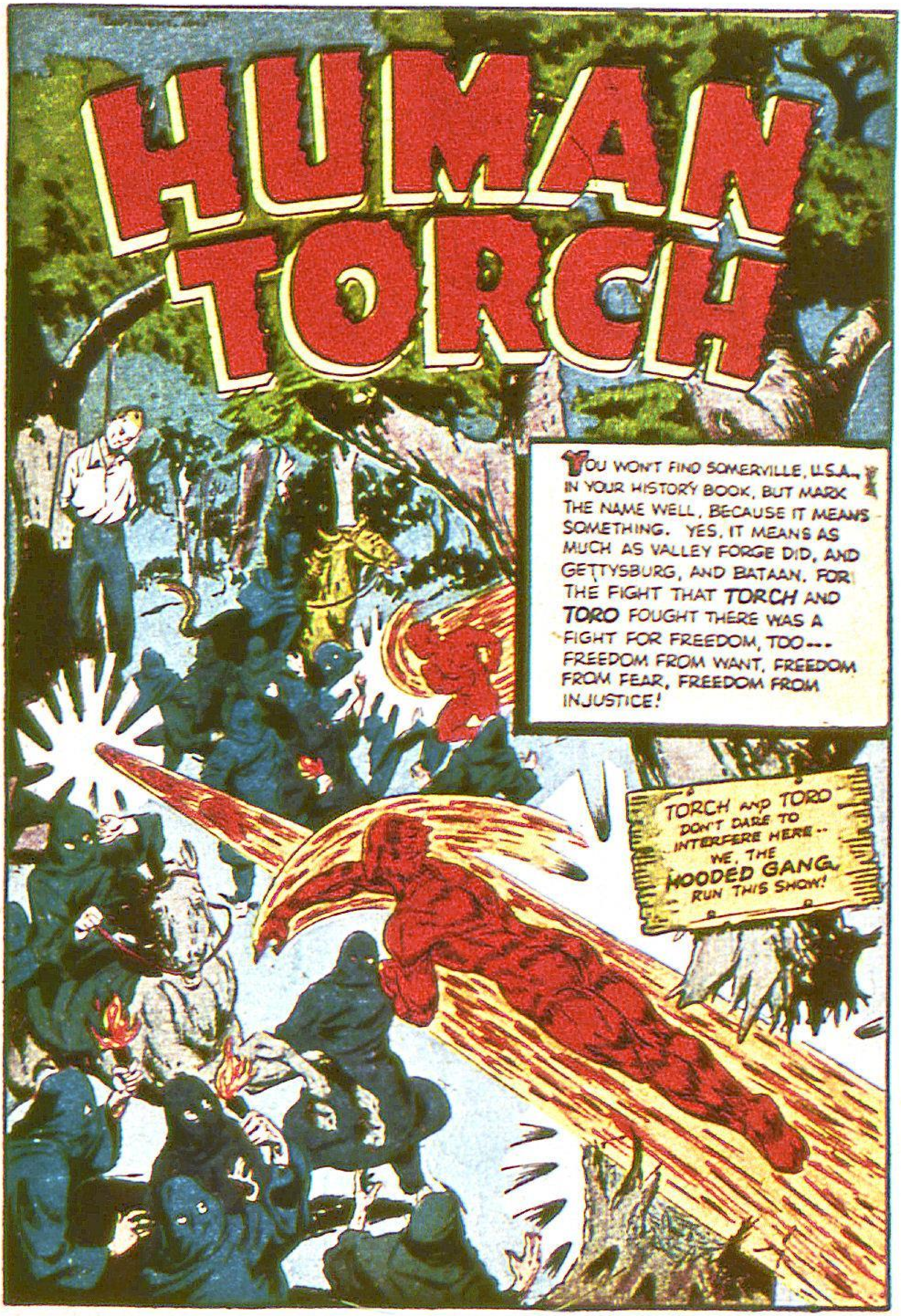
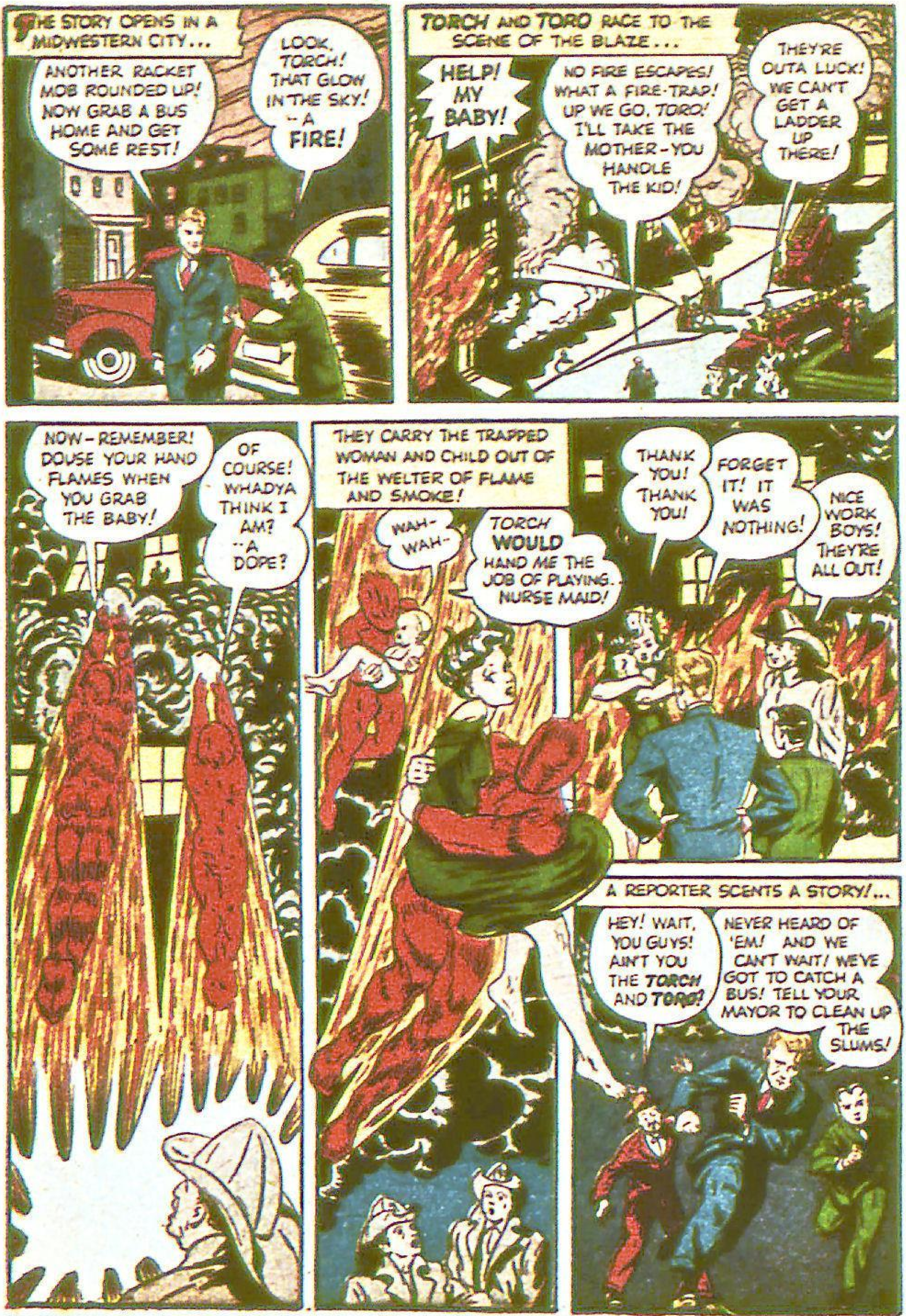
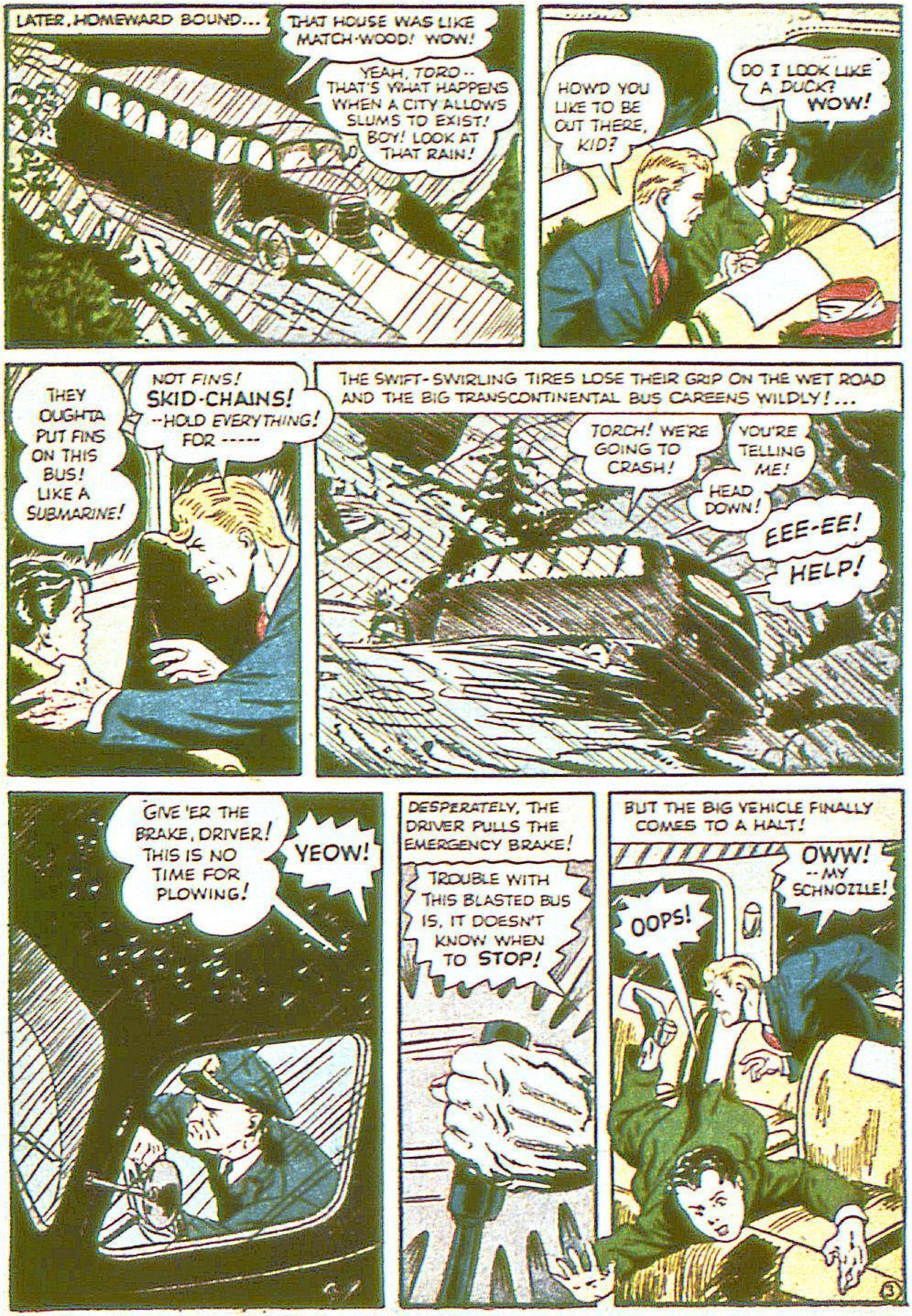
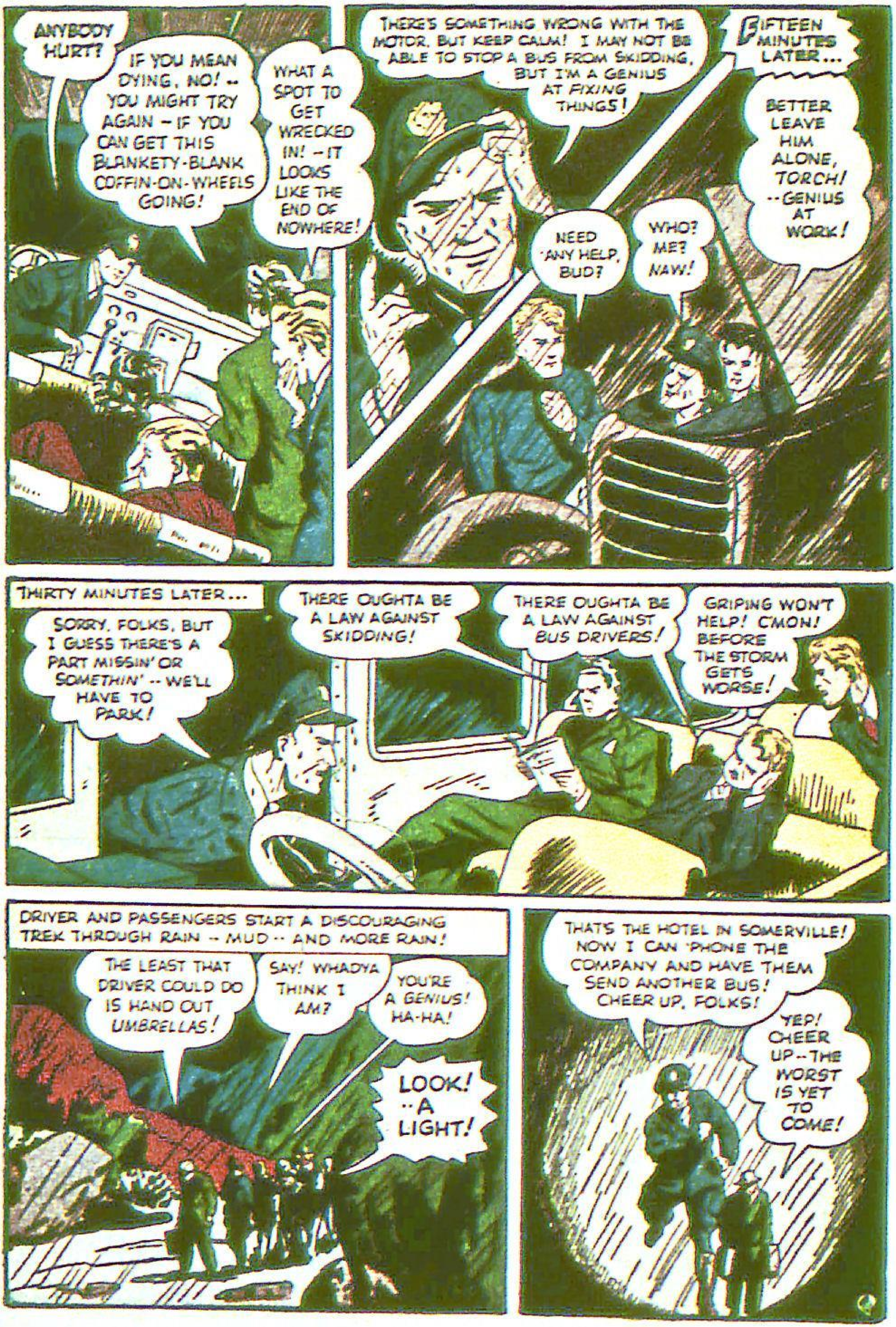
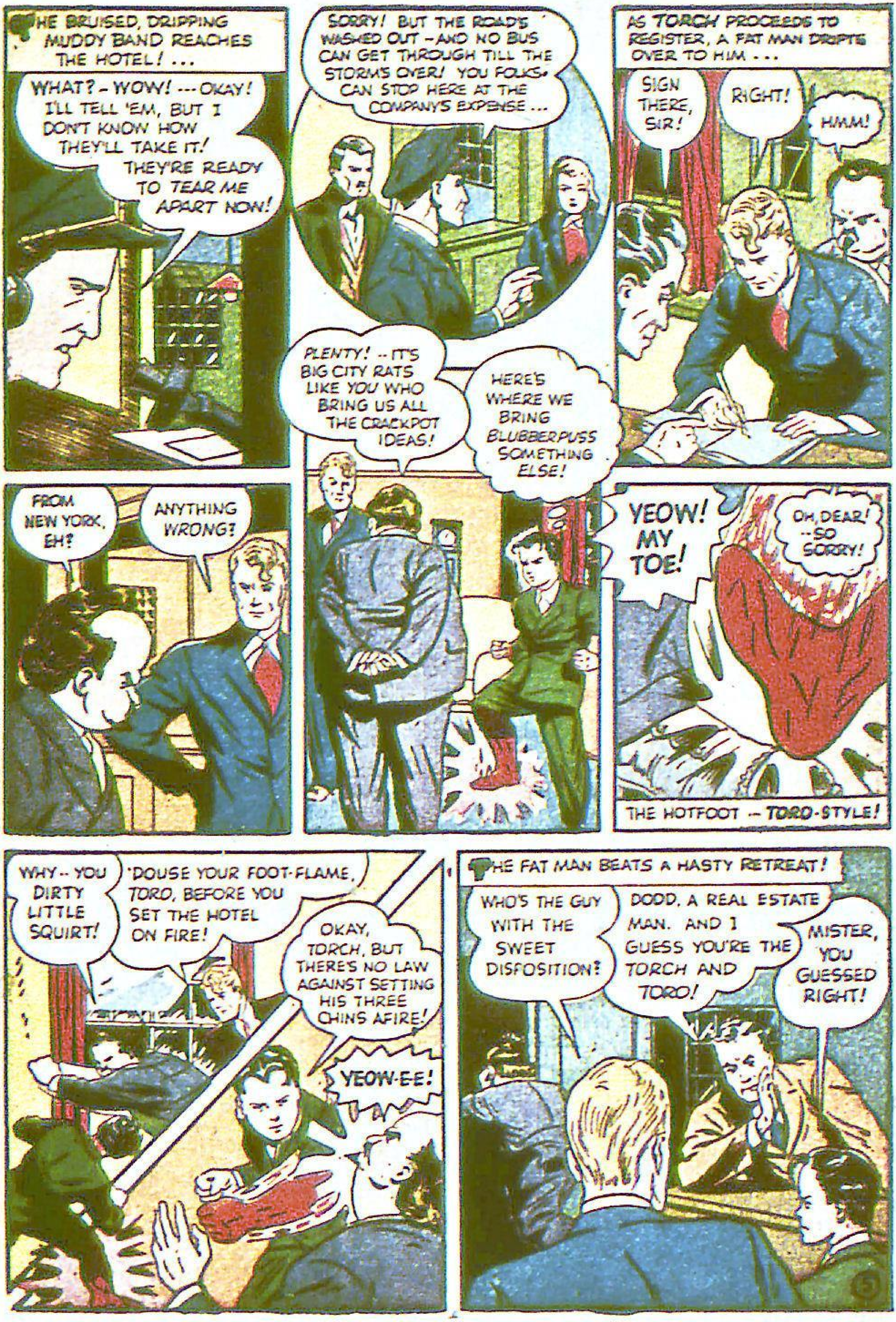
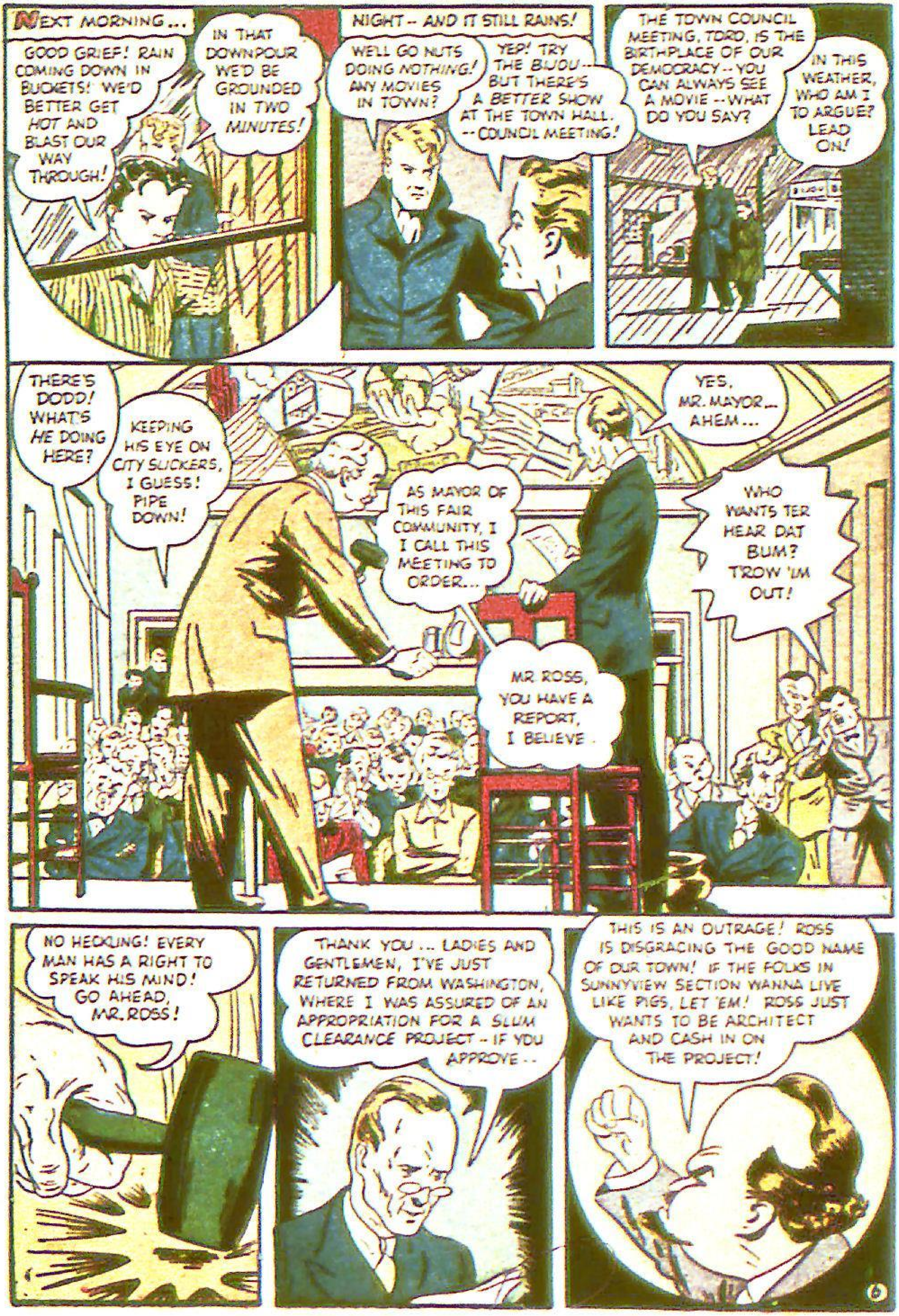

HUMAN TORCH
YOU WON'T FIND SOMERVILLE, U.S.A., IN YOUR HISTORY BOOK, BUT MARK THE NAME WELL, BECAUSE IT MEANS SOMETHING. YES, IT MEANS AS MUCH AS VALLEY FORGE DID, AND GETTYSBURG, AND BATAAN. FOR THE FIGHT THAT TORCH AND TORO FOUGHT THERE WAS A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, TOO--- FREEDOM FROM WANT, FREEDOM FROM FEAR, FREEDOM FROM INJUSTICE!
TORCH AND TORO DON'T DARE TO INTERFERE HERE.. WE, THE HOODED GANG, RUN THIS SHOW!

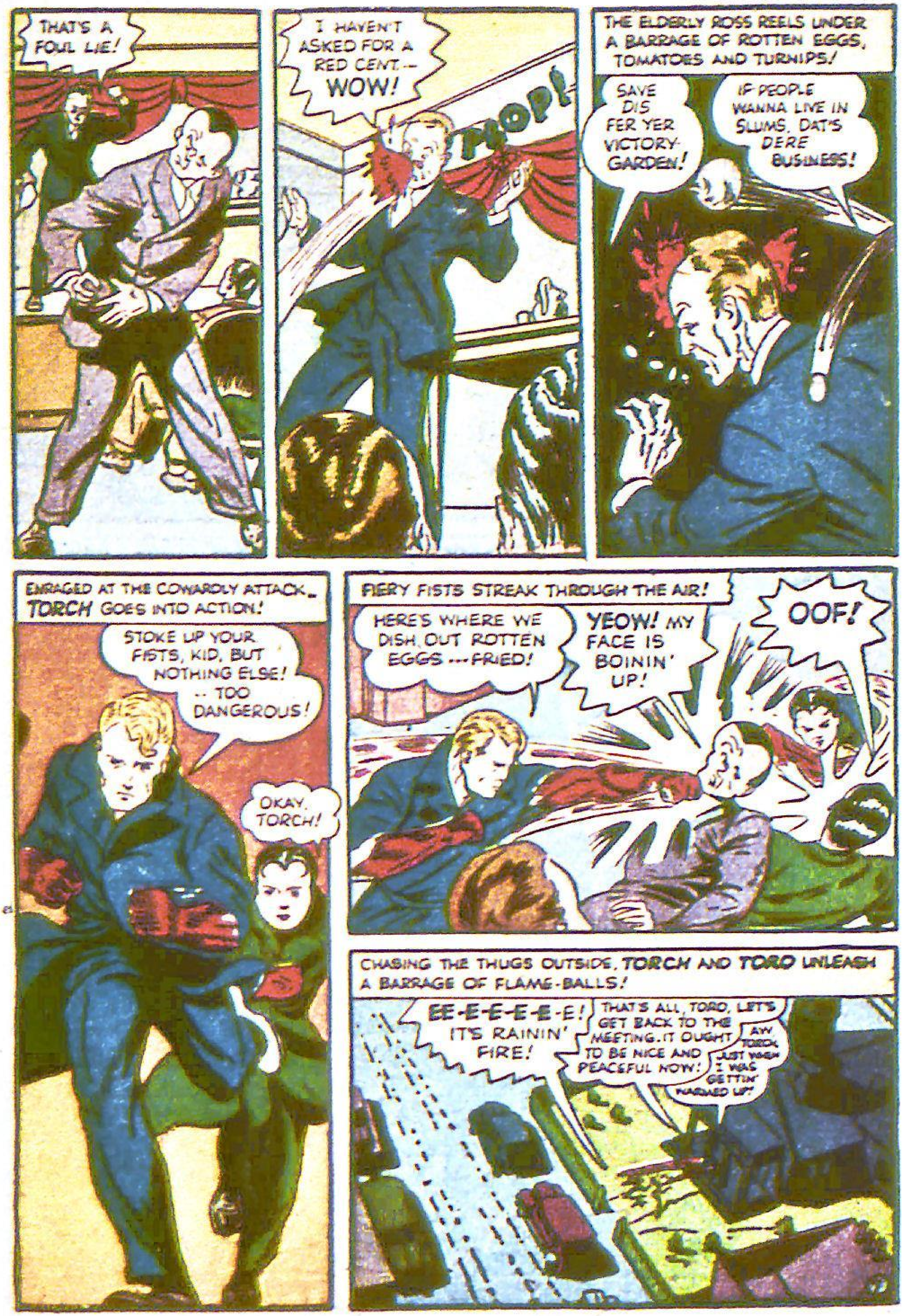

THE STORY OPENS IN A MIDWESTERN CITY...
ANOTHER RACKET MOB ROUNDED UP! NOW GRAB A BUS HOME AND GET SOME REST!
LOOK, TORCH! THAT GLOW IN THE SKY! --A FIRE!
TORCH AND TORO RACE TO THE SCENE OF THE BLAZE...
HELP! MY BABY!
NO FIRE ESCAPES! WHAT A FIRE-TRAP! UP WE GO, TORO! I'LL TAKE THE MOTHER-YOU HANDLE THE KID!
THEY'RE OUTA LUCK! WE CAN'T GET A LADDER UP THERE!
NOW-REMEMBER! DOUSE YOUR HAND FLAMES WHEN YOU GRAB THE BABY!
OF COURSE! WHADYA THINK I AM? --A DOPE?
THEY CARRY THE TRAPPED WOMAN AND CHILD OUT OF THE WELTER OF FLAME AND SMOKE!
WAH-WAH-
TORCH WOULD HAND ME THE JOB OF PLAYING NURSE MAID!
THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
FORGET IT! IT WAS NOTHING!
NICE WORK BOYS! THEY'RE ALL OUT!
A REPORTER SCENTS A STORY!...
HEY! WAIT, YOU GUYS! AIN'T YOU THE TORCH AND TORO?
NEVER HEARD OF 'EM! AND WE CAN'T WAIT! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH A BUS! TELL YOUR MAYOR TO CLEAN UP THE SLUMS!

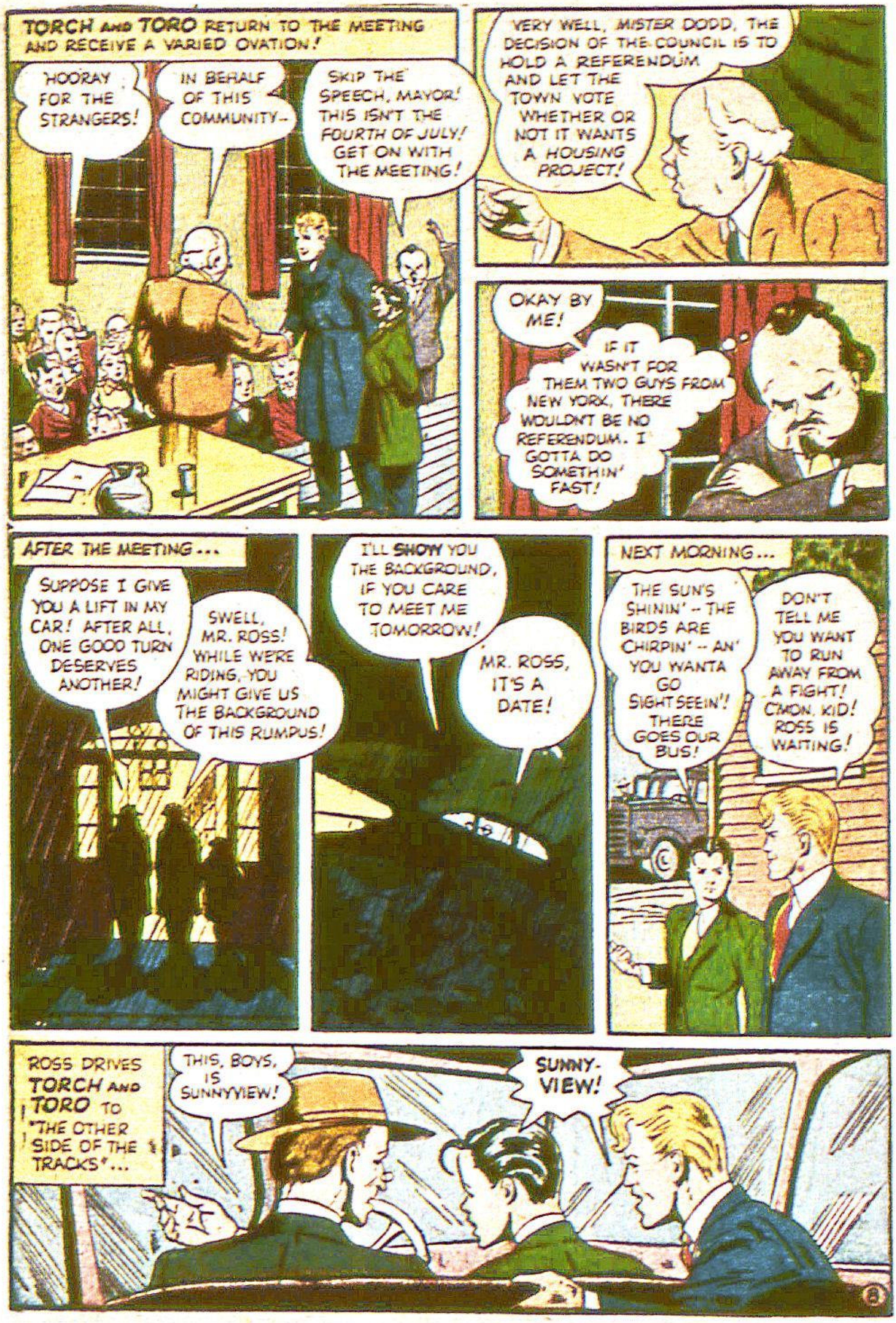

LATER, HOMEWARD BOUND...
THAT HOUSE WAS LIKE MATCH-WOOD! WOW!
YEAH, *TORO* -- THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A CITY ALLOWS SLUMS TO EXIST! BOY! LOOK AT THAT RAIN!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE OUT THERE, *KID?*
DO I LOOK LIKE A *DUCK?* WOW!
THEY OUGHTA PUT FINS ON THIS BUS! LIKE A *SUBMARINE!*
NOT *FINS!* SKID-CHAINS! --HOLD *EVERYTHING!* FOR -----
THE SWIFT-SWIRLING TIRES LOSE THEIR GRIP ON THE WET ROAD AND THE BIG TRANSCONTINENTAL BUS CAREENS WILDLY!...
TORCH! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
YOU'RE TELLING *ME!*
HEAD DOWN!
EEE-EE!
HELP!
GIVE 'ER THE BRAKE, DRIVER! THIS IS NO TIME FOR PLOWING!
YEOW!
DESPERATELY, THE DRIVER PULLS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE!
TROUBLE WITH THIS BLASTED BUS IS, IT DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO **STOP!**
BUT THE BIG VEHICLE FINALLY COMES TO A HALT!
OOPS!
OWW! --MY SCHNOZZLE!

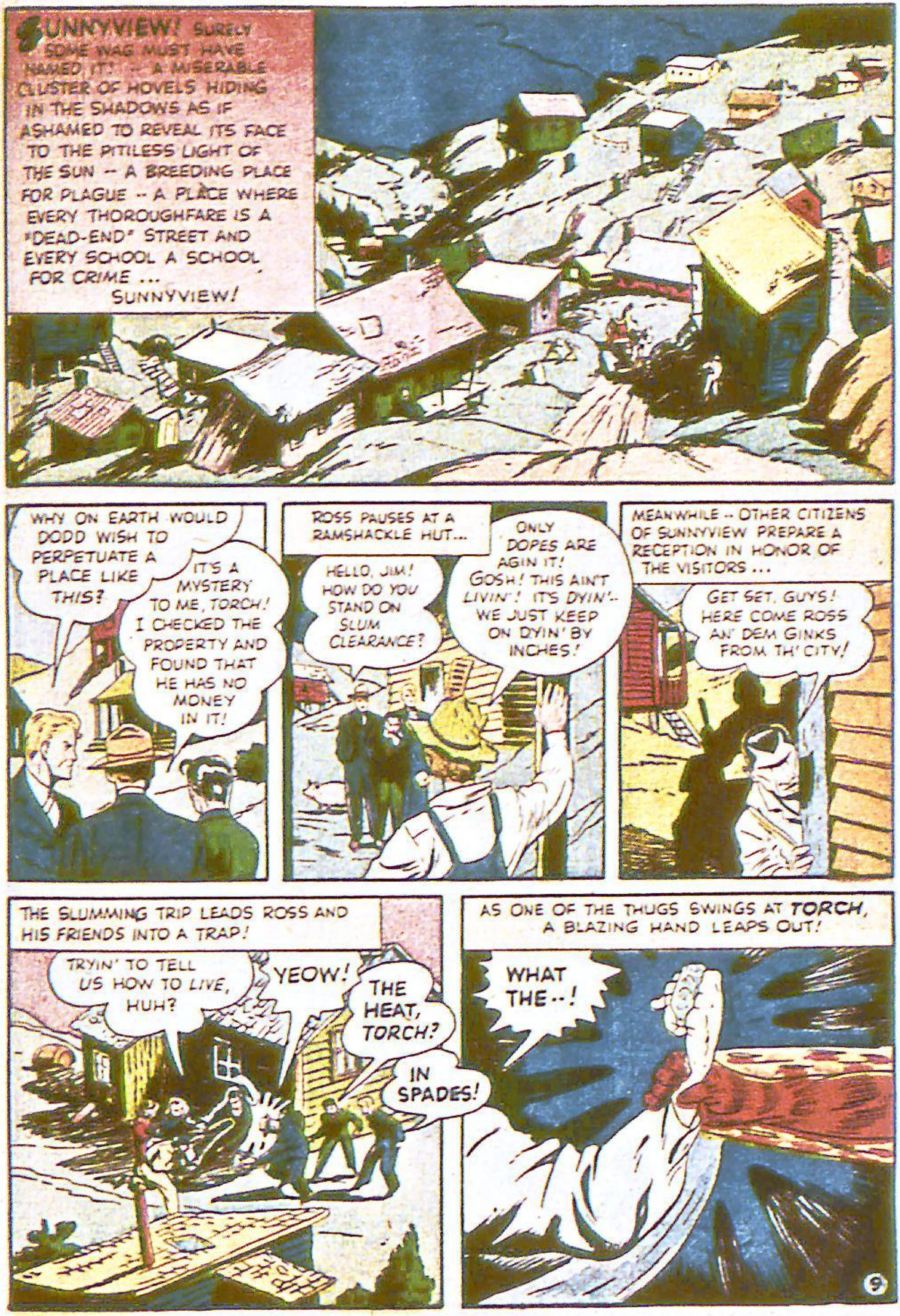

ANYBODY HURT?
IF YOU MEAN DYING, NO! -- YOU MIGHT TRY AGAIN - IF YOU CAN GET THIS BLANKETY-BLANK COFFIN-ON-WHEELS GOING!
WHAT A SPOT TO GET WRECKED IN! - IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF NOWHERE!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MOTOR, BUT KEEP CALM! I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO STOP A BUS FROM SKIDDING, BUT I'M A GENIUS AT *FIXING* THINGS!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
NEED ANY HELP, BUD?
WHO? ME? *NAW!*
BETTER LEAVE HIM ALONE, *TORCH!* --GENIUS AT WORK!
THIRTY MINUTES LATER...
SORRY, FOLKS, BUT I GUESS THERE'S A PART MISSIN' OR SOMETHIN' -- WE'LL HAVE TO PARK!
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST SKIDDING!
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST *BUS DRIVERS!*
GRIPING WON'T HELP! C'MON! BEFORE THE STORM GETS WORSE!
DRIVER AND PASSENGERS START A DISCOURAGING TREK THROUGH RAIN -- MUD -- AND MORE RAIN!
THE LEAST THAT DRIVER COULD DO IS HAND OUT *UMBRELLAS!*
SAY! WHADYA THINK I AM?
YOU'RE A *GENIUS!* HA-HA!
LOOK! .. A LIGHT!
THAT'S THE HOTEL IN SOMERVILLE! NOW I CAN 'PHONE THE COMPANY AND HAVE THEM SEND ANOTHER BUS! CHEER UP, FOLKS!
YEP! CHEER UP -- THE *WORST* IS YET TO *COME!*

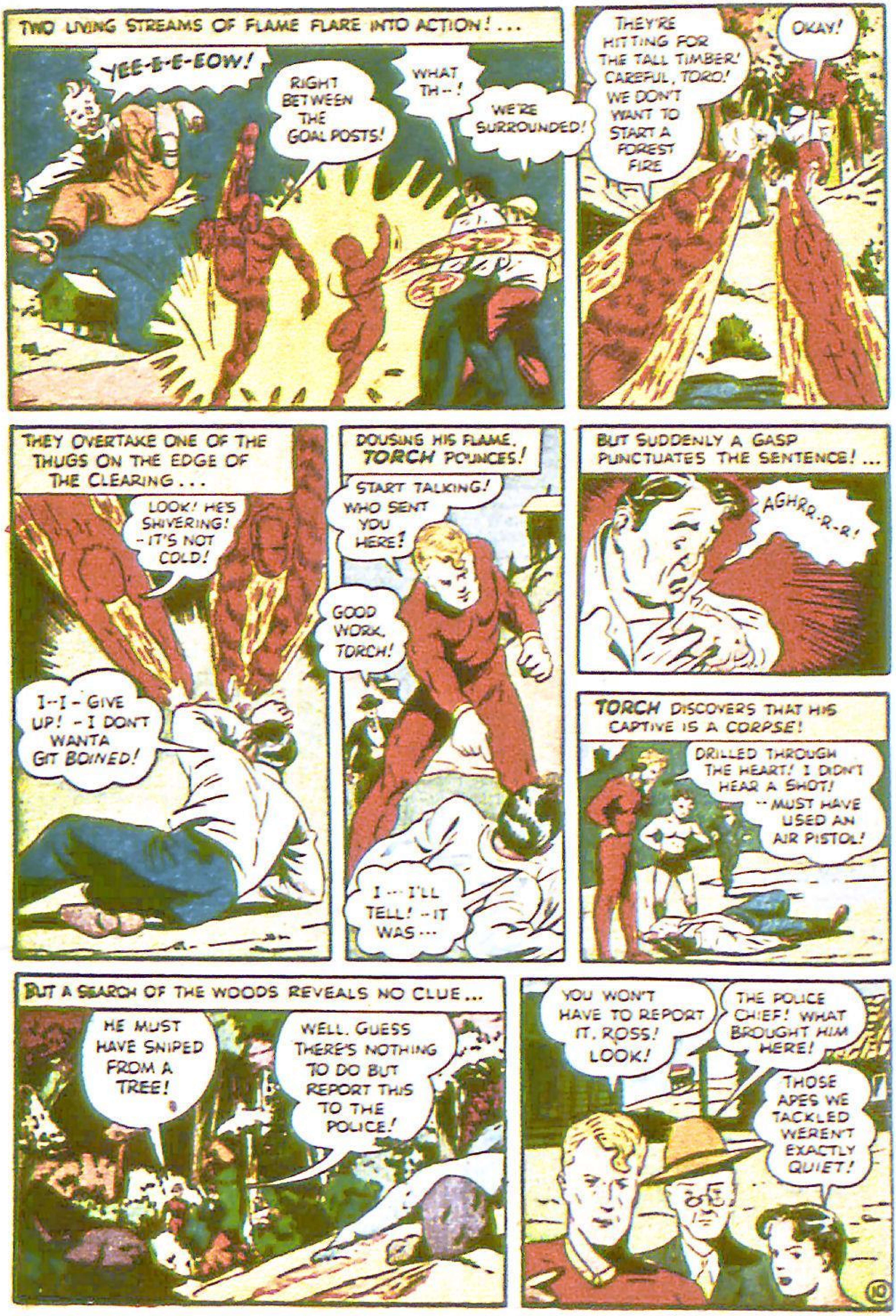

THE BRUISED, DRIPPING MUDDY BAND REACHES THE HOTEL! ...
WHAT? - WOW! --- OKAY! I'LL TELL 'EM, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'LL TAKE IT!
THEY'RE READY TO *TEAR ME APART* NOW!
SORRY! BUT THE ROAD'S WASHED OUT - AND NO BUS CAN GET THROUGH TILL THE STORM'S OVER! YOU FOLKS CAN STOP HERE AT THE COMPANY'S EXPENSE ...
AS *TORCH* PROCEEDS TO REGISTER, A FAT MAN DRIFTS OVER TO HIM ...
SIGN THERE, SIR!
RIGHT!
HMM!
FROM NEW YORK, EH?
ANYTHING *WRONG*?
PLENTY! -- IT'S BIG CITY RATS LIKE *YOU* WHO BRING US ALL THE CRACKPOT IDEAS!
HERE'S WHERE WE BRING *BLUBBERPUSS* SOMETHING *ELSE!*
YEOW! MY TOE!
OH, DEAR! -- SO SORRY!
THE HOTFOOT -- *TORO*-STYLE!
WHY -- YOU DIRTY LITTLE SQUIRT!
'DOUSE YOUR FOOT-FLAME, *TORO*, BEFORE YOU SET THE HOTEL ON FIRE!
OKAY, *TORCH*, BUT THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST SETTING HIS THREE CHINS AFIRE!
YEOW-E-E!
THE FAT MAN BEATS A HASTY RETREAT!
WHO'S THE GUY WITH THE SWEET DISPOSITION?
DODD, A REAL ESTATE MAN. AND I GUESS YOU'RE THE *TORCH* AND *TORO*!
MISTER, YOU GUESSED RIGHT!

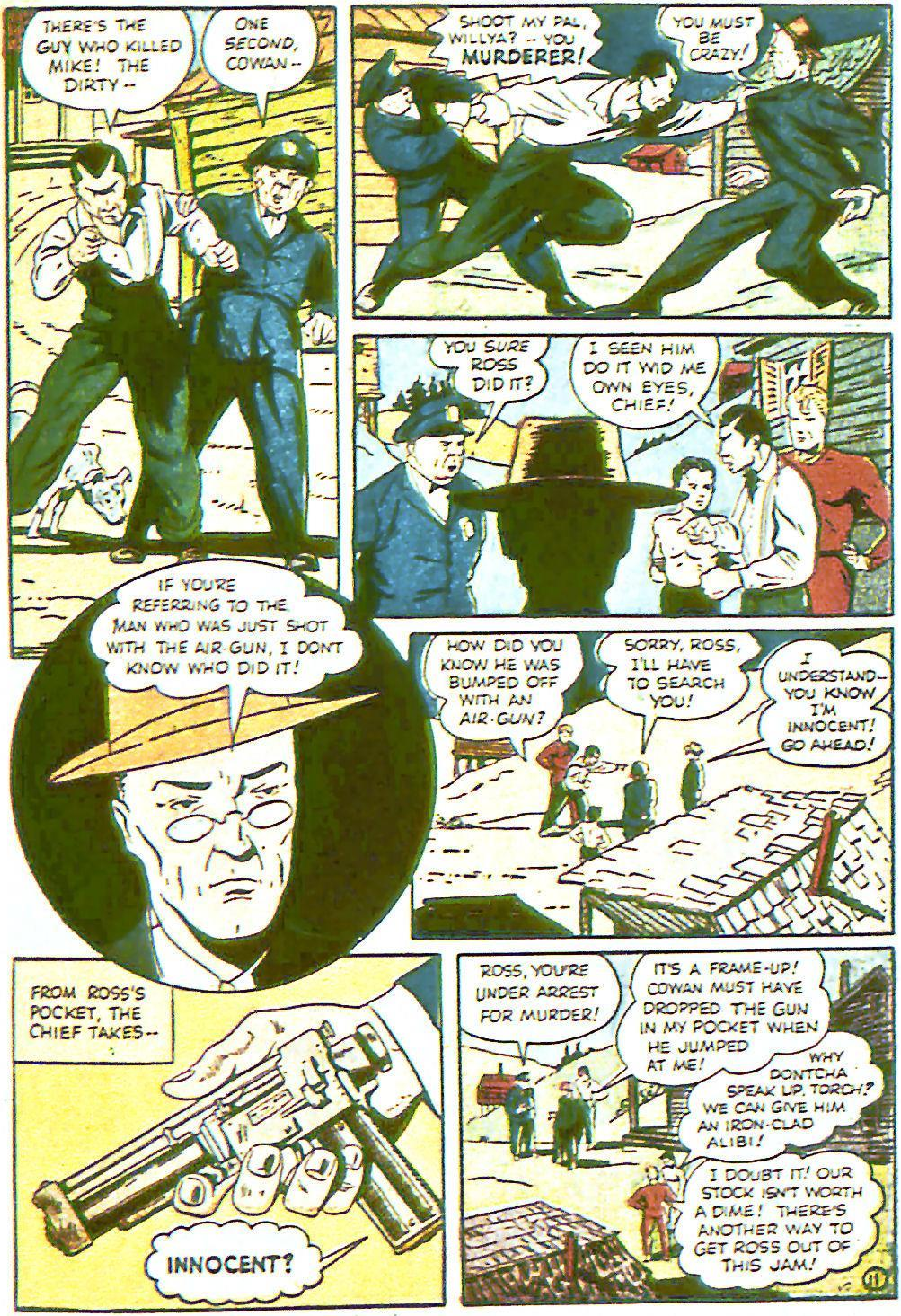

NEXT MORNING...
GOOD GRIEF! RAIN COMING DOWN IN BUCKETS! WE'D BETTER GET HOT AND BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH!
IN THAT DOWNPOUR WE'D BE GROUNDED IN TWO MINUTES!
NIGHT -- AND IT STILL RAINS!
WE'LL GO NUTS DOING NOTHING! ANY MOVIES IN TOWN?
YEP! TRY THE BIJOU -- BUT THERE'S A BETTER SHOW AT THE TOWN HALL. -- COUNCIL MEETING!
THE TOWN COUNCIL MEETING, TORO, IS THE BIRTHPLACE OF OUR DEMOCRACY -- YOU CAN ALWAYS SEE A MOVIE -- WHAT DO YOU SAY?
IN THIS WEATHER, WHO AM I TO ARGUE? LEAD ON!
THERE'S DODD! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
KEEPING HIS EYE ON CITY SLICKERS, I GUESS! PIPE DOWN!
AS MAYOR OF THIS FAIR COMMUNITY, I I CALL THIS MEETING TO ORDER...
MR ROSS, YOU HAVE A REPORT, I BELIEVE.
YES, MR. MAYOR... AHEM...
WHO WANTS TER HEAR DAT BUM? TROW 'IM OUT!
NO HECKLING! EVERY MAN HAS A RIGHT TO SPEAK HIS MIND! GO AHEAD, MR. ROSS!
THANK YOU ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM WASHINGTON, WHERE I WAS ASSURED OF AN APPROPRIATION FOR A SLUM CLEARANCE PROJECT -- IF YOU APPROVE --
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! ROSS IS DISGRACING THE GOOD NAME OF OUR TOWN! IF THE FOLKS IN SUNNYVIEW SECTION WANNA LIVE LIKE PIGS, LET 'EM! ROSS JUST WANTS TO BE ARCHITECT AND CASH IN ON THE PROJECT!

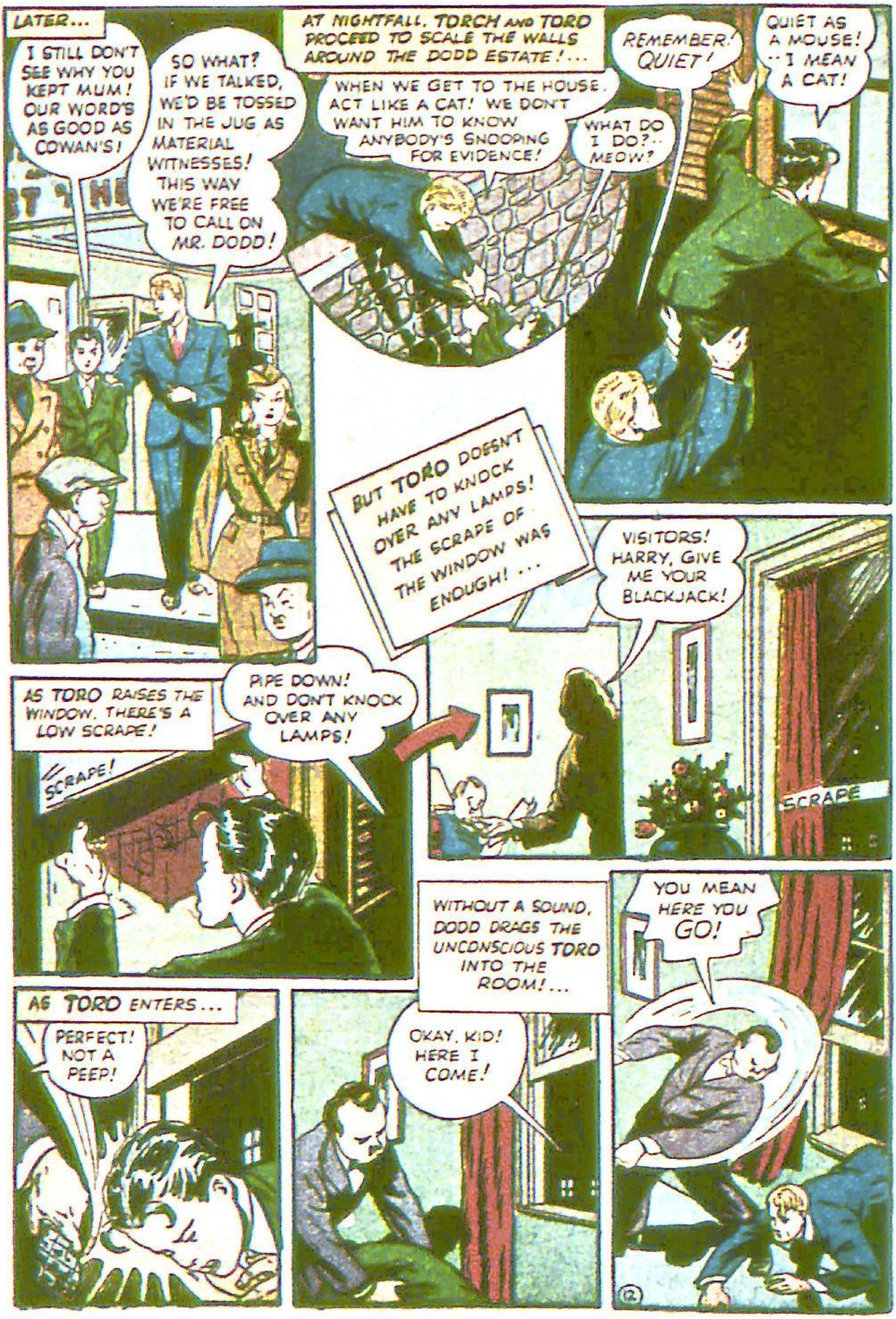

THAT'S A FOUL LIE!
I HAVEN'T ASKED FOR A RED CENT.-- WOW!
PLOP!
THE ELDERLY ROSS REELS UNDER A BARRAGE OF ROTTEN EGGS, TOMATOES AND TURNIPS!
SAVE DIS FER YER VICTORY GARDEN!
IF PEOPLE WANNA LIVE IN SLUMS, DAT'S DERE BUSINESS!
ENRAGED AT THE COWARDLY ATTACK.. TORCH GOES INTO ACTION!
STOKE UP YOUR FISTS, KID, BUT NOTHING ELSE! -- TOO DANGEROUS!
OKAY, TORCH!
FIERY FISTS STREAK THROUGH THE AIR!
HERE'S WHERE WE DISH OUT ROTTEN EGGS --- FRIED!
YEOW! MY FACE IS BOININ' UP!
OOF!
CHASING THE THUGS OUTSIDE, TORCH AND TORO UNLEASH A BARRAGE OF FLAME-BALLS!
EE-E-E-E-E-E! IT'S RAININ' FIRE!
THAT'S ALL, TORO, LET'S GET BACK TO THE MEETING. IT OUGHT TO BE NICE AND PEACEFUL NOW!
AW TORCH, JUST WHEN I WAS GETTIN' WARMED UP!


TORCH AND TORO RETURN TO THE MEETING AND RECEIVE A VARIED OVATION!
HOORAY FOR THE STRANGERS!
IN BEHALF OF THIS COMMUNITY--
SKIP THE SPEECH, MAYOR! THIS ISN'T THE FOURTH OF JULY! GET ON WITH THE MEETING!
VERY WELL, MISTER DODD, THE DECISION OF THE COUNCIL IS TO HOLD A REFERENDUM AND LET THE TOWN VOTE WHETHER OR NOT IT WANTS A HOUSING PROJECT!
OKAY BY ME!
IF IT WASN'T FOR THEM TWO GUYS FROM NEW YORK, THERE WOULDN'T BE NO REFERENDUM. I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' FAST!
AFTER THE MEETING...
SUPPOSE I GIVE YOU A LIFT IN MY CAR! AFTER ALL, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!
SWELL, MR. ROSS! WHILE WE'RE RIDING, YOU MIGHT GIVE US THE BACKGROUND OF THIS RUMPUS!
I'LL SHOW YOU THE BACKGROUND, IF YOU CARE TO MEET ME TOMORROW!
MR. ROSS, IT'S A DATE!
NEXT MORNING...
THE SUN'S SHININ' -- THE BIRDS ARE CHIRPIN' -- AN' YOU WANTA GO SIGHTSEEIN'! THERE GOES OUR BUS!
DON'T TELL ME YOU WANT TO RUN AWAY FROM A FIGHT! C'MON, KID! ROSS IS WAITING!
ROSS DRIVES TORCH AND TORO TO "THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS"...
THIS, BOYS, IS SUNNYVIEW!
SUNNY-VIEW!


SUNNYVIEW! SURELY SOME WAG MUST HAVE NAMED IT! -- A MISERABLE CLUSTER OF HOVELS HIDING IN THE SHADOWS AS IF ASHAMED TO REVEAL ITS FACE TO THE PITILESS LIGHT OF THE SUN -- A BREEDING PLACE FOR PLAGUE -- A PLACE WHERE EVERY THOROUGHFARE IS A "DEAD-END" STREET AND EVERY SCHOOL A SCHOOL FOR CRIME ... SUNNYVIEW!
WHY ON EARTH WOULD DODD WISH TO PERPETUATE A PLACE LIKE THIS?
IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME, TORCH! I CHECKED THE PROPERTY AND FOUND THAT HE HAS NO MONEY IN IT!
ROSS PAUSES AT A RAMSHACKLE HUT...
HELLO, JIM! HOW DO YOU STAND ON SLUM CLEARANCE?
ONLY DOPES ARE AGIN IT! GOSH! THIS AIN'T LIVIN'! IT'S DYIN'- WE JUST KEEP ON DYIN' BY INCHES!
MEANWHILE -- OTHER CITIZENS OF SUNNYVIEW PREPARE A RECEPTION IN HONOR OF THE VISITORS ...
GET SET, GUYS! HERE COME ROSS AN' DEM GINKS FROM TH' CITY!
THE SLUMMING TRIP LEADS ROSS AND HIS FRIENDS INTO A TRAP!
TRYIN' TO TELL US HOW TO LIVE, HUH?
YEOW!
THE HEAT, TORCH?
IN SPADES!
AS ONE OF THE THUGS SWINGS AT TORCH, A BLAZING HAND LEAPS OUT!
WHAT THE --!


TWO LIVING STREAMS OF FLAME FLARE INTO ACTION! ...
YEE-E-E-EOW!
RIGHT BETWEEN THE GOAL POSTS!
WHAT TH--!
WE'RE SURROUNDED!
THEY'RE HITTING FOR THE TALL TIMBER! CAREFUL, TORO! WE DON'T WANT TO START A FOREST FIRE
OKAY!
THEY OVERTAKE ONE OF THE THUGS ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING ...
LOOK! HE'S SHIVERING! - IT'S NOT COLD!
I--I - GIVE UP! - I DON'T WANTA GIT BOINED!
DOUSING HIS FLAME, TORCH POUNCES!
START TALKING! WHO SENT YOU HERE!
GOOD WORK, TORCH!
I --- I'LL TELL! - IT WAS ...
BUT SUDDENLY A GASP PUNCTUATES THE SENTENCE! ...
AGHRR-R-R!
TORCH DISCOVERS THAT HIS CAPTIVE IS A CORPSE!
DRILLED THROUGH THE HEART! I DIDN'T HEAR A SHOT! -- MUST HAVE USED AN AIR PISTOL!
BUT A SEARCH OF THE WOODS REVEALS NO CLUE ...
HE MUST HAVE SNIPED FROM A TREE!
WELL, GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO REPORT IT, ROSS! LOOK!
THE POLICE CHIEF! WHAT BROUGHT HIM HERE!
THOSE APES WE TACKLED WEREN'T EXACTLY QUIET!


THERE'S THE GUY WHO KILLED MIKE! THE DIRTY --
ONE SECOND, COWAN --
SHOOT MY PAL, WILLYA? -- YOU MURDERER!
YOU MUST BE CRAZY!
YOU SURE ROSS DID IT?
I SEEN HIM DO IT WID ME OWN EYES, CHIEF!
IF YOU'RE REFERRING TO THE MAN WHO WAS JUST SHOT WITH THE AIR-GUN, I DONT KNOW WHO DID IT!
HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WAS BUMPED OFF WITH AN AIR-GUN?
SORRY, ROSS, I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH YOU!
I UNDERSTAND-- YOU KNOW I'M INNOCENT! GO AHEAD!
FROM ROSS'S POCKET, THE CHIEF TAKES--
INNOCENT?
ROSS, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER!
IT'S A FRAME-UP! COWAN MUST HAVE DROPPED THE GUN IN MY POCKET WHEN HE JUMPED AT ME!
WHY DONTCHA SPEAK UP, TORCH? WE CAN GIVE HIM AN IRON-CLAD ALIBI!
I DOUBT IT! OUR STOCK ISN'T WORTH A DIME! THERE'S ANOTHER WAY TO GET ROSS OUT OF THIS JAM!


LATER...
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU KEPT MUM! OUR WORD'S AS GOOD AS COWAN'S!
SO WHAT? IF WE TALKED, WE'D BE TOSSED IN THE JUG AS MATERIAL WITNESSES! THIS WAY WE'RE FREE TO CALL ON MR. DODD!
AT NIGHTFALL, TORCH AND TORO PROCEED TO SCALE THE WALLS AROUND THE DODD ESTATE!...
WHEN WE GET TO THE HOUSE, ACT LIKE A CAT! WE DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW ANYBODY'S SNOOPING FOR EVIDENCE!
WHAT DO I DO?.. MEOW?
REMEMBER! QUIET!
QUIET AS A MOUSE! ..I MEAN A CAT!
AS TORO RAISES THE WINDOW, THERE'S A LOW SCRAPE!
SCRAPE!
PIPE DOWN! AND DON'T KNOCK OVER ANY LAMPS!
BUT TORO DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOCK OVER ANY LAMPS! THE SCRAPE OF THE WINDOW WAS ENOUGH! ...
VISITORS! HARRY, GIVE ME YOUR BLACKJACK!
SCRAPE
AS TORO ENTERS...
PERFECT! NOT A PEEP!
WITHOUT A SOUND, DODD DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS TORO INTO THE ROOM!...
OKAY, KID! HERE I COME!
YOU MEAN HERE YOU GO!
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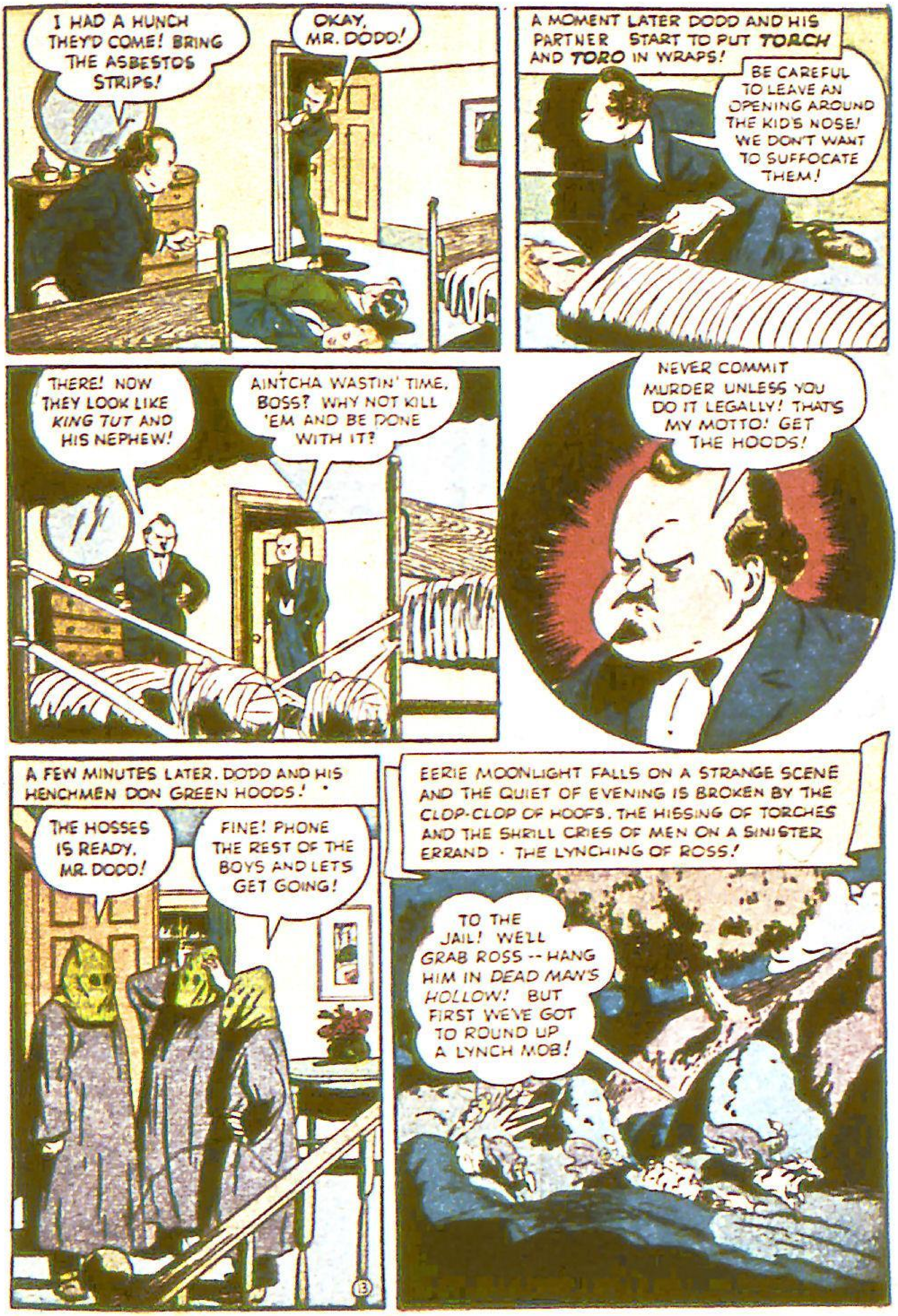
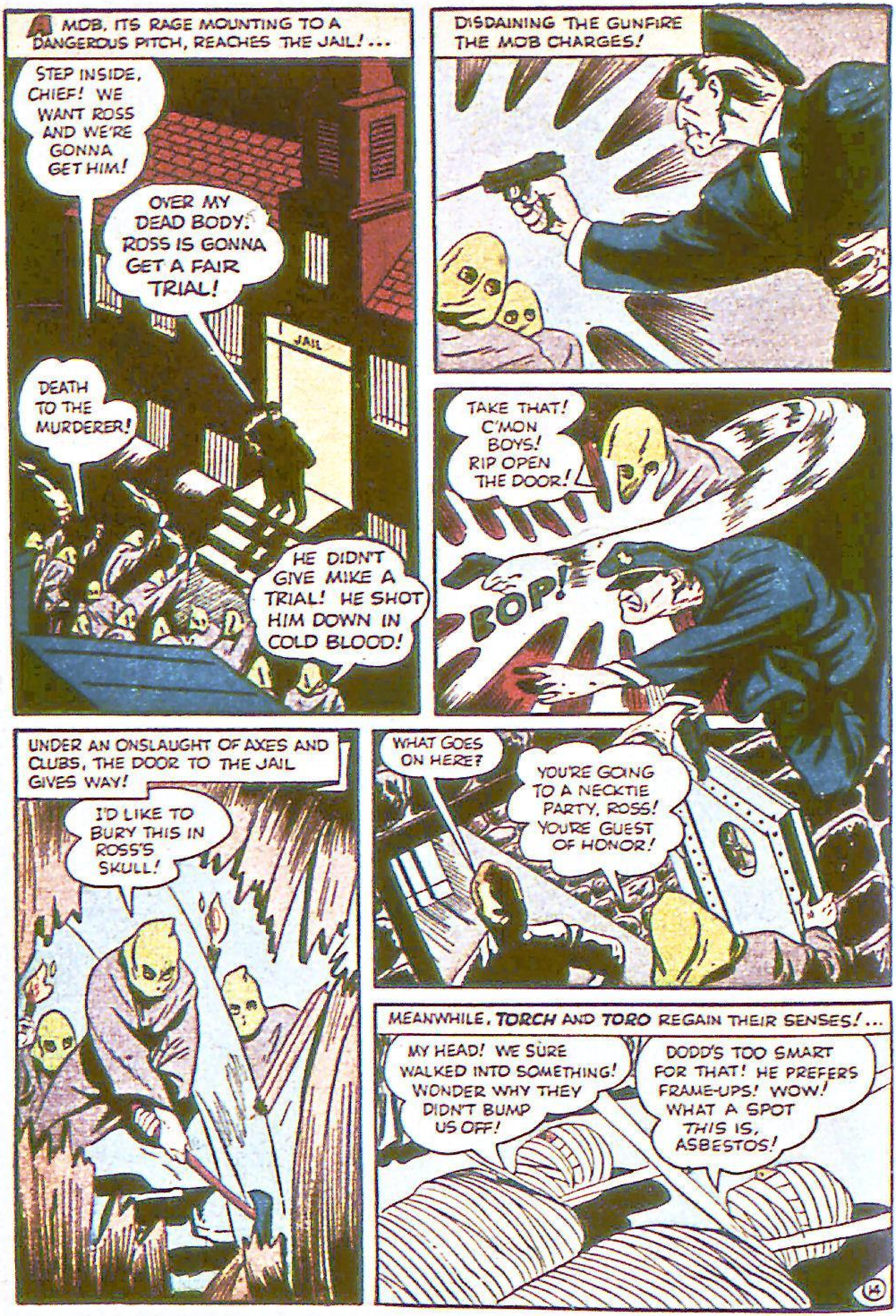
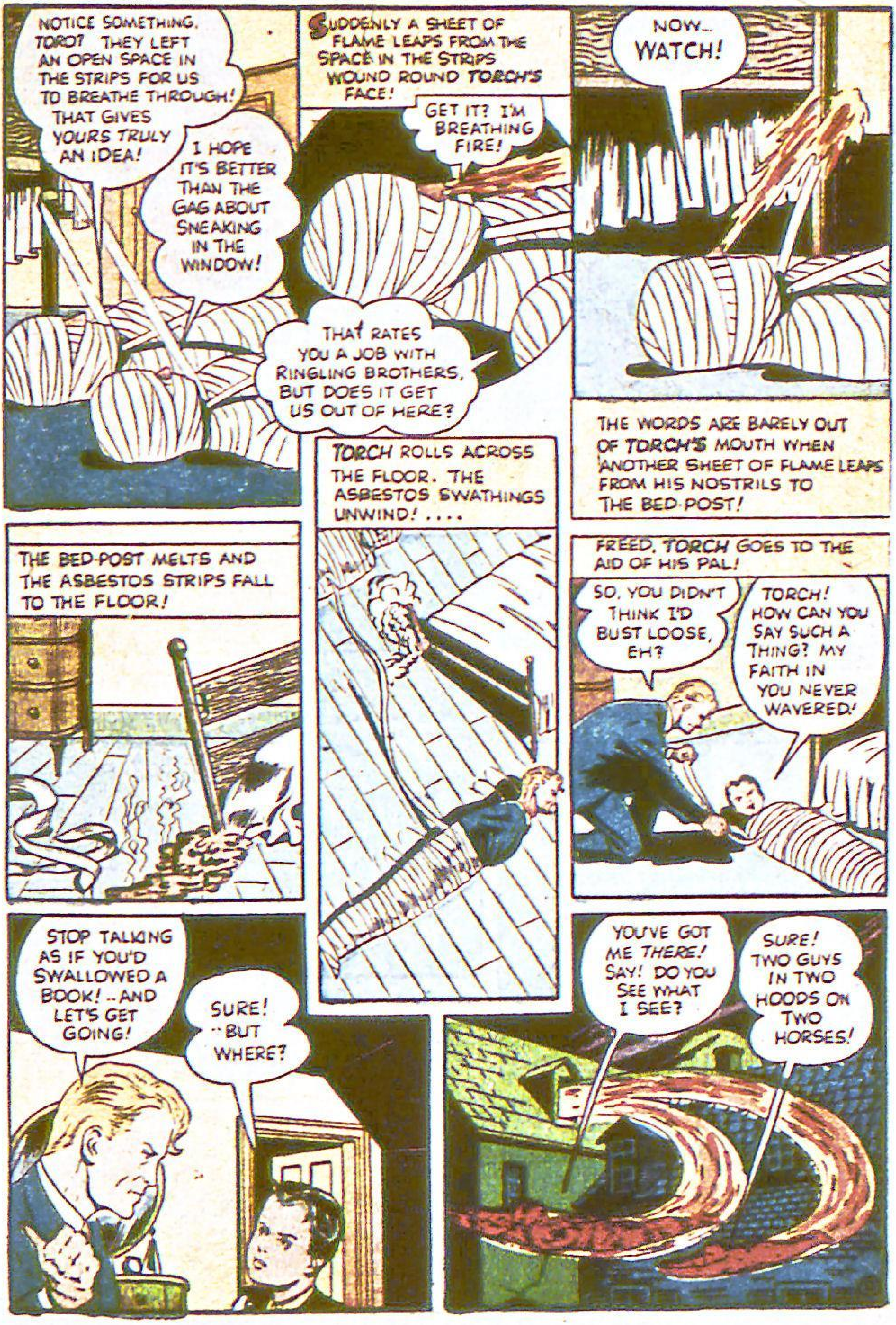
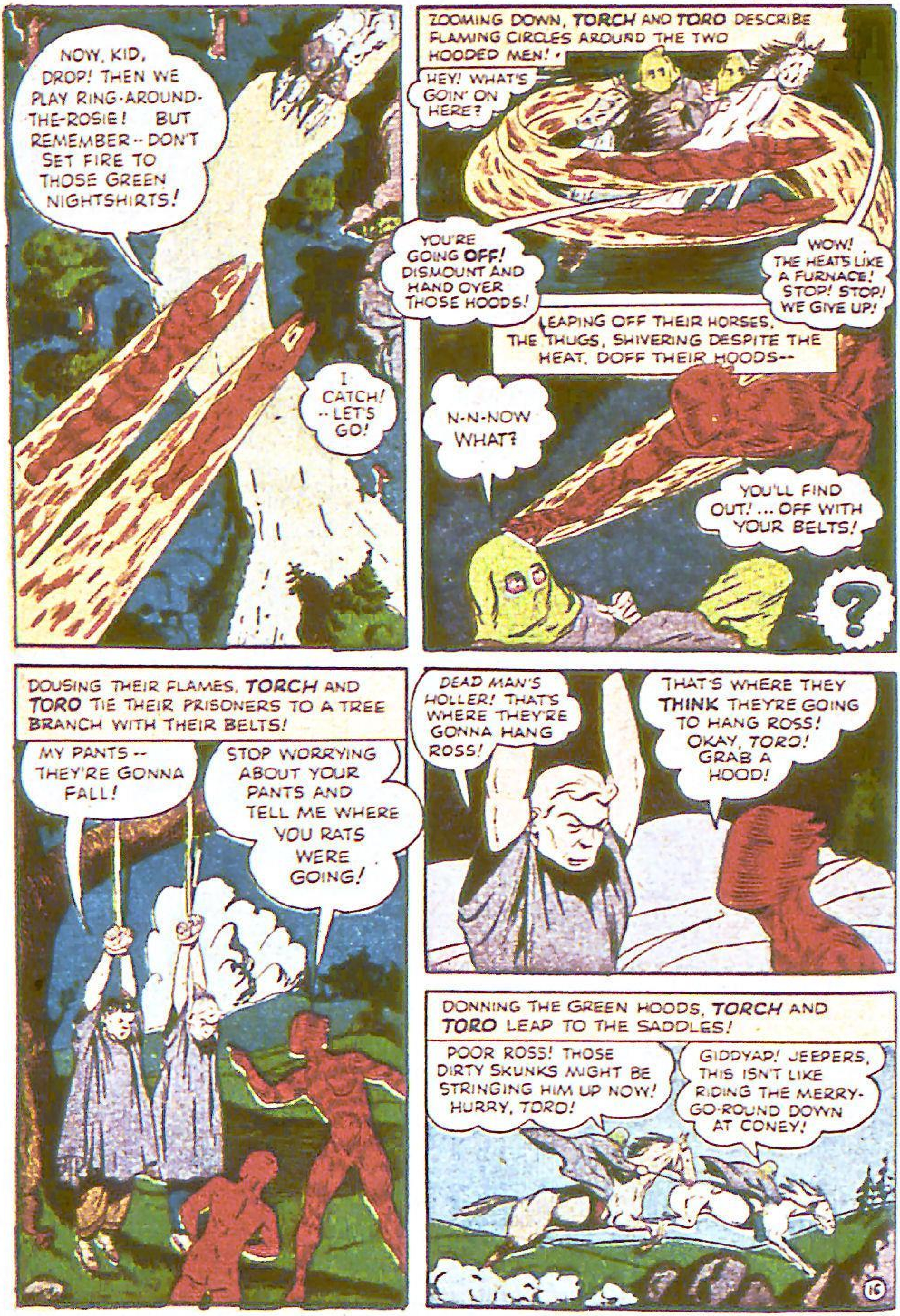
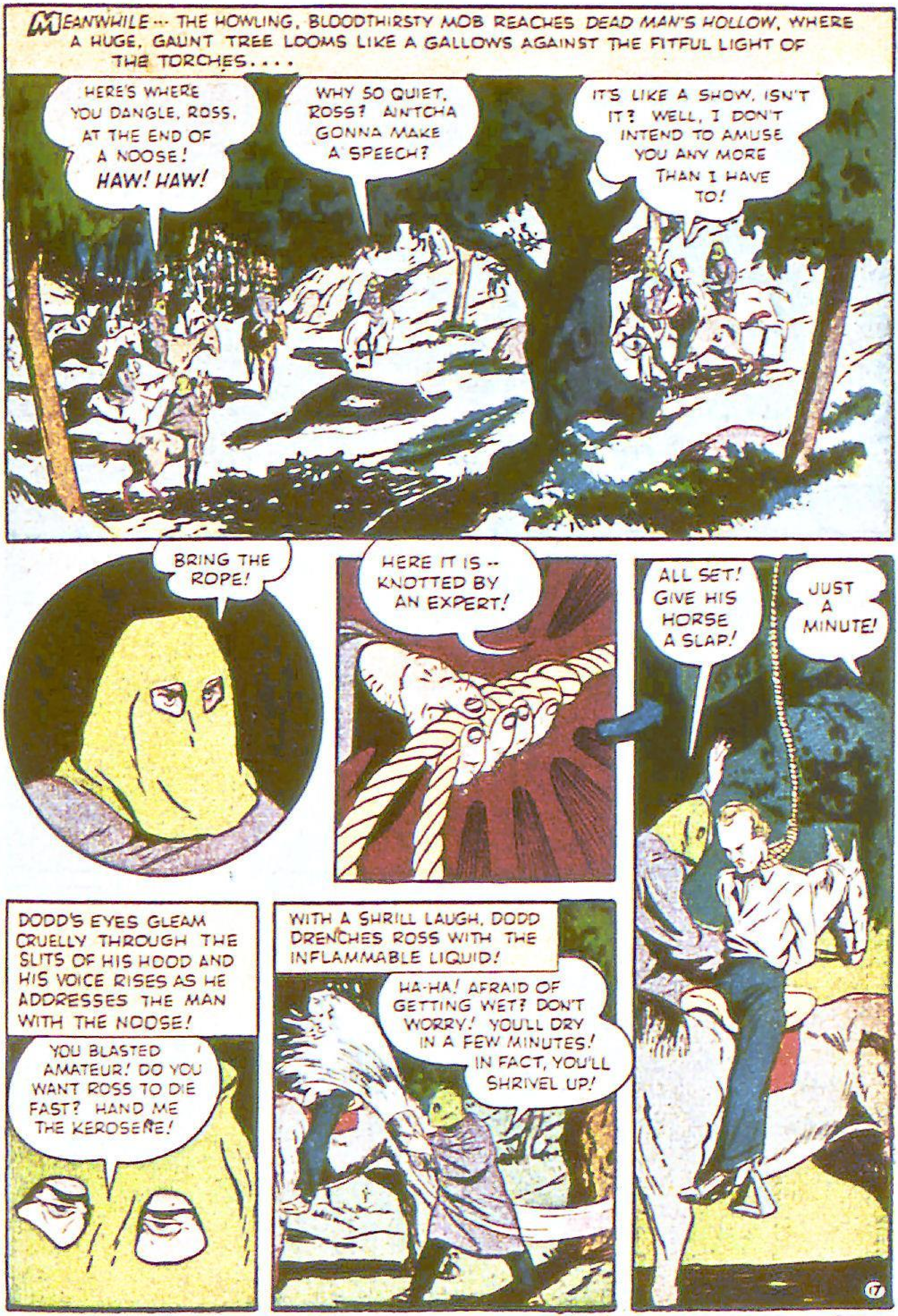
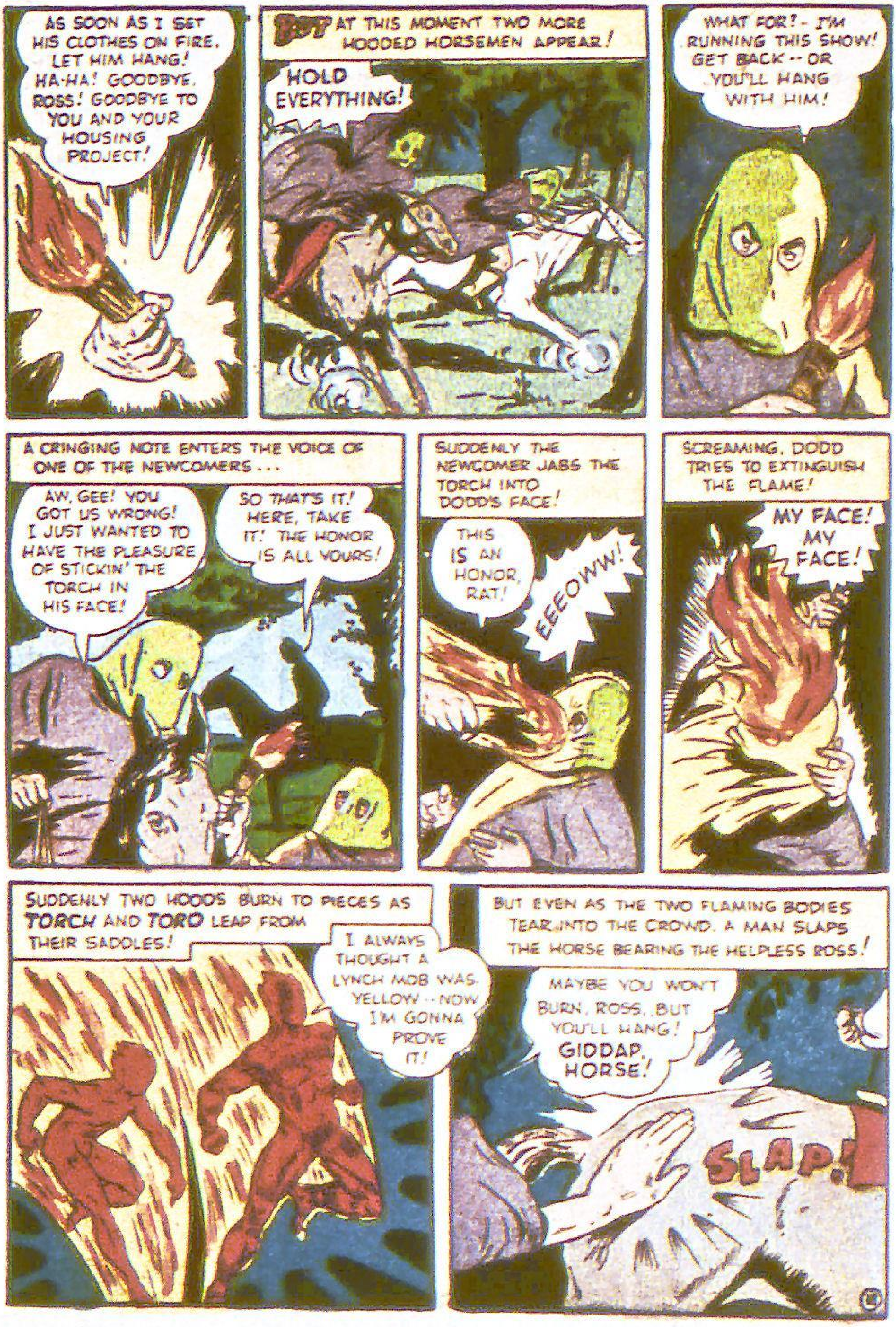

I HAD A HUNCH THEY'D COME! BRING THE ASBESTOS STRIPS!
OKAY, MR. DODD!
A MOMENT LATER DODD AND HIS PARTNER START TO PUT **TORCH** AND **TORO** IN WRAPS!
BE CAREFUL TO LEAVE AN OPENING AROUND THE KID'S NOSE! WE DON'T WANT TO SUFFOCATE THEM!
THERE! NOW THEY LOOK LIKE *KING TUT* AND HIS NEPHEW!
AIN'TCHA WASTIN' TIME, BOSS? WHY NOT KILL 'EM AND BE DONE WITH IT?
NEVER COMMIT MURDER UNLESS YOU DO IT LEGALLY! THAT'S MY MOTTO! GET THE HOODS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, DODD AND HIS HENCHMEN DON GREEN HOODS!
THE HOSSES IS READY, MR. DODD!
FINE! PHONE THE REST OF THE BOYS AND LETS GET GOING!
EERIE MOONLIGHT FALLS ON A STRANGE SCENE AND THE QUIET OF EVENING IS BROKEN BY THE *CLOP-CLOP* OF HOOFS, THE HISSING OF TORCHES AND THE SHRILL CRIES OF MEN ON A SINISTER ERRAND - THE LYNCHING OF ROSS!
TO THE JAIL! WE'LL GRAB ROSS -- HANG HIM IN *DEAD MAN'S HOLLOW!* BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO ROUND UP A LYNCH MOB!

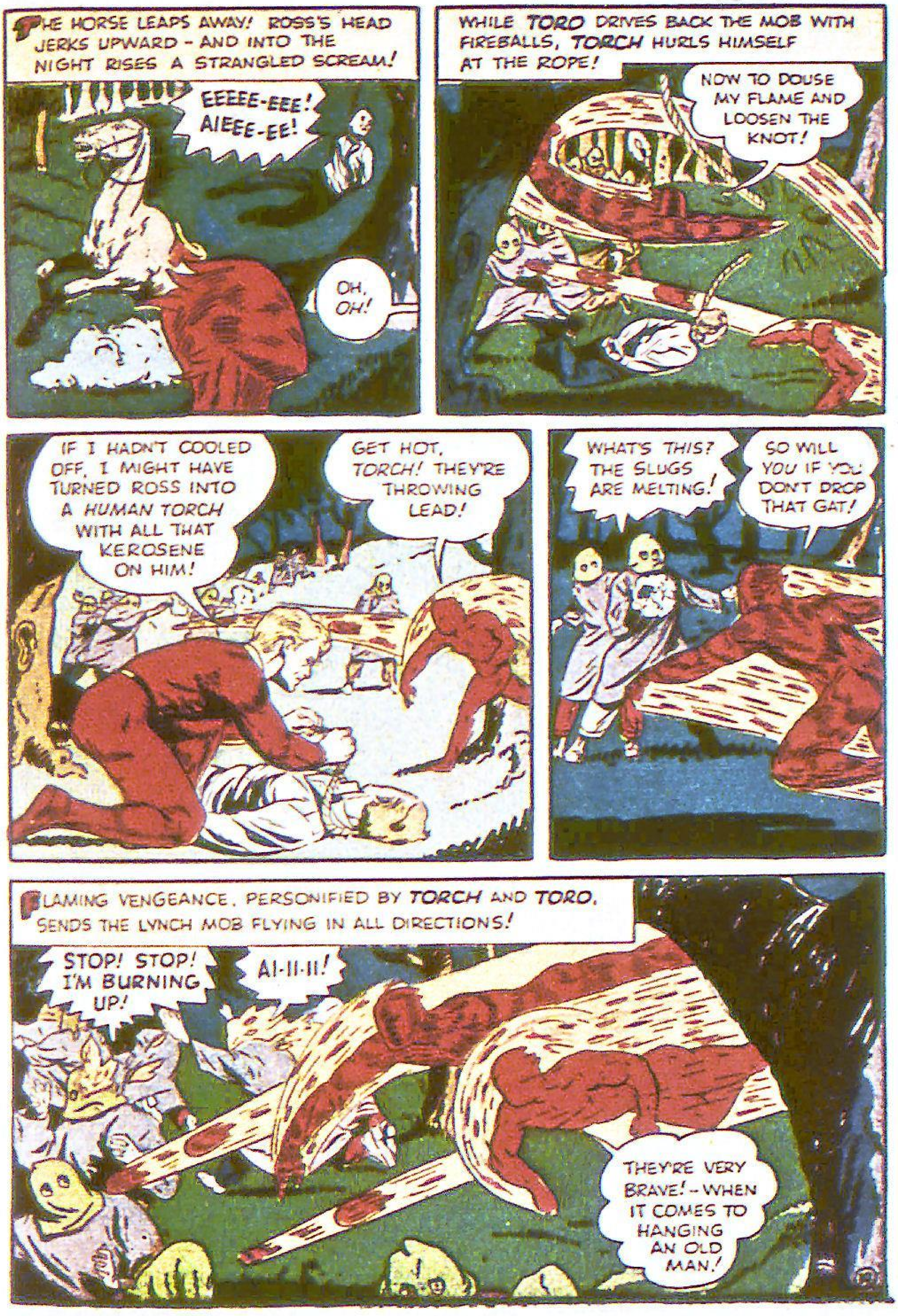

A MOB, ITS RAGE MOUNTING TO A DANGEROUS PITCH, REACHES THE JAIL! ...
STEP INSIDE, CHIEF! WE WANT ROSS AND WE'RE GONNA GET HIM!
OVER MY DEAD BODY! ROSS IS GONNA GET A FAIR TRIAL!
JAIL
DEATH TO THE MURDERER!
HE DIDN'T GIVE MIKE A TRIAL! HE SHOT HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!
DISDAINING THE GUNFIRE THE MOB CHARGES!
TAKE THAT! C'MON BOYS! RIP OPEN THE DOOR!
BOP!
UNDER AN ONSLAUGHT OF AXES AND CLUBS, THE DOOR TO THE JAIL GIVES WAY!
I'D LIKE TO BURY THIS IN ROSS'S SKULL!
WHAT GOES ON HERE?
YOU'RE GOING TO A NECKTIE PARTY, ROSS! YOU'RE GUEST OF HONOR!
MEANWHILE, TORCH AND TORO REGAIN THEIR SENSES! ...
MY HEAD! WE SURE WALKED INTO SOMETHING! WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T BUMP US OFF!
DODD'S TOO SMART FOR THAT! HE PREFERS FRAME-UPS! WOW! WHAT A SPOT THIS IS, ASBESTOS!

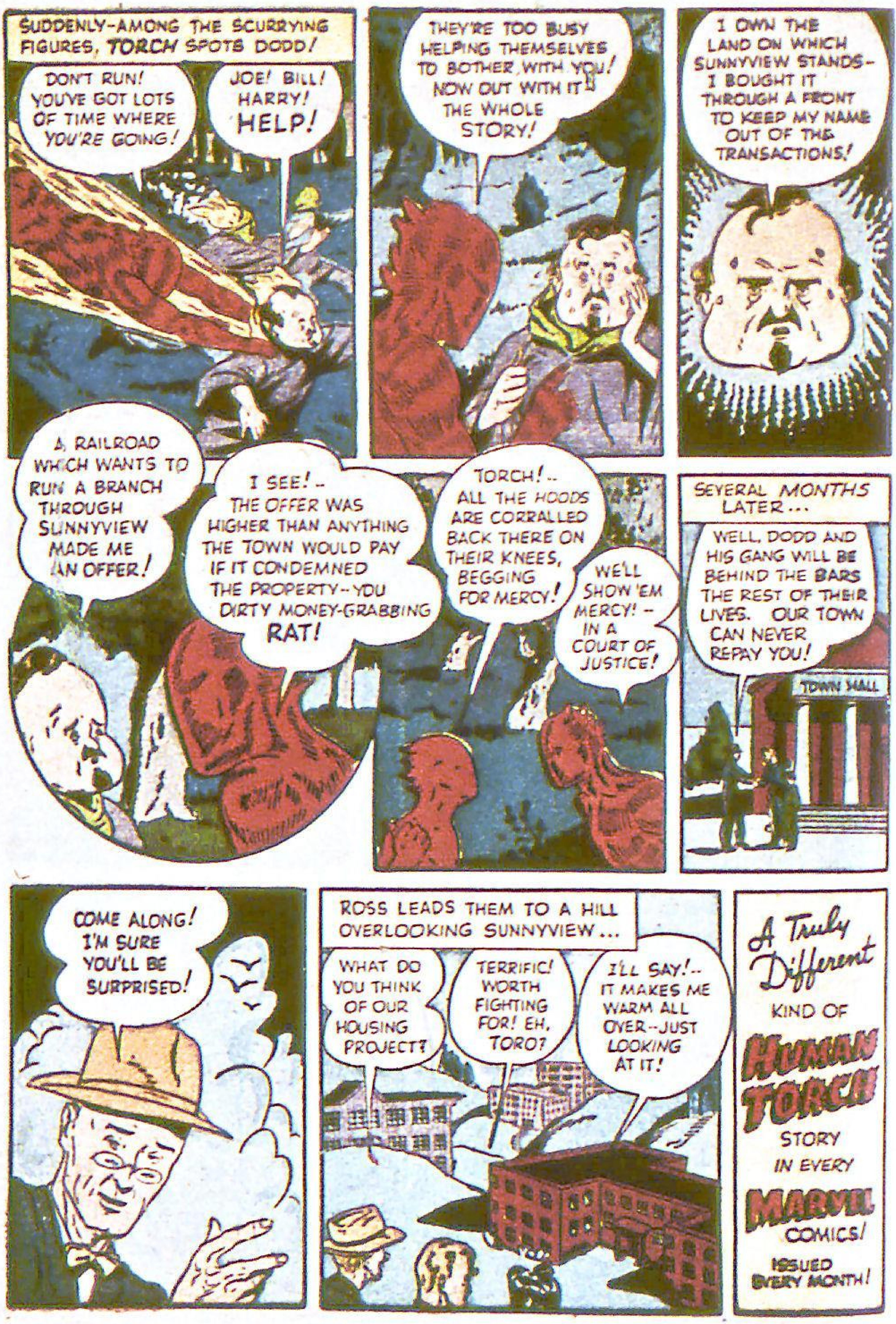

NOTICE SOMETHING, TORO? THEY LEFT AN OPEN SPACE IN THE STRIPS FOR US TO BREATHE THROUGH! THAT GIVES YOURS TRULY AN IDEA!
I HOPE IT'S BETTER THAN THE GAS ABOUT SNEAKING IN THE WINDOW!
SUDDENLY A SHEET OF FLAME LEAPS FROM THE SPACE IN THE STRIPS WOUND ROUND TORCH'S FACE!
GET IT? I'M BREATHING FIRE!
THAT RATES YOU A JOB WITH RINGLING BROTHERS, BUT DOES IT GET US OUT OF HERE?
NOW... WATCH!
THE WORDS ARE BARELY OUT OF TORCH'S MOUTH WHEN ANOTHER SHEET OF FLAME LEAPS FROM HIS NOSTRILS TO THE BED-POST!
THE BED-POST MELTS AND THE ASBESTOS STRIPS FALL TO THE FLOOR!
TORCH ROLLS ACROSS THE FLOOR. THE ASBESTOS SWATHINGS UNWIND! ....
FREED, TORCH GOES TO THE AID OF HIS PAL!
SO, YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D BUST LOOSE, EH?
TORCH! HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING? MY FAITH IN YOU NEVER WAVERED!
STOP TALKING AS IF YOU'D SWALLOWED A BOOK! ..AND LET'S GET GOING!
SURE! ..BUT WHERE?
YOU'VE GOT ME THERE! SAY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
SURE! TWO GUYS IN TWO HOODS ON TWO HORSES!

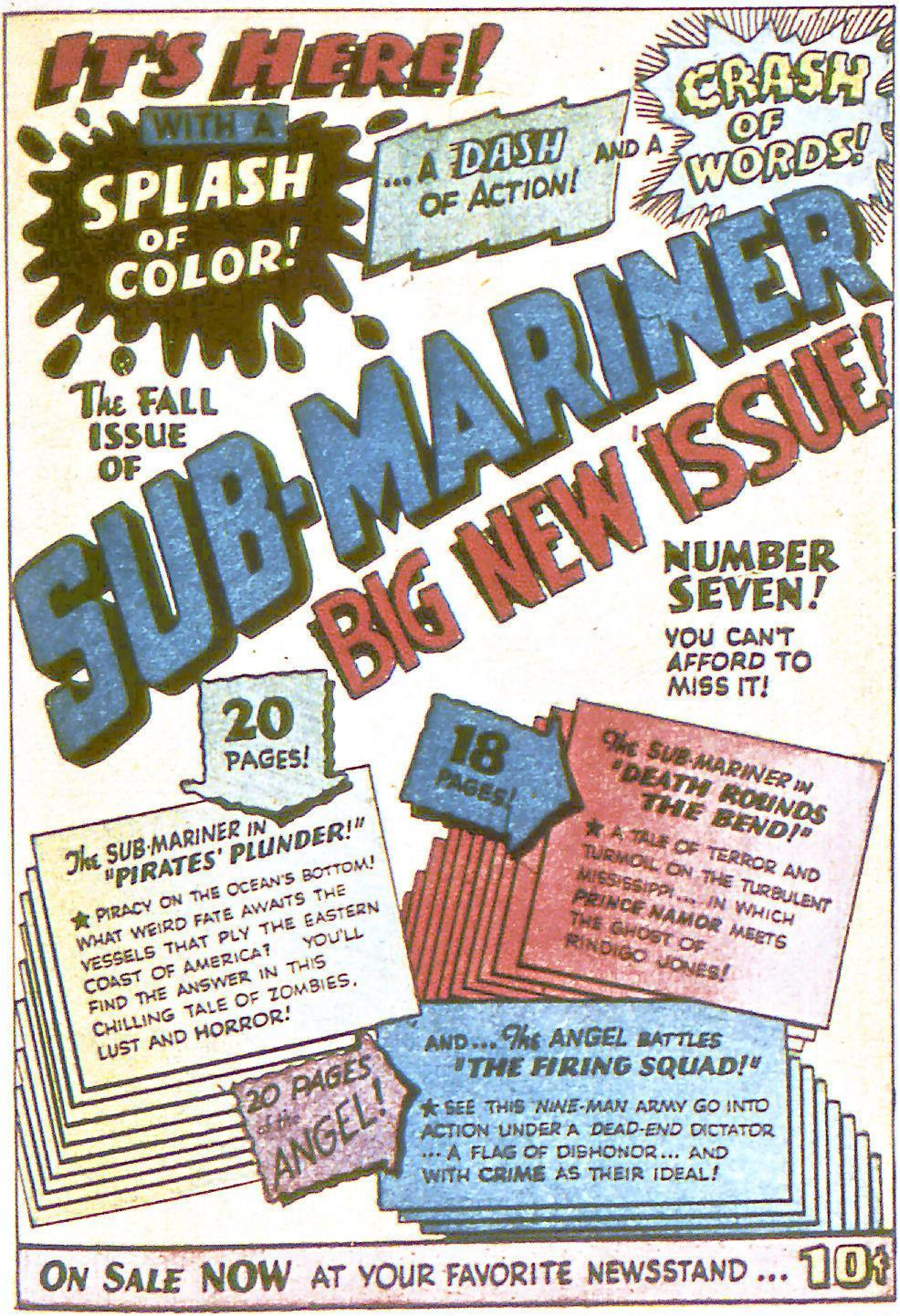

NOW, KID, DROP! THEN WE PLAY RING-AROUND-THE-ROSIE! BUT REMEMBER -- DON'T SET FIRE TO THOSE GREEN NIGHTSHIRTS!
I CATCH! -- LET'S GO!
ZOOMING DOWN, TORCH AND TORO DESCRIBE FLAMING CIRCLES AROUND THE TWO HOODED MEN!
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
YOU'RE GOING OFF! DISMOUNT AND HAND OVER THOSE HOODS!
WOW! THE HEAT'S LIKE A FURNACE! STOP! STOP! WE GIVE UP!
LEAPING OFF THEIR HORSES, THE THUGS, SHIVERING DESPITE THE HEAT, DOFF THEIR HOODS--
N-N-NOW WHAT?
YOU'LL FIND OUT! ... OFF WITH YOUR BELTS!
?
DOUSING THEIR FLAMES, TORCH AND TORO TIE THEIR PRISONERS TO A TREE BRANCH WITH THEIR BELTS!
MY PANTS -- THEY'RE GONNA FALL!
STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR PANTS AND TELL ME WHERE YOU RATS WERE GOING!
DEAD MAN'S HOLLER! THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE GONNA HANG ROSS!
THAT'S WHERE THEY THINK THEY'RE GOING TO HANG ROSS! OKAY, TORO! GRAB A HOOD!
DONNING THE GREEN HOODS, TORCH AND TORO LEAP TO THE SADDLES!
POOR ROSS! THOSE DIRTY SKUNKS MIGHT BE STRINGING HIM UP NOW! HURRY, TORO!
GIDDYAP! JEEPERS, THIS ISN'T LIKE RIDING THE MERRY-GO-ROUND DOWN AT CONEY!


MEANWHILE -- THE HOWLING, BLOODTHIRSTY MOB REACHES *DEAD MAN'S HOLLOW*, WHERE A HUGE, GAUNT TREE LOOMS LIKE A GALLOWS AGAINST THE FITFUL LIGHT OF THE TORCHES....
HERE'S WHERE YOU DANGLE, ROSS, AT THE END OF A NOOSE! *HAW! HAW!*
WHY SO QUIET, ROSS? AINTCHA GONNA MAKE A SPEECH?
IT'S LIKE A SHOW, ISN'T IT? WELL, I DON'T INTEND TO AMUSE YOU ANY MORE THAN I HAVE TO!
BRING THE ROPE!
HERE IT IS -- KNOTTED BY AN EXPERT!
ALL SET! GIVE HIS HORSE A SLAP!
JUST A MINUTE!
DODD'S EYES GLEAM CRUELLY THROUGH THE SLITS OF HIS HOOD AND HIS VOICE RISES AS HE ADDRESSES THE MAN WITH THE NOOSE!
YOU BLASTED AMATEUR! DO YOU WANT ROSS TO DIE FAST? HAND ME THE KEROSENE!
WITH A SHRILL LAUGH, DODD DRENCHES ROSS WITH THE INFLAMMABLE LIQUID!
HA-HA! AFRAID OF GETTING WET? DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL DRY IN A FEW MINUTES! IN FACT, YOU'LL SHRIVEL UP!


AS SOON AS I SET HIS CLOTHES ON FIRE, LET HIM HANG! HA-HA! GOODBYE, ROSS! GOODBYE TO YOU AND YOUR HOUSING PROJECT!
BUT AT THIS MOMENT TWO MORE HOODED HORSEMEN APPEAR!
HOLD EVERYTHING!
WHAT FOR? - I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW! GET BACK -- OR YOU'LL HANG WITH HIM!
A CRINGING NOTE ENTERS THE VOICE OF ONE OF THE NEWCOMERS...
AW, GEE! YOU GOT US WRONG! I JUST WANTED TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF STICKIN' THE TORCH IN HIS FACE!
SO THAT'S IT! HERE, TAKE IT! THE HONOR IS ALL YOURS!
SUDDENLY THE NEWCOMER JABS THE TORCH INTO DODD'S FACE!
THIS IS AN HONOR, RAT!
EEEOWW!
SCREAMING, DODD TRIES TO EXTINGUISH THE FLAME!
MY FACE! MY FACE!
SUDDENLY TWO HOODS BURN TO PIECES AS TORCH AND TORO LEAP FROM THEIR SADDLES!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT A LYNCH MOB WAS YELLOW -- NOW I'M GONNA PROVE IT!
BUT EVEN AS THE TWO FLAMING BODIES TEAR INTO THE CROWD, A MAN SLAPS THE HORSE BEARING THE HELPLESS ROSS!
MAYBE YOU WON'T BURN, ROSS, BUT YOU'LL HANG! GIDDAP, HORSE!
SLAP!


THE HORSE LEAPS AWAY! ROSS'S HEAD JERKS UPWARD - AND INTO THE NIGHT RISES A STRANGLED SCREAM!
EEEEE-EEE! AIEEE-EE!
OH, OH!
WHILE TORO DRIVES BACK THE MOB WITH FIREBALLS, TORCH HURLS HIMSELF AT THE ROPE!
NOW TO DOUSE MY FLAME AND LOOSEN THE KNOT!
IF I HADN'T COOLED OFF, I MIGHT HAVE TURNED ROSS INTO A HUMAN TORCH WITH ALL THAT KEROSENE ON HIM!
GET HOT, TORCH! THEY'RE THROWING LEAD!
WHAT'S THIS? THE SLUGS ARE MELTING!
SO WILL YOU IF YOU DON'T DROP THAT GAT!
FLAMING VENGEANCE, PERSONIFIED BY TORCH AND TORO, SENDS THE LYNCH MOB FLYING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!
STOP! STOP! I'M BURNING UP!
AI-II-II!
THEY'RE VERY BRAVE! - WHEN IT COMES TO HANGING AN OLD MAN!


SUDDENLY-AMONG THE SCURRYING FIGURES, TORCH SPOTS DODD!
DON'T RUN! YOU'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
JOE! BILL! HARRY! HELP!
THEY'RE TOO BUSY HELPING THEMSELVES TO BOTHER WITH YOU! NOW OUT WITH IT -- THE WHOLE STORY!
I OWN THE LAND ON WHICH SUNNYVIEW STANDS - I BOUGHT IT THROUGH A FRONT TO KEEP MY NAME OUT OF THE TRANSACTIONS!
A RAILROAD WHICH WANTS TO RUN A BRANCH THROUGH SUNNYVIEW MADE ME AN OFFER!
I SEE! -- THE OFFER WAS HIGHER THAN ANYTHING THE TOWN WOULD PAY IF IT CONDEMNED THE PROPERTY -- YOU DIRTY MONEY-GRABBING RAT!
TORCH! -- ALL THE HOODS ARE CORRALLED BACK THERE ON THEIR KNEES, BEGGING FOR MERCY!
WE'LL SHOW 'EM MERCY! -- IN A COURT OF JUSTICE!
SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...
WELL, DODD AND HIS GANG WILL BE BEHIND THE BARS THE REST OF THEIR LIVES. OUR TOWN CAN NEVER REPAY YOU!
TOWN HALL
COME ALONG! I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SURPRISED!
ROSS LEADS THEM TO A HILL OVERLOOKING SUNNYVIEW...
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR HOUSING PROJECT?
TERRIFIC! WORTH FIGHTING FOR! EH, TORO?
I'LL SAY! -- IT MAKES ME WARM ALL OVER -- JUST LOOKING AT IT!
A Truly Different KIND OF HUMAN TORCH STORY IN EVERY MARVEL COMICS! ISSUED EVERY MONTH!



IT'S HERE!

WITH A SPLASH OF COLOR!

... A DASH OF ACTION! AND A CRASH OF WORDS!

®

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BIG NEW ISSUE!

NUMBER SEVEN!

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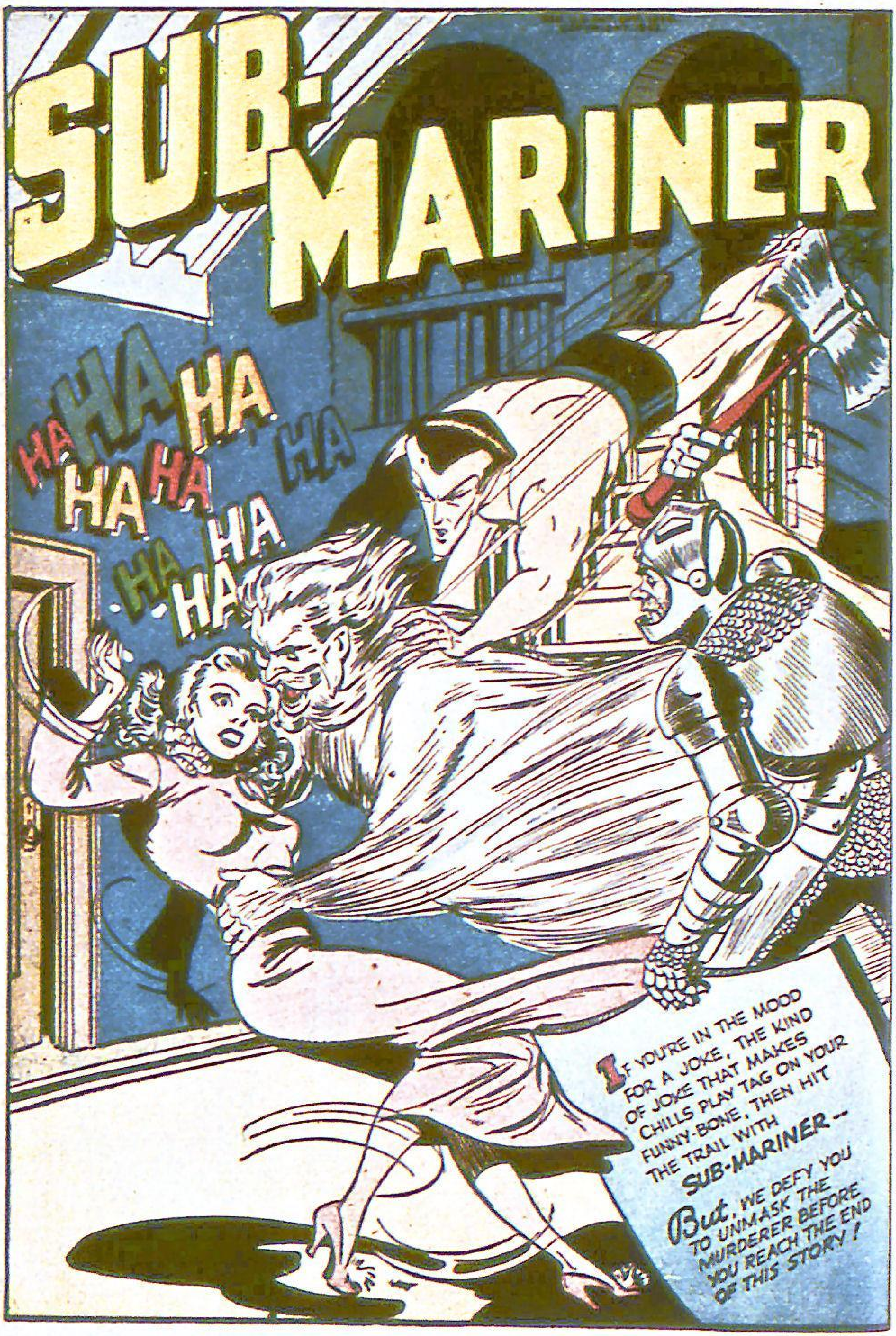
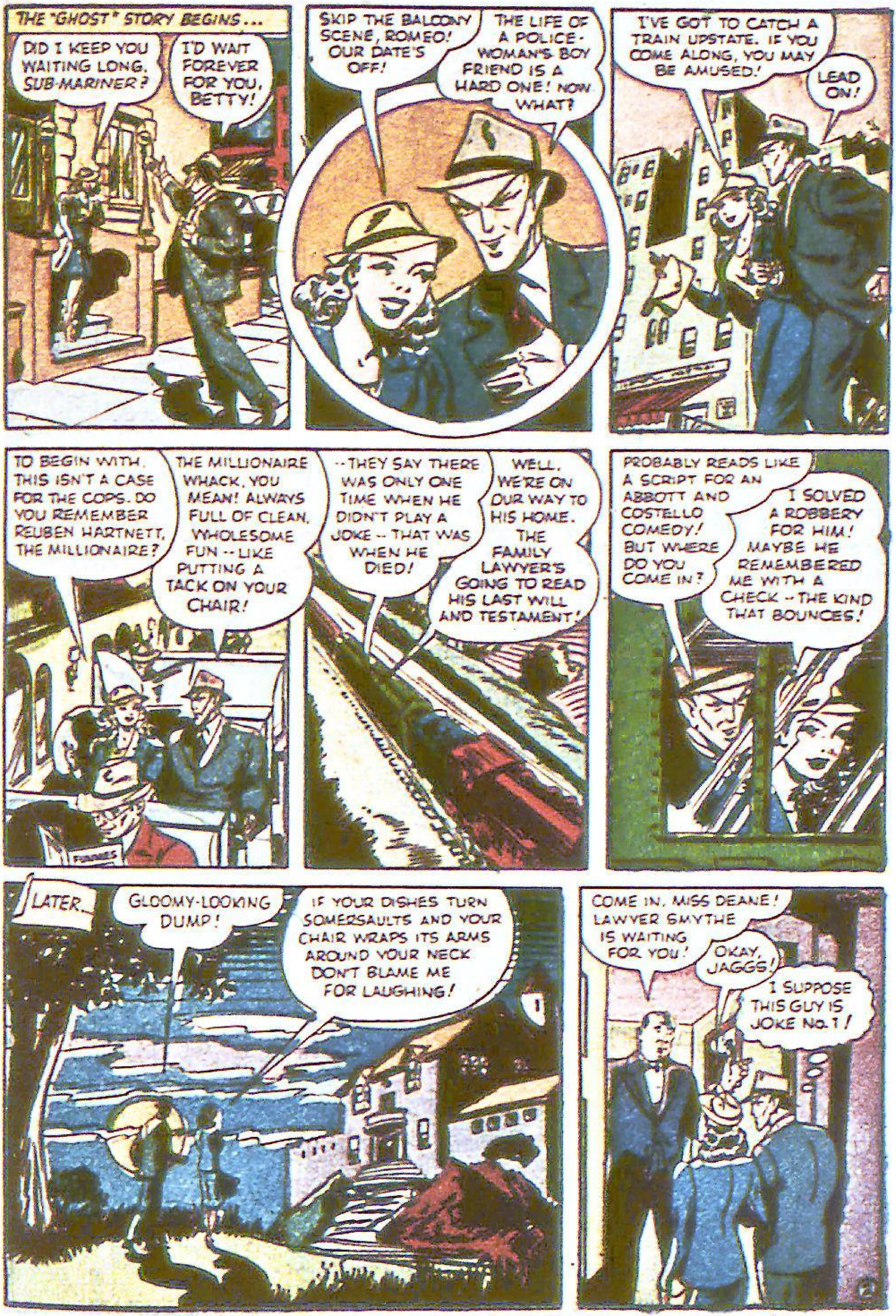
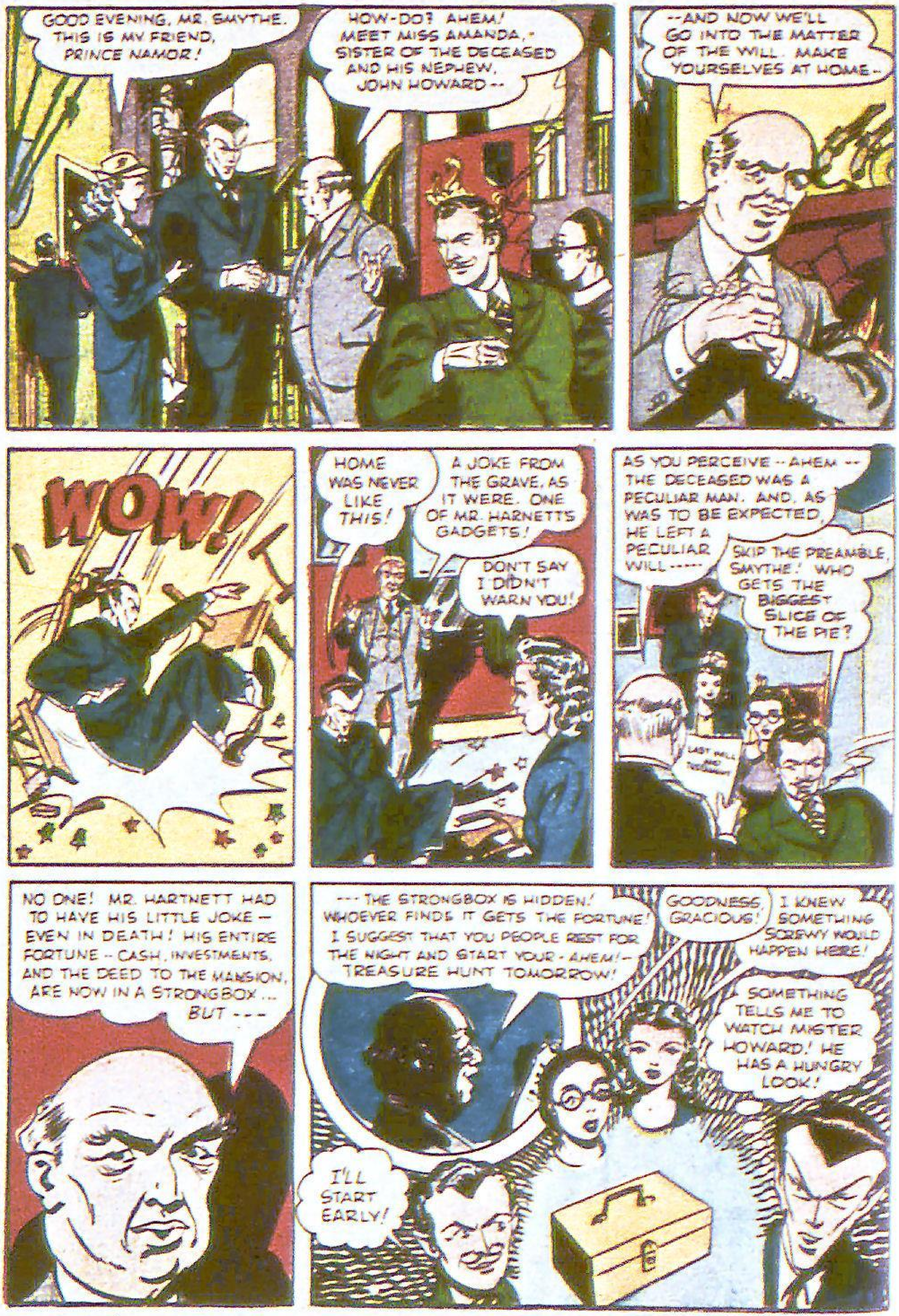
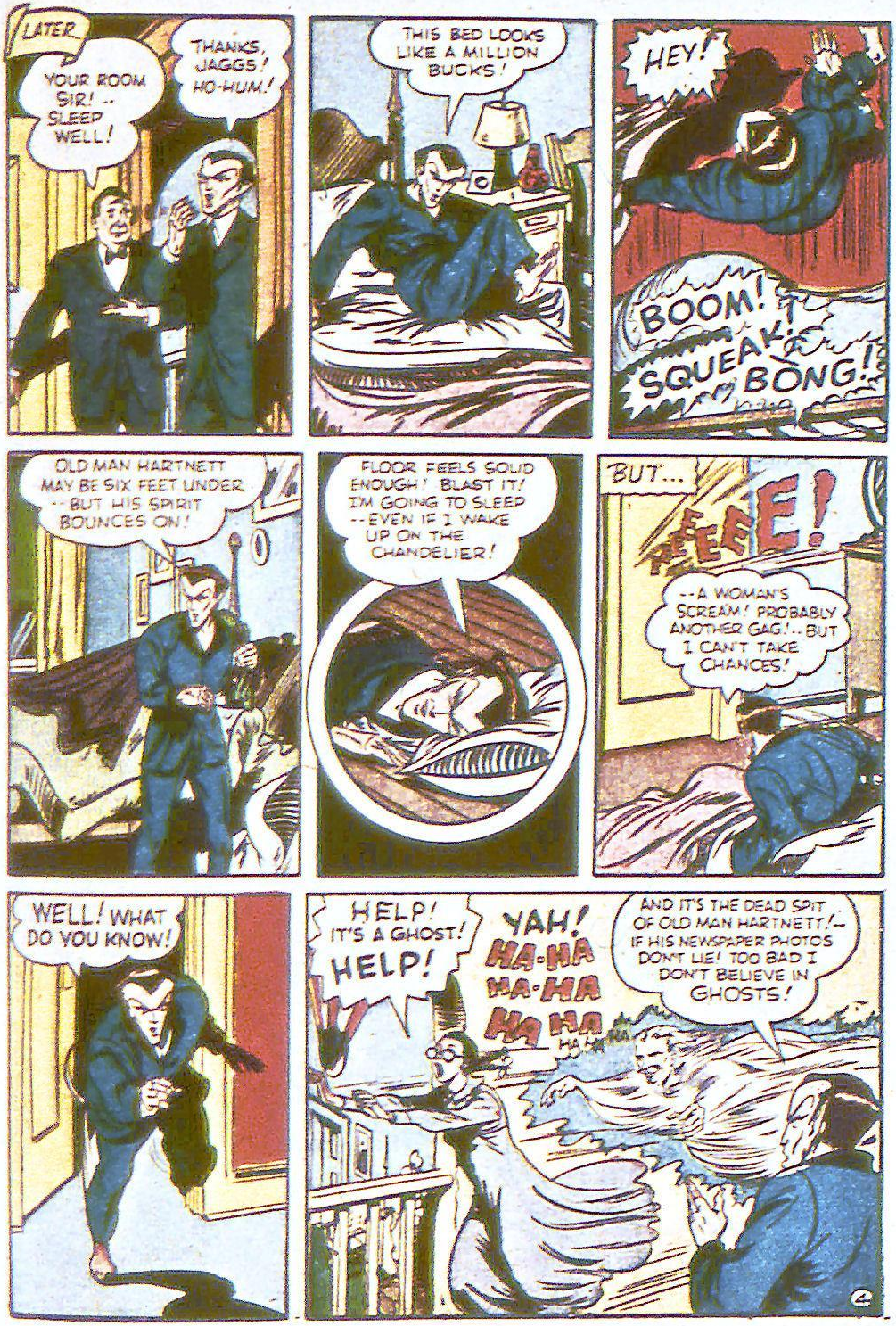
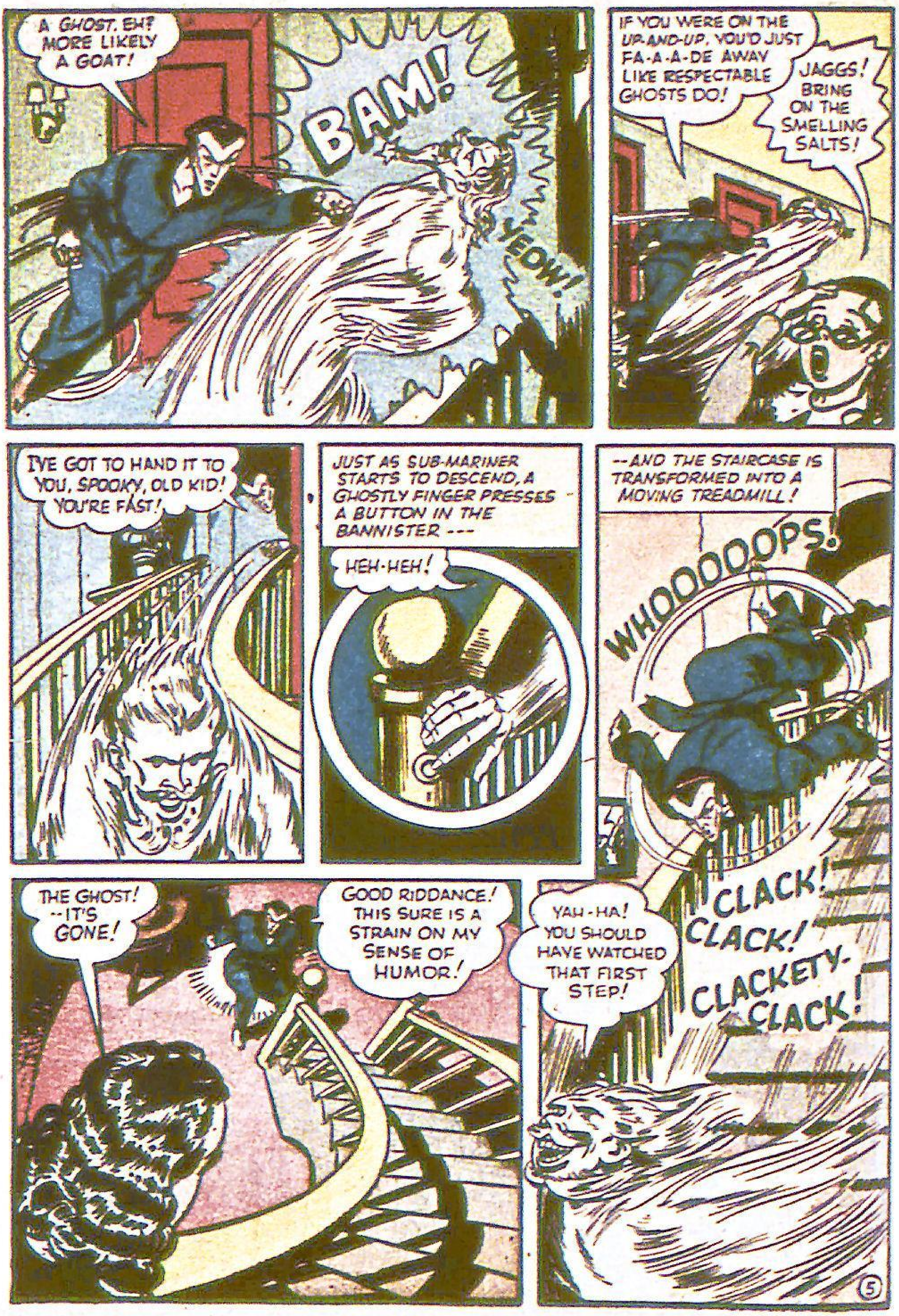
ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND ... 10¢

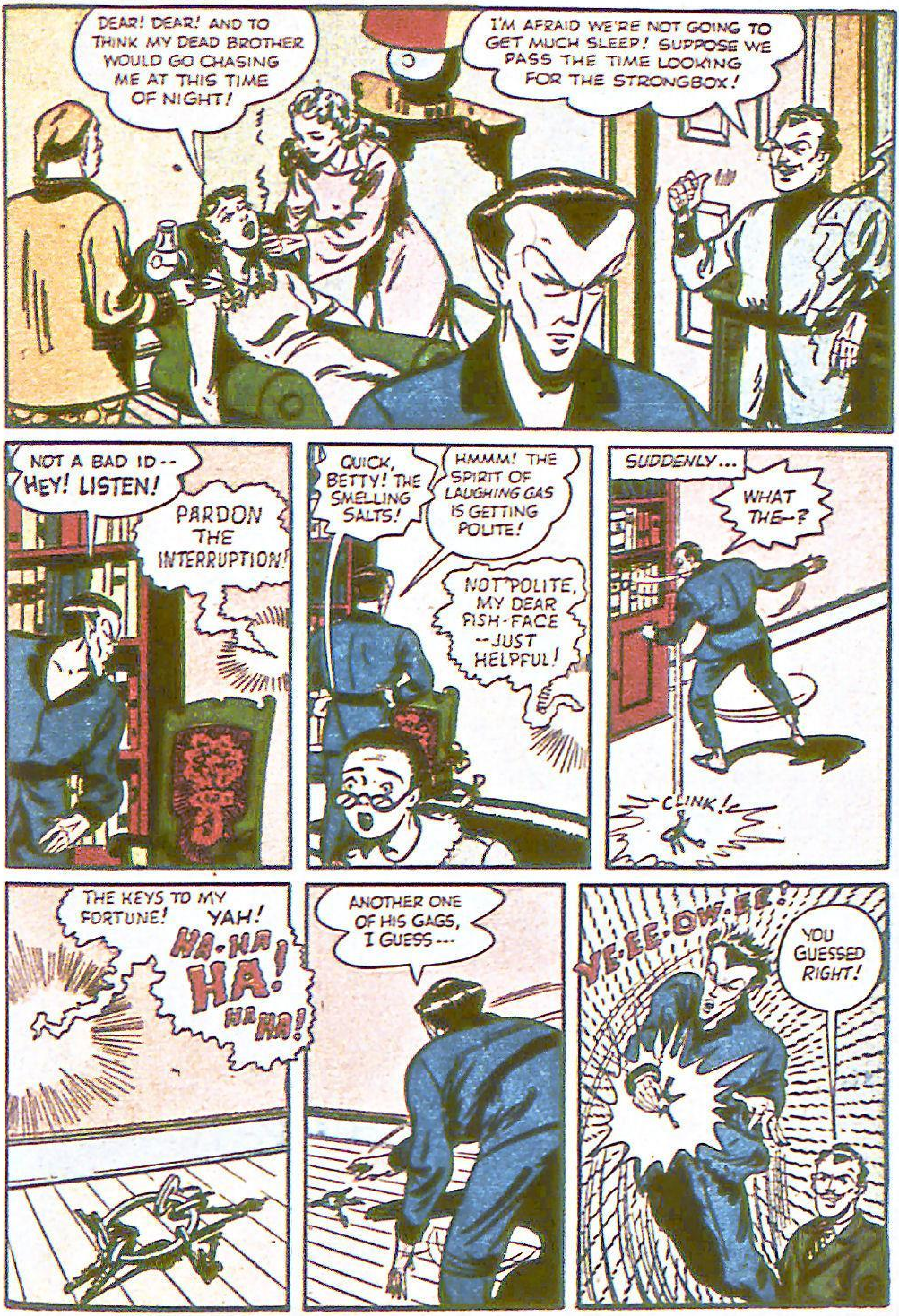

SUB-MARINER
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
IF YOU'RE IN THE MOOD FOR A JOKE, THE KIND OF JOKE THAT MAKES CHILLS PLAY TAG ON YOUR FUNNY-BONE, THEN HIT THE TRAIL WITH SUB-MARINER--
But, WE DEFY YOU TO UNMASK THE MURDERER BEFORE YOU REACH THE END OF THIS STORY!

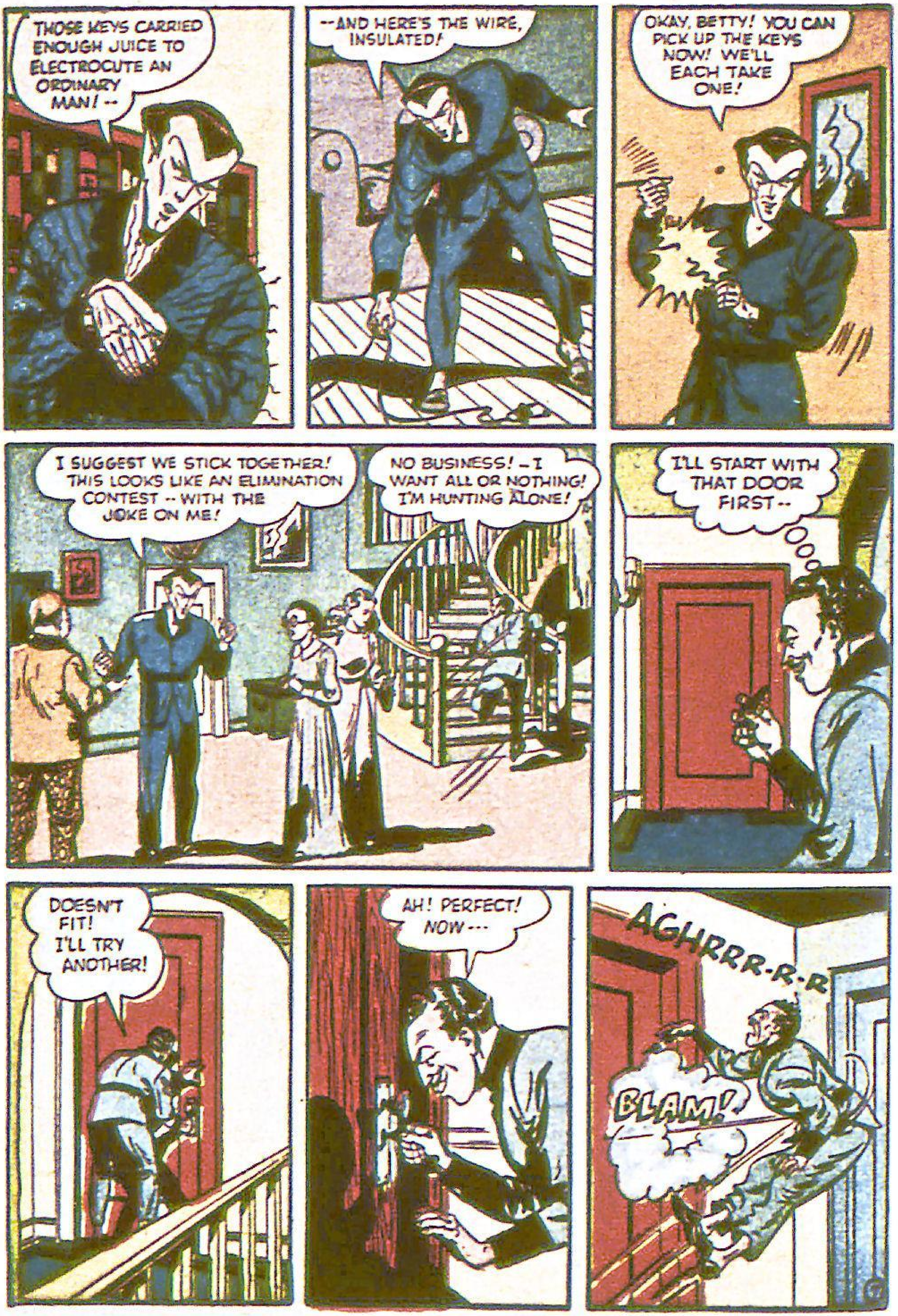

THE "GHOST" STORY BEGINS...
DID I KEEP YOU WAITING LONG, SUB-MARINER?
I'D WAIT FOREVER FOR YOU, BETTY!
SKIP THE BALCONY SCENE, ROMEO! OUR DATE'S OFF!
THE LIFE OF A POLICE-WOMAN'S BOY FRIEND IS A HARD ONE! NOW WHAT?
I'VE GOT TO CATCH A TRAIN UPSTATE. IF YOU COME ALONG, YOU MAY BE AMUSED!
LEAD ON!
TO BEGIN WITH, THIS ISN'T A CASE FOR THE COPS. DO YOU REMEMBER REUBEN HARTNETT, THE MILLIONAIRE?
THE MILLIONAIRE WHACK, YOU MEAN! ALWAYS FULL OF CLEAN, WHOLESOME FUN -- LIKE PUTTING A TACK ON YOUR CHAIR!
FUNNIES
--THEY SAY THERE WAS ONLY ONE TIME WHEN HE DIDN'T PLAY A JOKE -- THAT WAS WHEN HE DIED!
WELL, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO HIS HOME. THE FAMILY LAWYER'S GOING TO READ HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT!
PROBABLY READS LIKE A SCRIPT FOR AN ABBOTT AND COSTELLO COMEDY! BUT WHERE DO YOU COME IN?
I SOLVED A ROBBERY FOR HIM! MAYBE HE REMEMBERED ME WITH A CHECK -- THE KIND THAT BOUNCES!
LATER...
GLOOMY-LOOKING DUMP!
IF YOUR DISHES TURN SOMERSAULTS AND YOUR CHAIR WRAPS ITS ARMS AROUND YOUR NECK DON'T BLAME ME FOR LAUGHING!
COME IN, MISS DEANE! LAWYER SMYTHE IS WAITING FOR YOU!
OKAY, JAGGS!
I SUPPOSE THIS GUY IS JOKE No. 1!
2

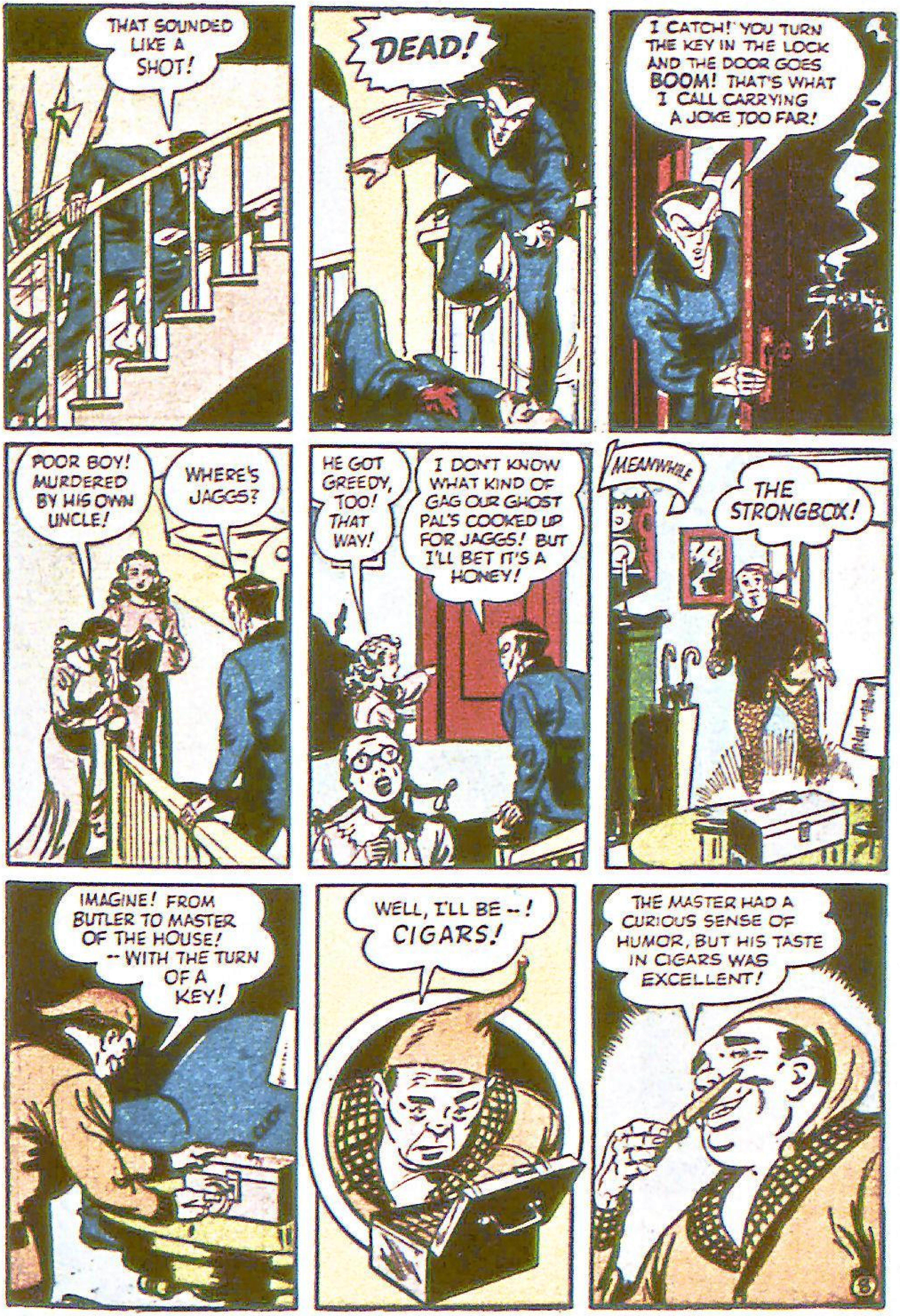

GOOD EVENING, MR. SMYTHE. THIS IS MY FRIEND, PRINCE NAMOR!
HOW-DO? AHEM! MEET MISS AMANDA, - SISTER OF THE DECEASED AND HIS NEPHEW, JOHN HOWARD --
--AND NOW WE'LL GO INTO THE MATTER OF THE WILL. MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME--
WOW!
HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!
A JOKE FROM THE GRAVE, AS IT WERE. ONE OF MR. HARNETT'S GADGETS!
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!
AS YOU PERCEIVE -- AHEM -- THE DECEASED WAS A PECULIAR MAN. AND, AS WAS TO BE EXPECTED, HE LEFT A PECULIAR WILL -----
SKIP THE PREAMBLE, SMYTHE! WHO GETS THE BIGGEST SLICE OF THE PIE?
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
NO ONE! MR. HARTNETT HAD TO HAVE HIS LITTLE JOKE — EVEN IN DEATH! HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE -- CASH, INVESTMENTS, AND THE DEED TO THE MANSION, ARE NOW IN A STRONGBOX ... BUT ---
--- THE STRONGBOX IS HIDDEN! WHOEVER FINDS IT GETS THE FORTUNE! I SUGGEST THAT YOU PEOPLE REST FOR THE NIGHT AND START YOUR - AHEM! - TREASURE HUNT TOMORROW!
GOODNESS, GRACIOUS!
I KNEW SOMETHING SCREWY WOULD HAPPEN HERE!
SOMETHING TELLS ME TO WATCH MISTER HOWARD! HE HAS A HUNGRY LOOK!
I'LL START EARLY!

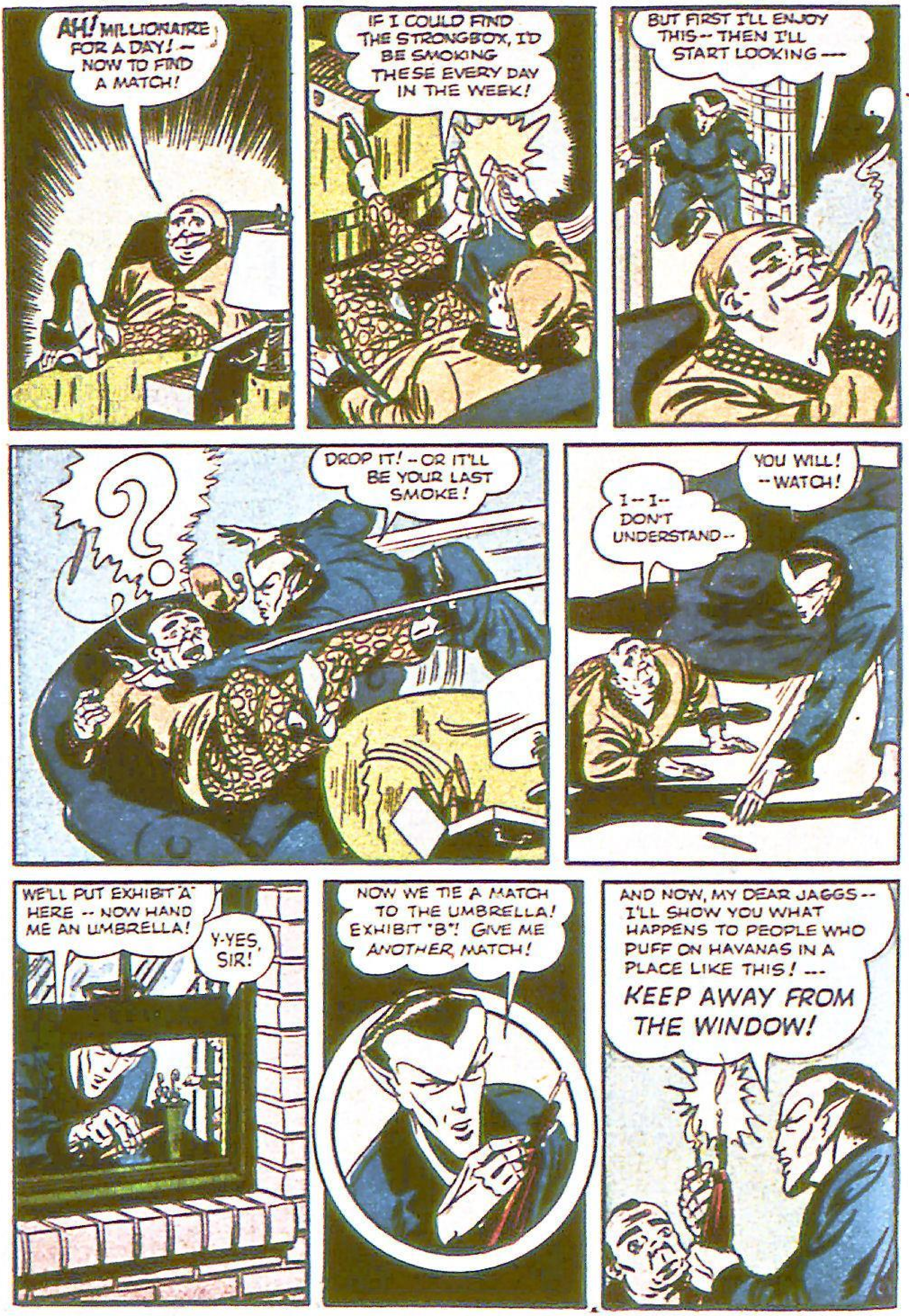

LATER
YOUR ROOM SIR! -- SLEEP WELL!
THANKS, JAGGS! HO-HUM!
THIS BED LOOKS LIKE A MILLION BUCKS!
HEY!
BOOM!
SQUEAK!
BONG!
OLD MAN HARTNETT MAY BE SIX FEET UNDER --BUT HIS SPIRIT BOUNCES ON!
FLOOR FEELS SOLID ENOUGH! BLAST IT! I'M GOING TO SLEEP --EVEN IF I WAKE UP ON THE CHANDELIER!
BUT...
EEEEE!
--A WOMAN'S SCREAM! PROBABLY ANOTHER GAG!..BUT I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!
WELL! WHAT DO YOU KNOW!
HELP! IT'S A GHOST! HELP!
YAH! HA-HA HA-HA HA HA HA
AND IT'S THE DEAD SPIT OF OLD MAN HARTNETT!--IF HIS NEWSPAPER PHOTOS DON'T LIE! TOO BAD I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

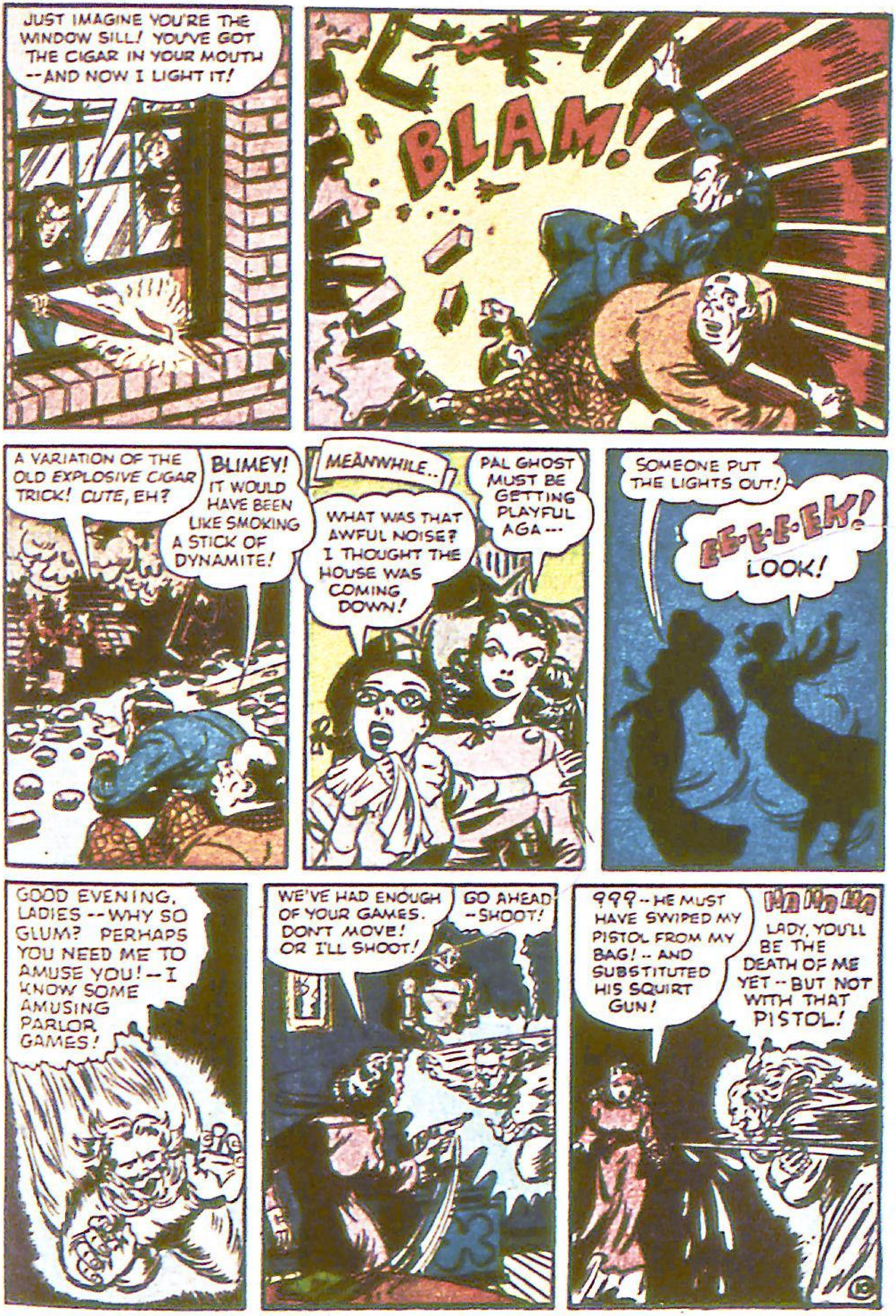

A GHOST, EH? MORE LIKELY A GOAT!
BAM!
YEOW!
IF YOU WERE ON THE UP-AND-UP, YOU'D JUST FA-A-A-DE AWAY LIKE RESPECTABLE GHOSTS DO!
JAGGS! BRING ON THE SMELLING SALTS!
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, SPOOKY, OLD KID! YOU'RE FAST!
JUST AS SUB-MARINER STARTS TO DESCEND, A GHOSTLY FINGER PRESSES A BUTTON IN THE BANNISTER ---
HEH-HEH!
--AND THE STAIRCASE IS TRANSFORMED INTO A MOVING TREADMILL!
WHOOOOOPS!
THE GHOST! --IT'S GONE!
GOOD RIDDANCE! THIS SURE IS A STRAIN ON MY SENSE OF HUMOR!
YAH-HA! YOU SHOULD HAVE WATCHED THAT FIRST STEP!
CLACK!
CLACK!
CLACKETY-CLACK!

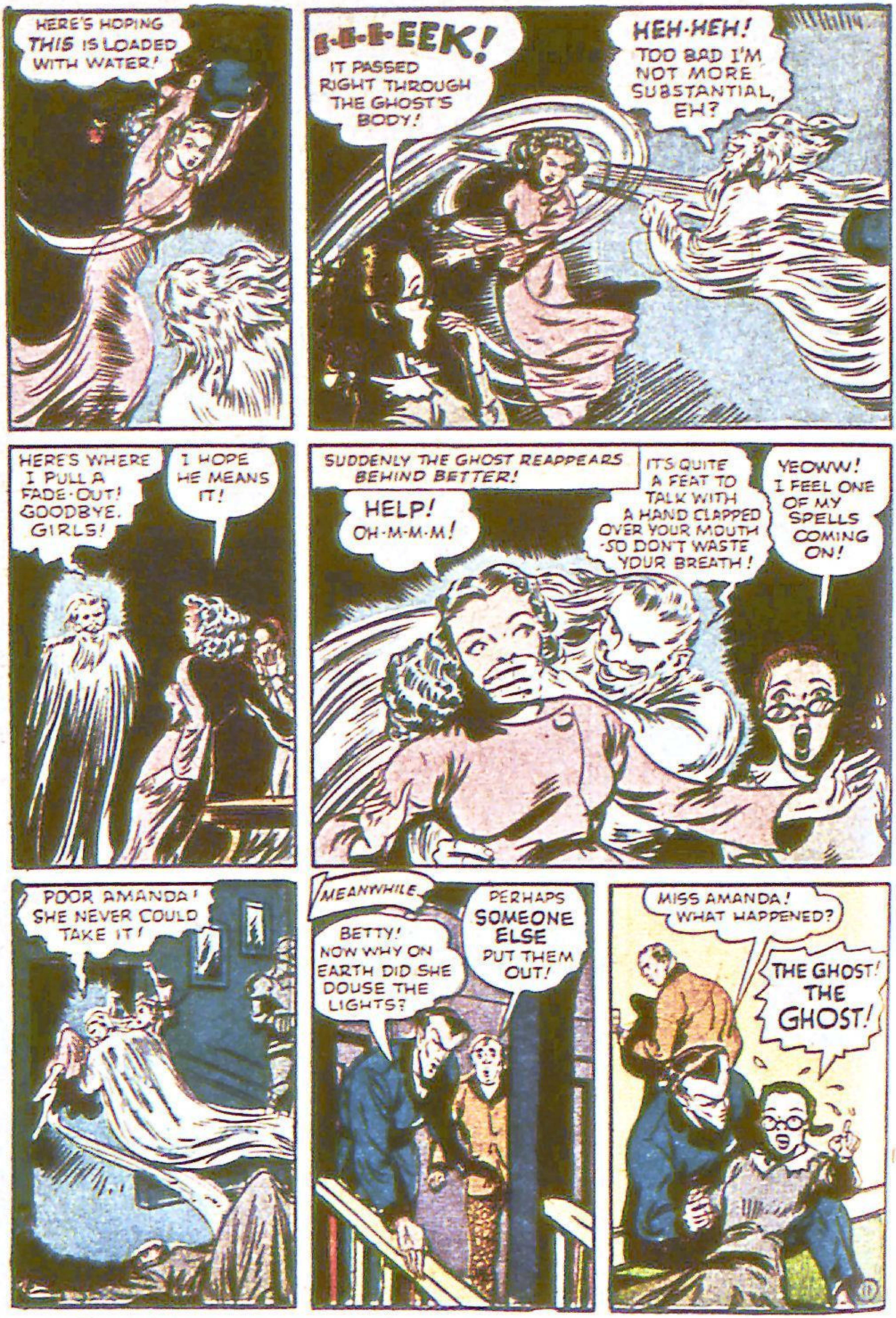

DEAR! DEAR! AND TO THINK MY DEAD BROTHER WOULD GO CHASING ME AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT!
I'M AFRAID WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET MUCH SLEEP! SUPPOSE WE PASS THE TIME LOOKING FOR THE STRONGBOX!
NOT A BAD ID-- HEY! LISTEN!
PARDON THE INTERRUPTION!
QUICK, BETTY! THE SMELLING SALTS!
HMMM! THE SPIRIT OF LAUGHING GAS IS GETTING POLITE!
NOT POLITE, MY DEAR FISH-FACE --JUST HELPFUL!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT THE--?
CLINK!
THE KEYS TO MY FORTUNE! YAH! HA-HA HA! HA-HA!
ANOTHER ONE OF HIS GAGS, I GUESS---
YE-EE-OW-EE!
YOU GUESSED RIGHT!

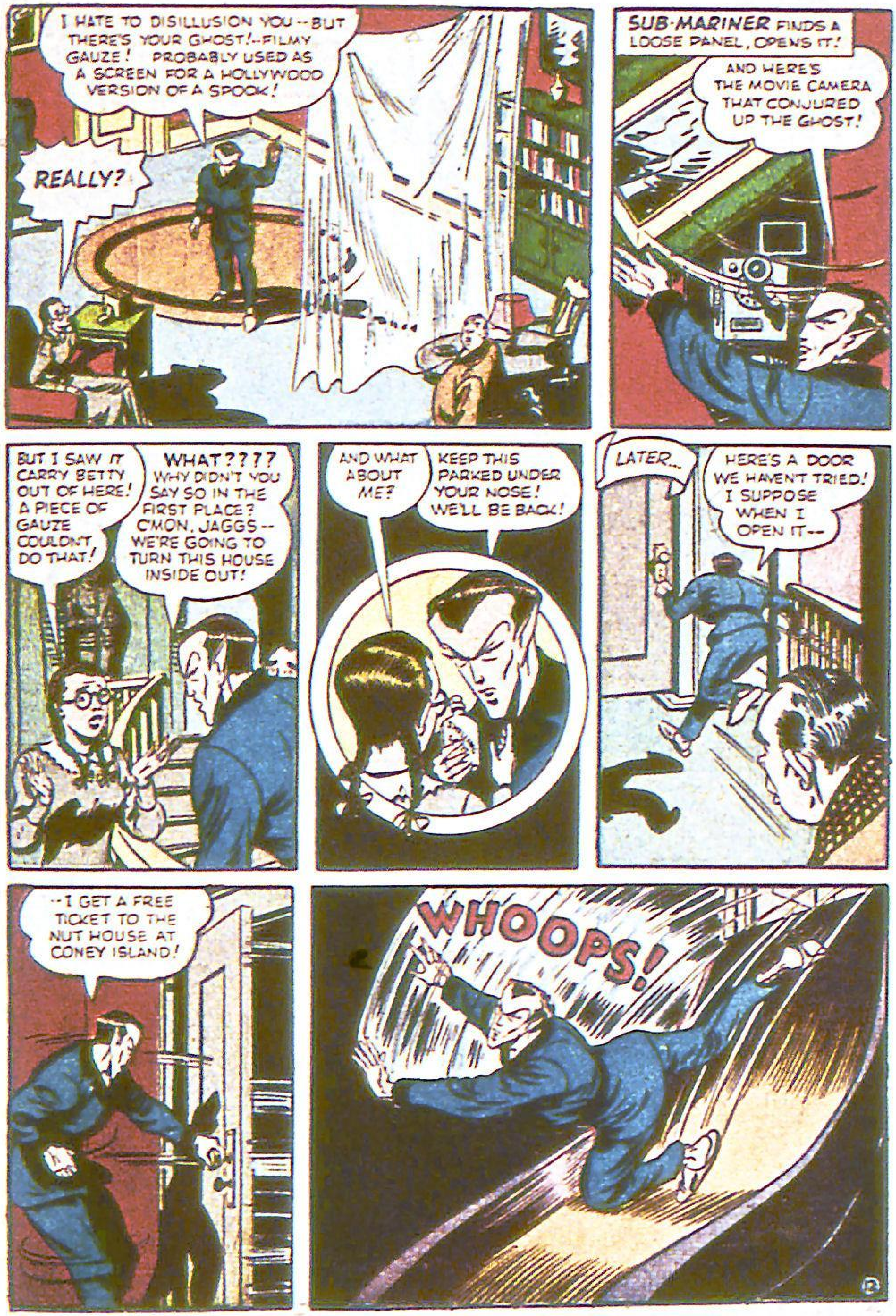

THOSE KEYS CARRIED ENOUGH JUICE TO ELECTROCUTE AN ORDINARY MAN! --
--AND HERE'S THE WIRE, INSULATED!
OKAY, BETTY! YOU CAN PICK UP THE KEYS NOW! WE'LL EACH TAKE ONE!
I SUGGEST WE STICK TOGETHER! THIS LOOKS LIKE AN ELIMINATION CONTEST -- WITH THE JOKE ON ME!
NO BUSINESS! -- I WANT ALL OR NOTHING! I'M HUNTING ALONE!
I'LL START WITH THAT DOOR FIRST --
DOESN'T FIT! I'LL TRY ANOTHER!
AH! PERFECT! NOW ---
AGHRRRR-R-R
BLAM!

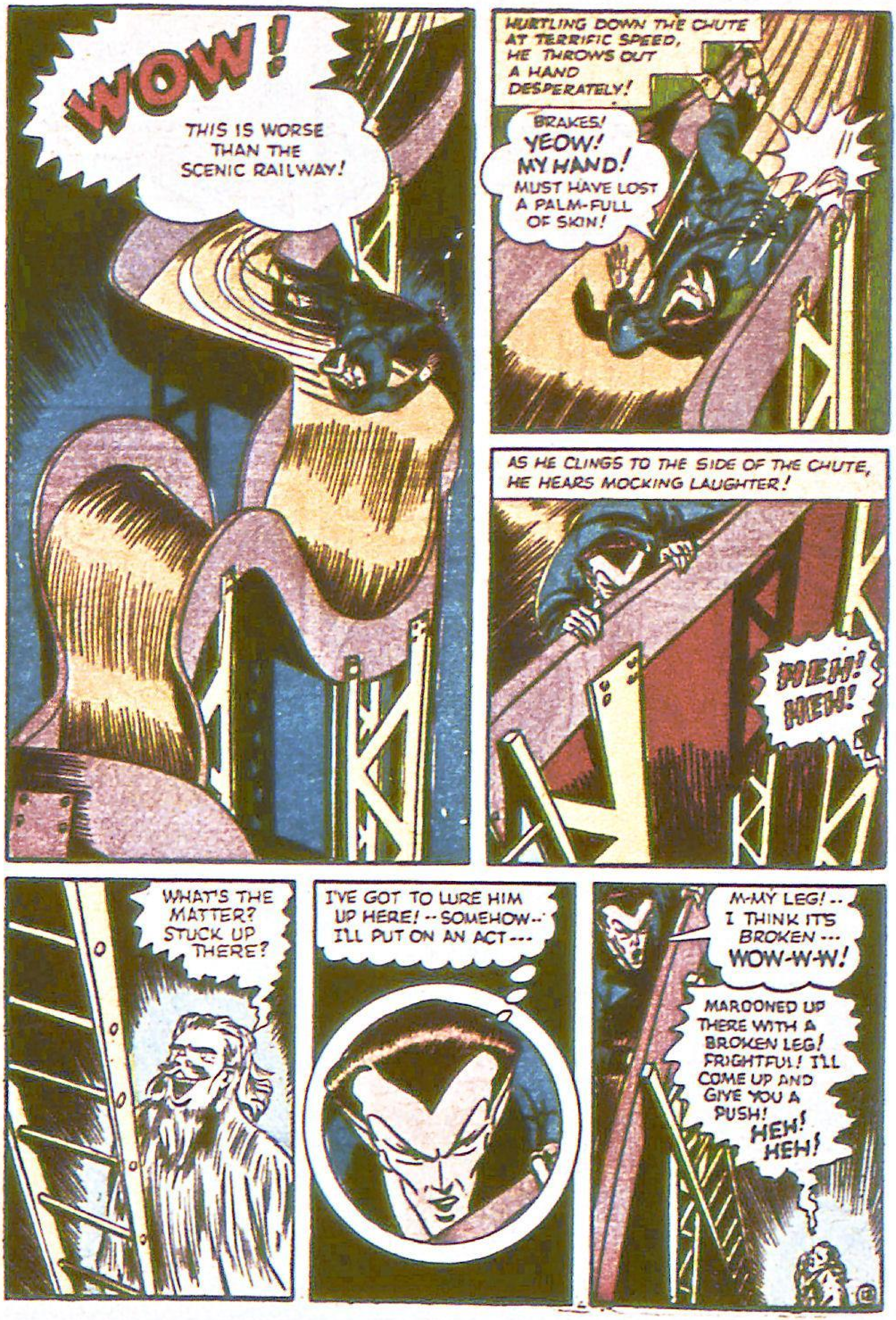

THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT!
DEAD!
I CATCH! YOU TURN THE KEY IN THE LOCK AND THE DOOR GOES BOOM! THAT'S WHAT I CALL CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR!
POOR BOY! MURDERED BY HIS OWN UNCLE!
WHERE'S JAGGS?
HE GOT GREEDY, TOO! THAT WAY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF GAG OUR GHOST PAL'S COOKED UP FOR JAGGS! BUT I'LL BET IT'S A HONEY!
MEANWHILE
THE STRONGBOX!
IMAGINE! FROM BUTLER TO MASTER OF THE HOUSE! -- WITH THE TURN OF A KEY!
WELL, I'LL BE --! CIGARS!
THE MASTER HAD A CURIOUS SENSE OF HUMOR, BUT HIS TASTE IN CIGARS WAS EXCELLENT!

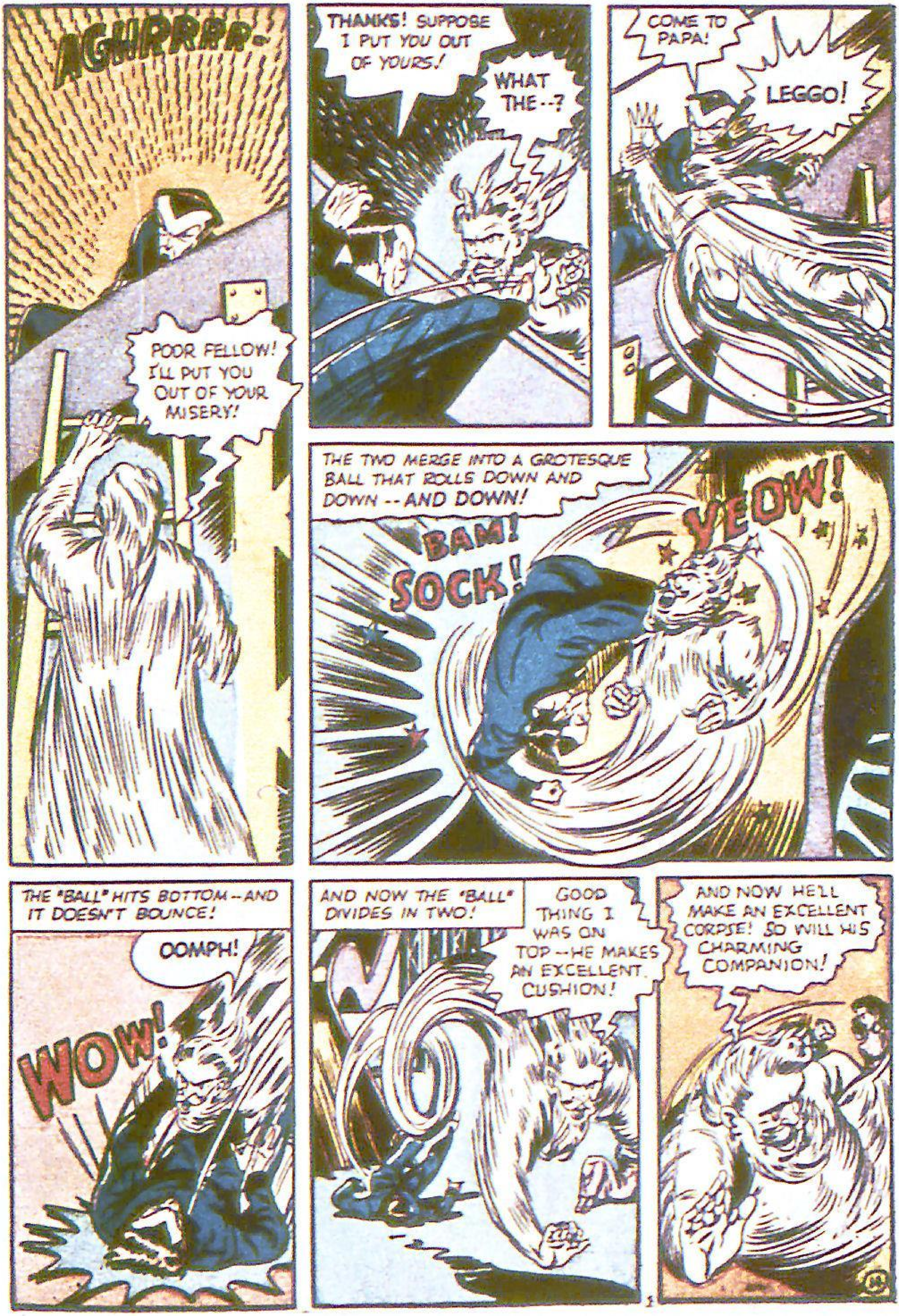

AH! MILLIONAIRE FOR A DAY! -- NOW TO FIND A MATCH!
IF I COULD FIND THE STRONGBOX, I'D BE SMOKING THESE EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK!
BUT FIRST I'LL ENJOY THIS -- THEN I'LL START LOOKING ---
DROP IT! -- OR IT'LL BE YOUR LAST SMOKE!
?
I -- I -- DON'T UNDERSTAND --
YOU WILL! -- WATCH!
WE'LL PUT EXHIBIT "A" HERE -- NOW HAND ME AN UMBRELLA!
Y-YES, SIR!
NOW WE TIE A MATCH TO THE UMBRELLA! EXHIBIT "B"! GIVE ME ANOTHER MATCH!
AND NOW, MY DEAR JAGGS -- I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO PUFF ON HAVANAS IN A PLACE LIKE THIS! --- KEEP AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!

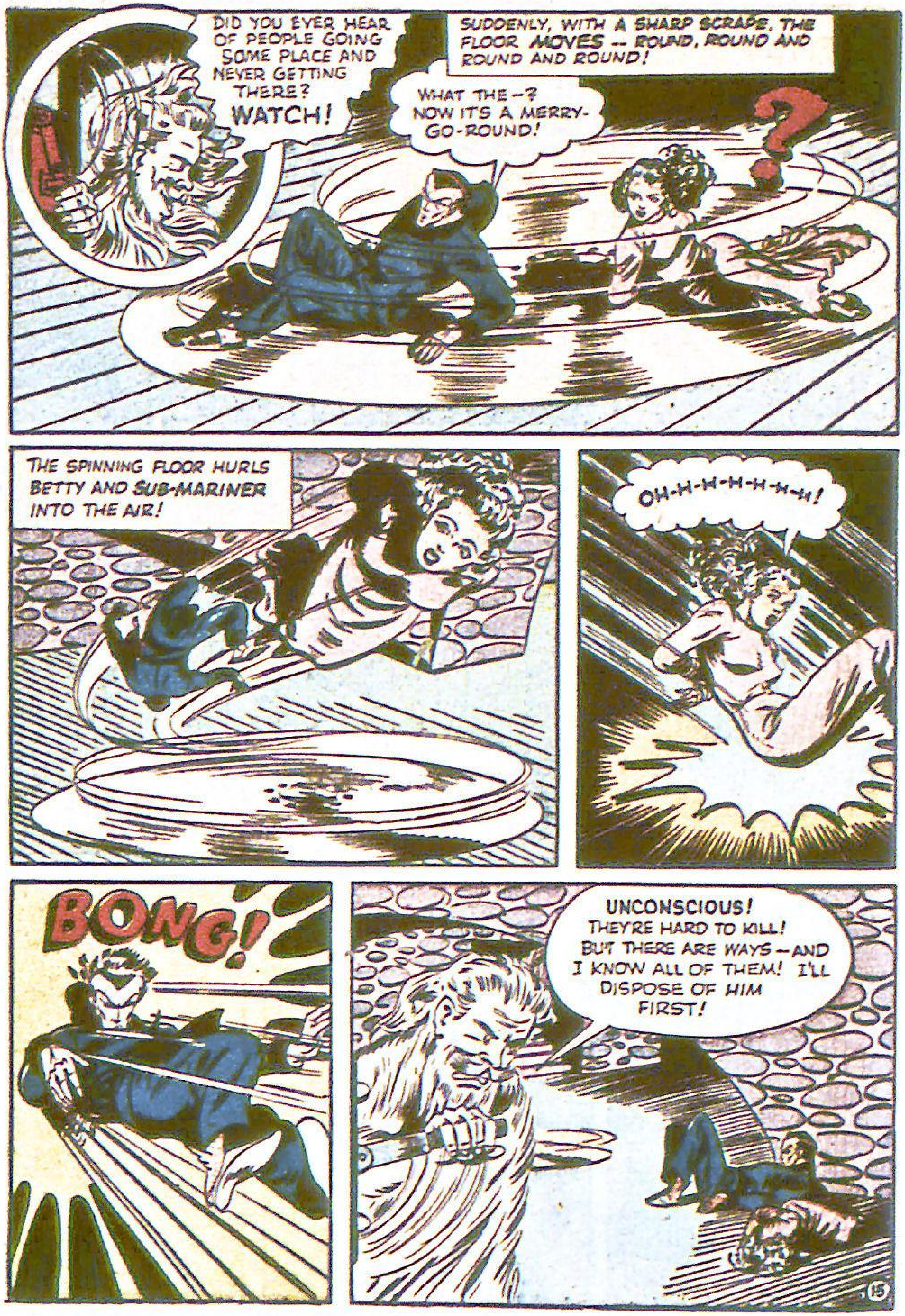

JUST IMAGINE YOU'RE THE WINDOW SILL! YOU'VE GOT THE CIGAR IN YOUR MOUTH --AND NOW I LIGHT IT!
BLAM!
A VARIATION OF THE OLD *EXPLOSIVE CIGAR* TRICK! *CUTE*, EH?
BLIMEY! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE SMOKING A STICK OF DYNAMITE!
MEANWHILE..
WHAT WAS THAT AWFUL NOISE? I THOUGHT THE HOUSE WAS COMING DOWN!
PAL GHOST MUST BE GETTING PLAYFUL AGA---
SOMEONE PUT THE LIGHTS OUT!
E-E-E-E-EK! LOOK!
GOOD EVENING, LADIES -- WHY SO GLUM? PERHAPS YOU NEED ME TO AMUSE YOU! -- I KNOW SOME AMUSING PARLOR GAMES!
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR GAMES. DON'T MOVE! OR I'LL SHOOT!
GO AHEAD -SHOOT!
??? -- HE MUST HAVE SWIPED MY PISTOL FROM MY BAG! -- AND SUBSTITUTED HIS SQUIRT GUN!
HA HA HA
LADY, YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET -- BUT NOT WITH THAT PISTOL!

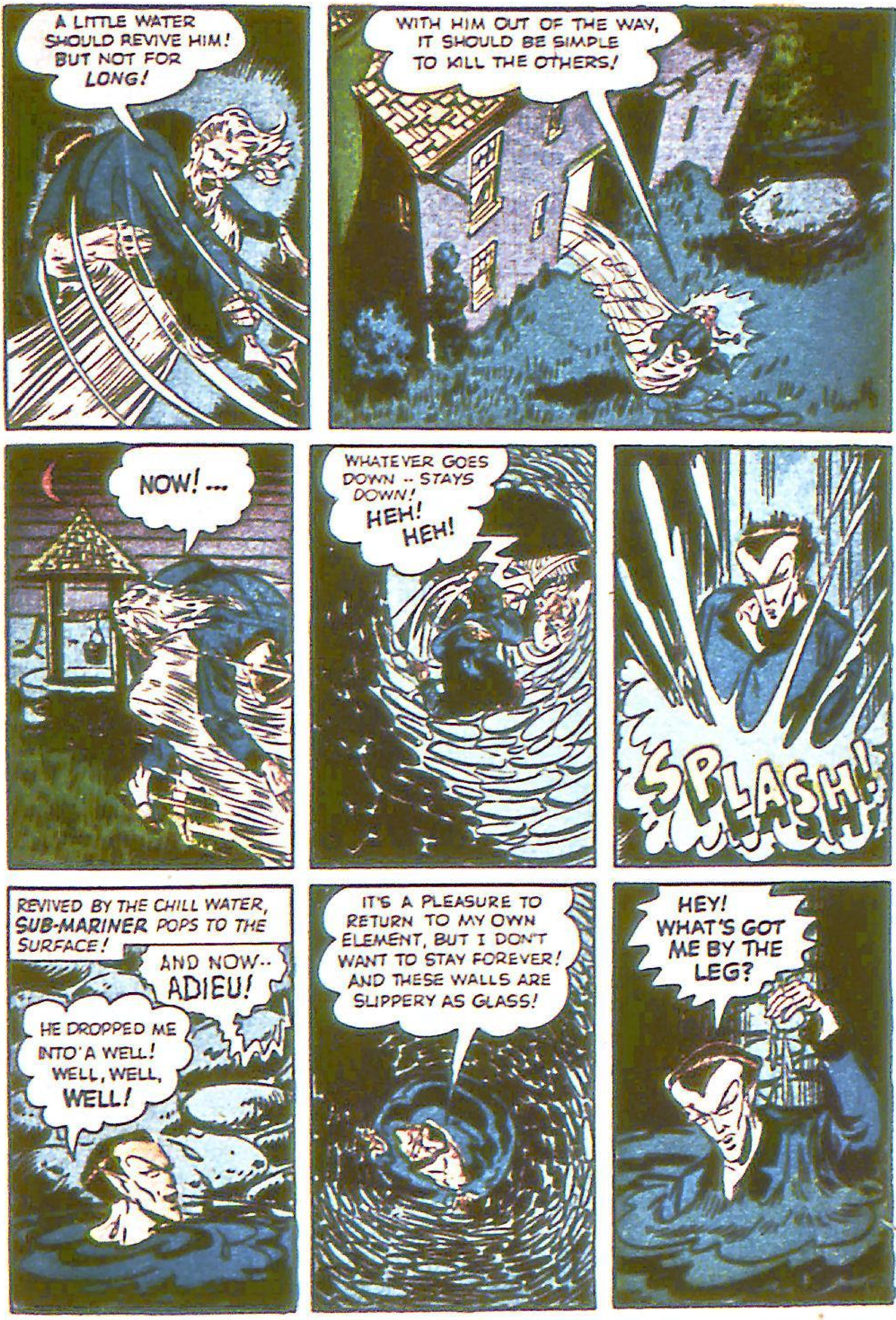

HERE'S HOPING THIS IS LOADED WITH WATER!
E-E-E-EEK! IT PASSED RIGHT THROUGH THE GHOST'S BODY!
HEH-HEH! TOO BAD I'M NOT MORE SUBSTANTIAL, EH?
HERE'S WHERE I PULL A FADE-OUT! GOODBYE, GIRLS!
I HOPE HE MEANS IT!
SUDDENLY THE GHOST REAPPEARS BEHIND BETTER!
HELP! OH-M-M-M!
IT'S QUITE A FEAT TO TALK WITH A HAND CLAPPED OVER YOUR MOUTH -SO DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH!
YEOWW! I FEEL ONE OF MY SPELLS COMING ON!
POOR AMANDA! SHE NEVER COULD TAKE IT!
MEANWHILE
BETTY! NOW WHY ON EARTH DID SHE DOUSE THE LIGHTS?
PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE PUT THEM OUT!
MISS AMANDA! WHAT HAPPENED?
THE GHOST! THE GHOST!
11

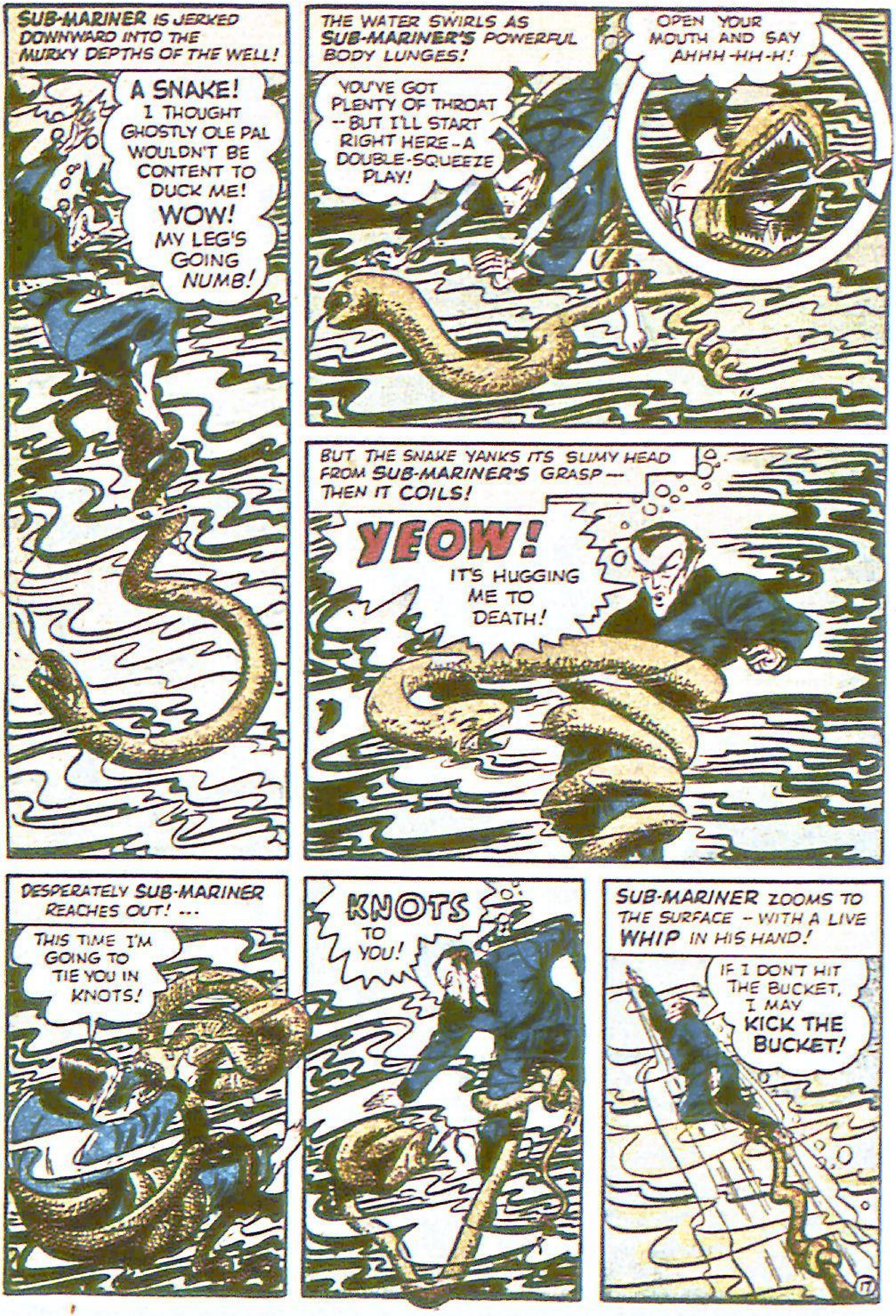

I HATE TO DISILLUSION YOU--BUT THERE'S YOUR GHOST!--FILMY GAUZE! PROBABLY USED AS A SCREEN FOR A HOLLYWOOD VERSION OF A SPOOK!
REALLY?
SUB-MARINER FINDS A LOOSE PANEL, OPENS IT!
AND HERE'S THE MOVIE CAMERA THAT CONJURED UP THE GHOST!
BUT I SAW IT CARRY BETTY OUT OF HERE! A PIECE OF GAUZE COULDN'T DO THAT!
WHAT???? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE? C'MON, JAGGS-- WE'RE GOING TO TURN THIS HOUSE INSIDE OUT!
AND WHAT ABOUT ME?
KEEP THIS PARKED UNDER YOUR NOSE! WE'LL BE BACK!
LATER...
HERE'S A DOOR WE HAVEN'T TRIED! I SUPPOSE WHEN I OPEN IT--
--I GET A FREE TICKET TO THE NUT HOUSE AT CONEY ISLAND!
WHOOPS!
2

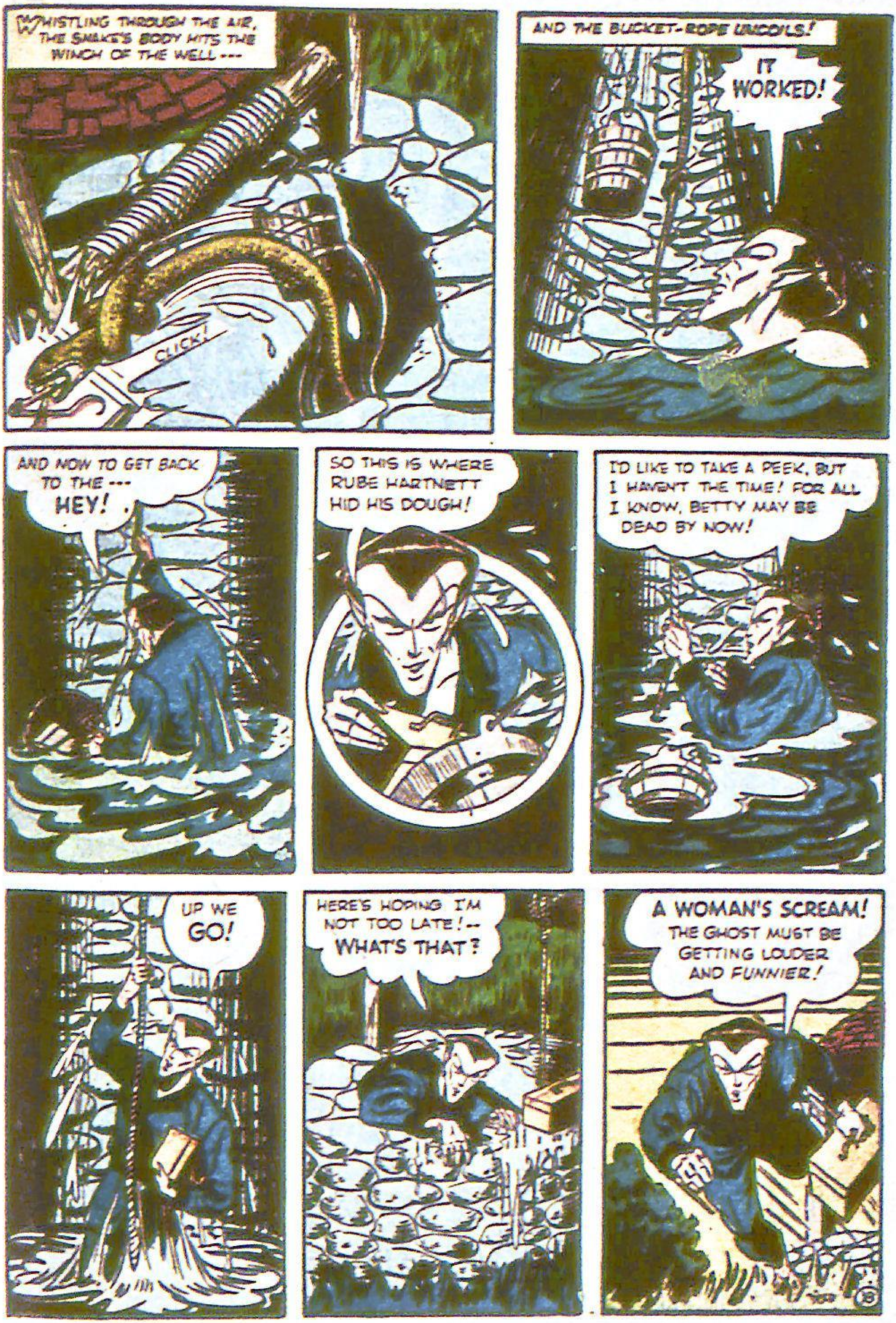

WOW!
THIS IS WORSE THAN THE SCENIC RAILWAY!
HURTLING DOWN THE CHUTE AT TERRIFIC SPEED, HE THROWS OUT A HAND DESPERATELY!
BRAKES! YEOW! MY HAND! MUST HAVE LOST A PALM-FULL OF SKIN!
AS HE CLINGS TO THE SIDE OF THE CHUTE, HE HEARS MOCKING LAUGHTER!
HEH! HEH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? STUCK UP THERE?
I'VE GOT TO LURE HIM UP HERE! -- SOMEHOW-- I'LL PUT ON AN ACT---
M-MY LEG! -- I THINK ITS BROKEN --- WOW-W-W!
MAROONED UP THERE WITH A BROKEN LEG! FRIGHTFUL! I'LL COME UP AND GIVE YOU A PUSH! HEH! HEH!
12

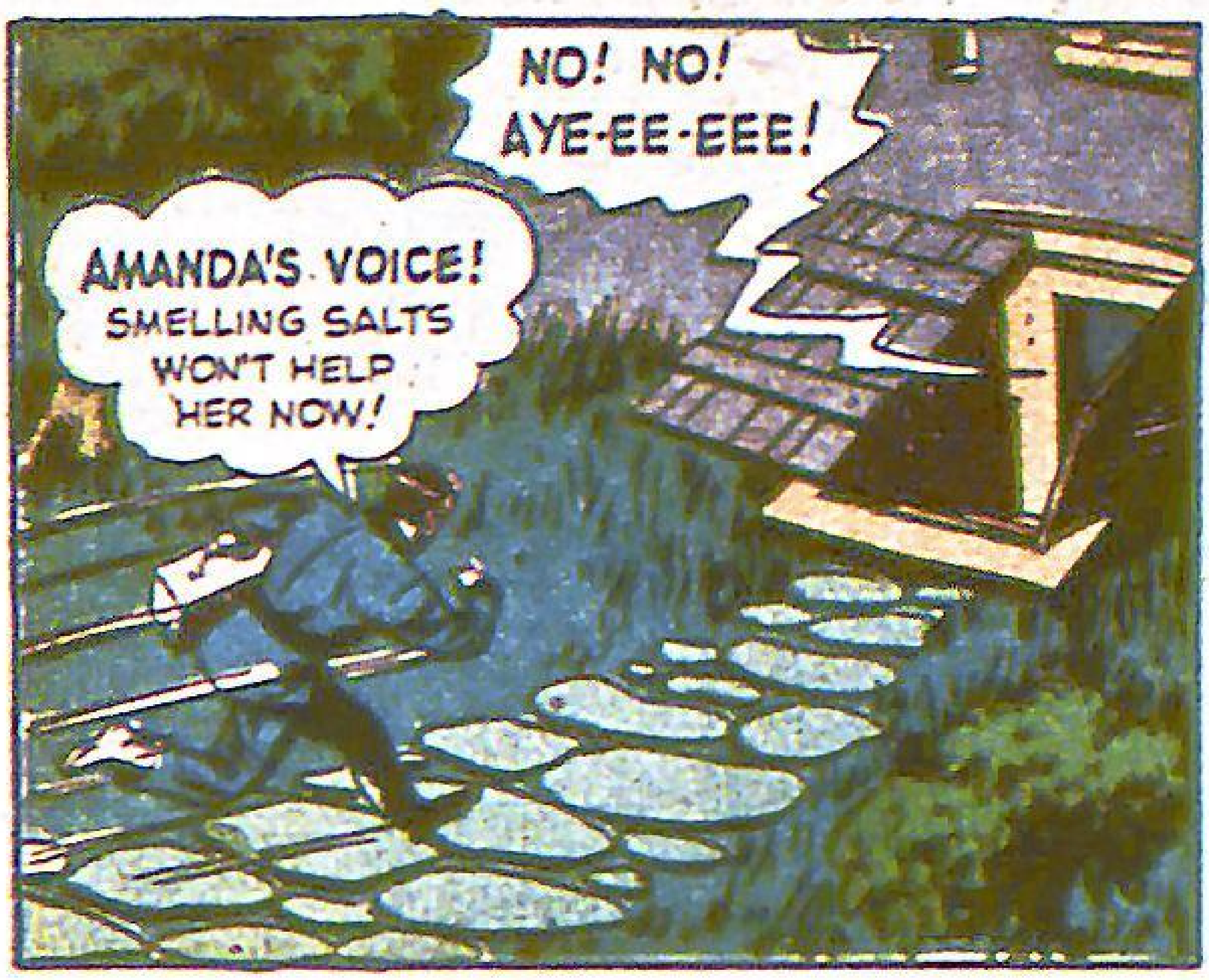

AGHRRRR-
POOR FELLOW! I'LL PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY!
THANKS! SUPPOSE I PUT YOU OUT OF YOURS!
WHAT THE--?
COME TO PAPA!
LEGGO!
THE TWO MERGE INTO A GROTESQUE BALL THAT ROLLS DOWN AND DOWN--AND DOWN!
BAM!
SOCK!
YEOW!
THE "BALL" HITS BOTTOM--AND IT DOESN'T BOUNCE!
OOMPH!
WOW!
AND NOW THE "BALL" DIVIDES IN TWO!
GOOD THING I WAS ON TOP--HE MAKES AN EXCELLENT CUSHION!
AND NOW HE'LL MAKE AN EXCELLENT CORPSE! SO WILL HIS CHARMING COMPANION!

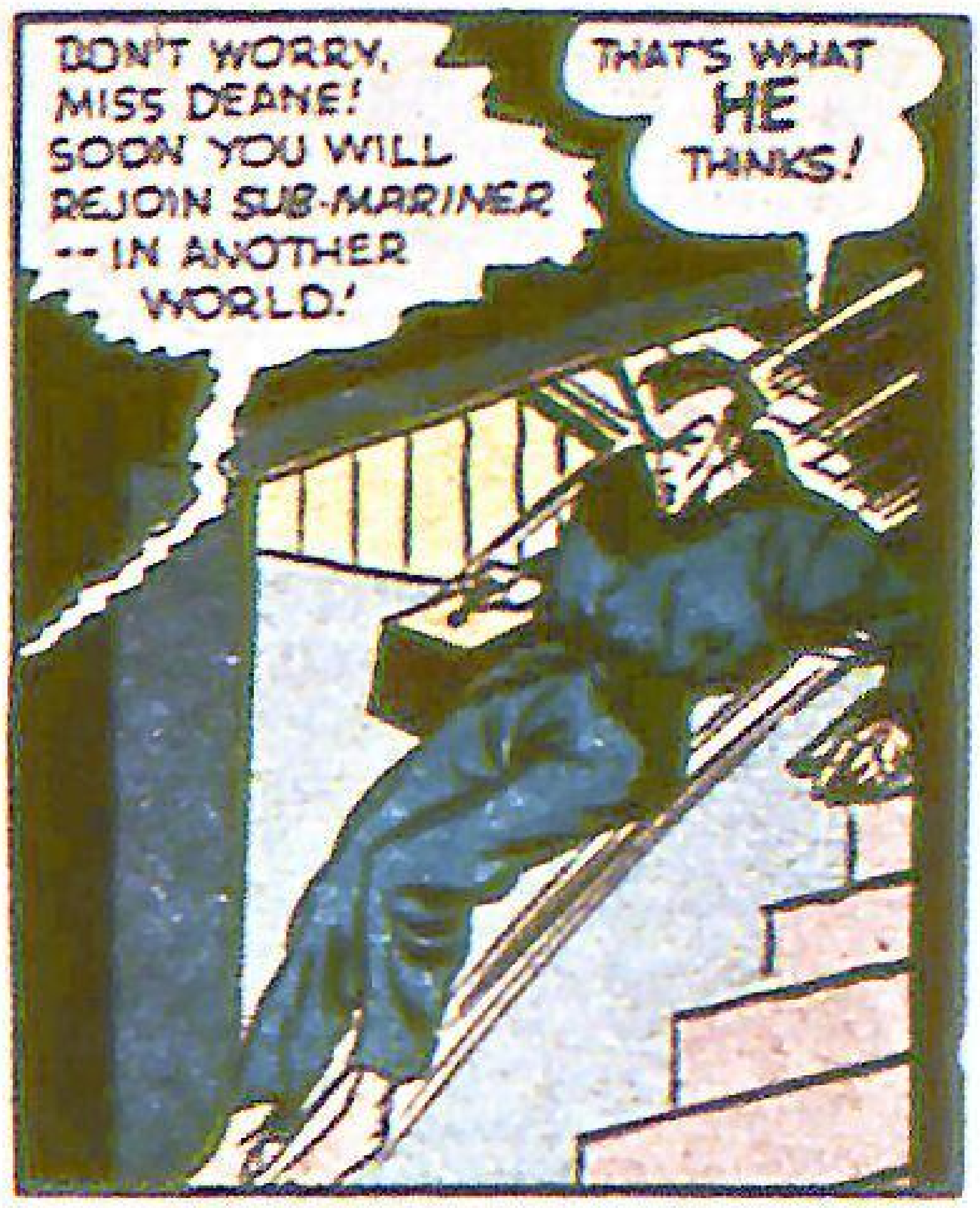

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF PEOPLE GOING SOME PLACE AND NEVER GETTING THERE? WATCH!
SUDDENLY, WITH A SHARP SCRAPE, THE FLOOR MOVES -- ROUND, ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND!
WHAT THE -? NOW ITS A MERRY-GO-ROUND!
?
THE SPINNING FLOOR HURLS BETTY AND SUB-MARINER INTO THE AIR!
OH-H-H-H-H-H-H-H!
BONG!
UNCONSCIOUS! THEY'RE HARD TO KILL! BUT THERE ARE WAYS -- AND I KNOW ALL OF THEM! I'LL DISPOSE OF HIM FIRST!
15

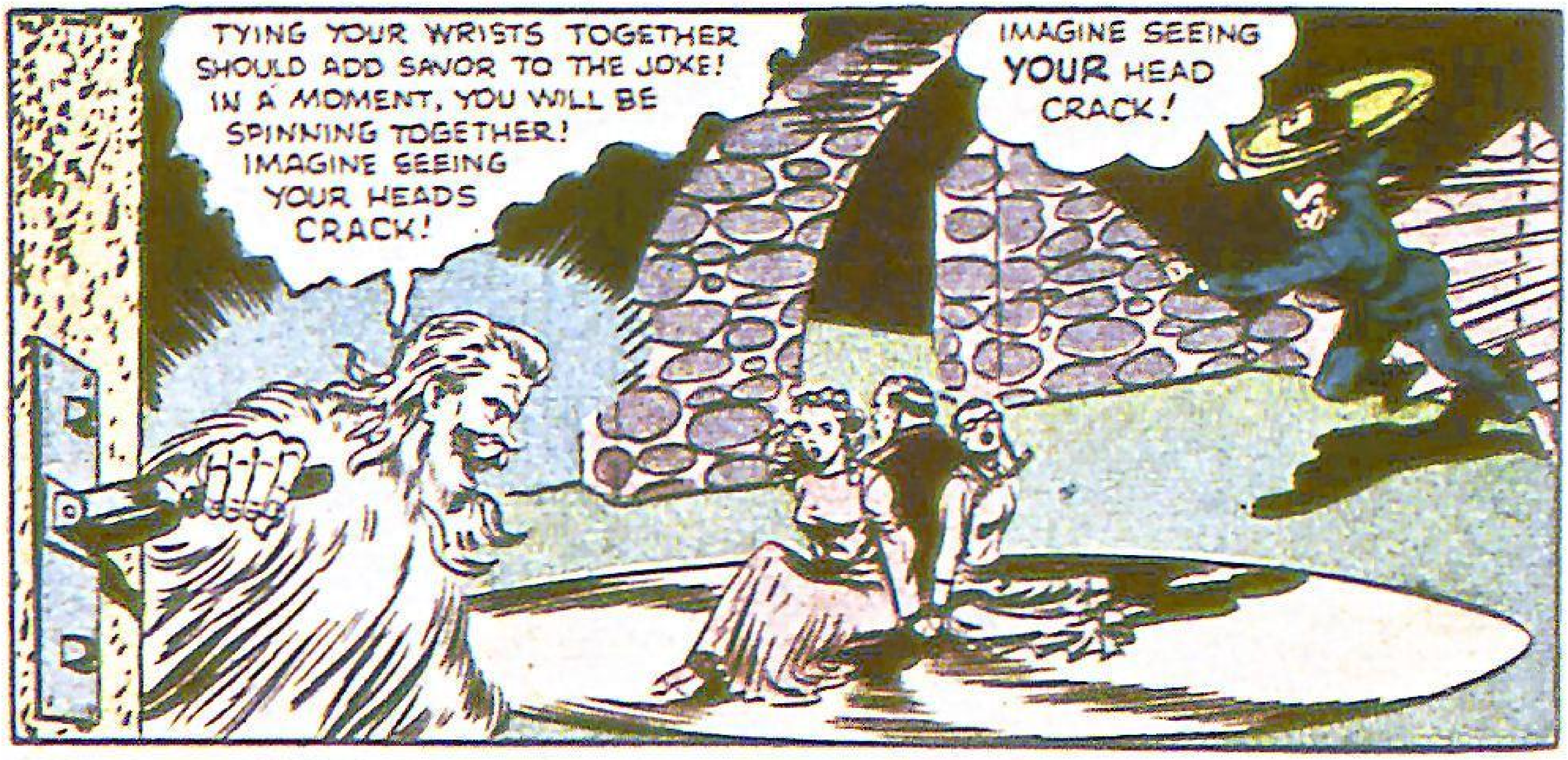

A LITTLE WATER SHOULD REVIVE HIM! BUT NOT FOR *LONG!*
WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY, IT SHOULD BE SIMPLE TO KILL THE OTHERS!
NOW! ...
WHATEVER GOES DOWN -- STAYS DOWN! HEH! HEH!
SPLASH!
REVIVED BY THE CHILL WATER, **SUB-MARINER** POPS TO THE SURFACE!
AND NOW.. ADIEU!
HE DROPPED ME INTO A WELL! WELL, WELL, **WELL!**
IT'S A PLEASURE TO RETURN TO MY OWN ELEMENT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO STAY FOREVER! AND THESE WALLS ARE SLIPPERY AS GLASS!
HEY! WHAT'S GOT ME BY THE LEG?

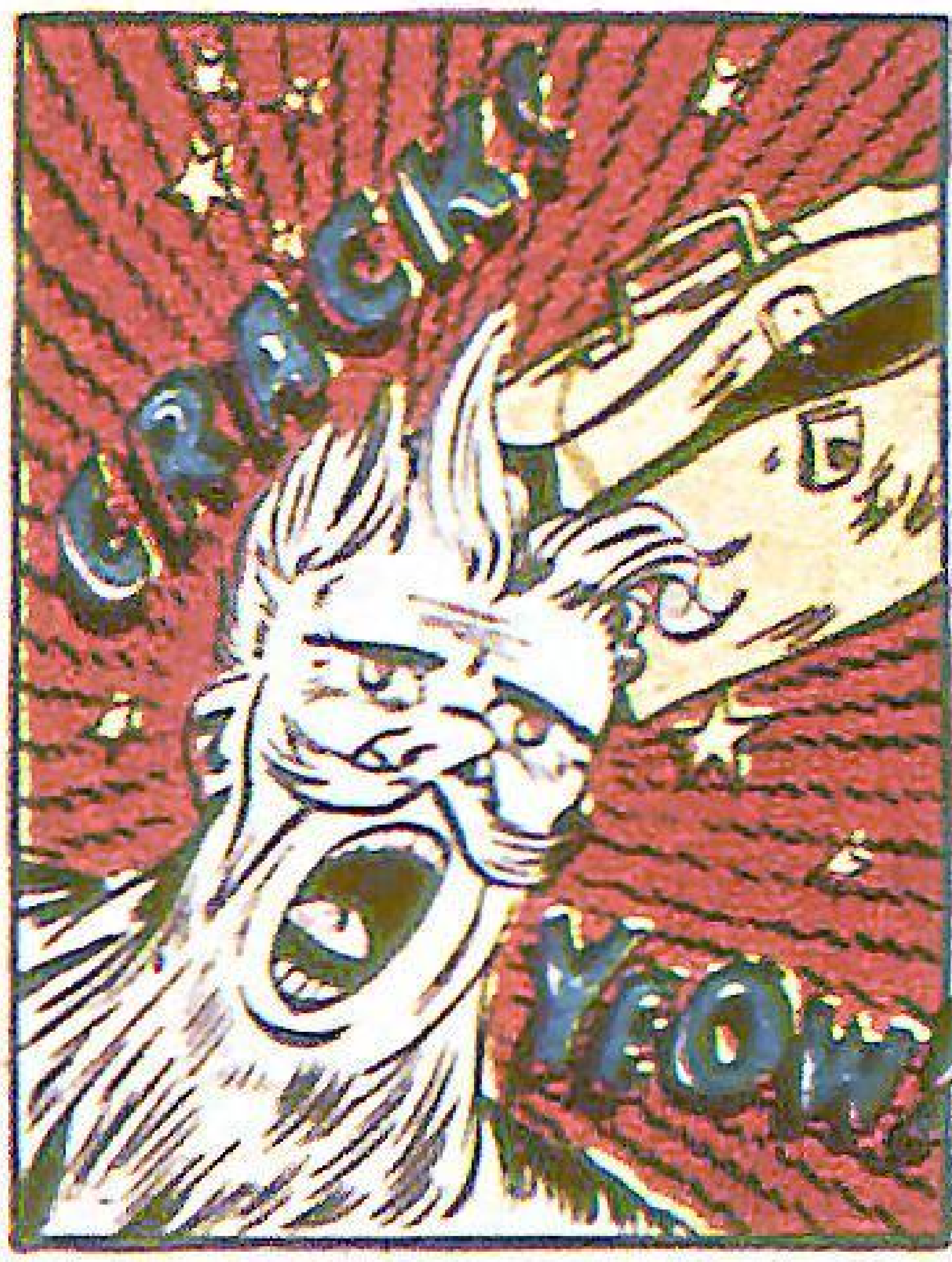

SUB-MARINER IS JERKED DOWNWARD INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE WELL!
A SNAKE! I THOUGHT GHOSTLY OLE PAL WOULDN'T BE CONTENT TO DUCK ME! WOW! MY LEG'S GOING NUMB!
THE WATER SWIRLS AS SUB-MARINER'S POWERFUL BODY LUNGES!
YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF THROAT -- BUT I'LL START RIGHT HERE - A DOUBLE-SQUEEZE PLAY!
OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SAY AHHH-HH-H!
BUT THE SNAKE YANKS ITS SLIMY HEAD FROM SUB-MARINER'S GRASP -- THEN IT COILS!
YEOW! IT'S HUGGING ME TO DEATH!
DESPERATELY SUB-MARINER REACHES OUT! ---
THIS TIME I'M GOING TO TIE YOU IN KNOTS!
KNOTS TO YOU!
SUB-MARINER ZOOMS TO THE SURFACE -- WITH A LIVE WHIP IN HIS HAND!
IF I DON'T HIT THE BUCKET, I MAY KICK THE BUCKET!

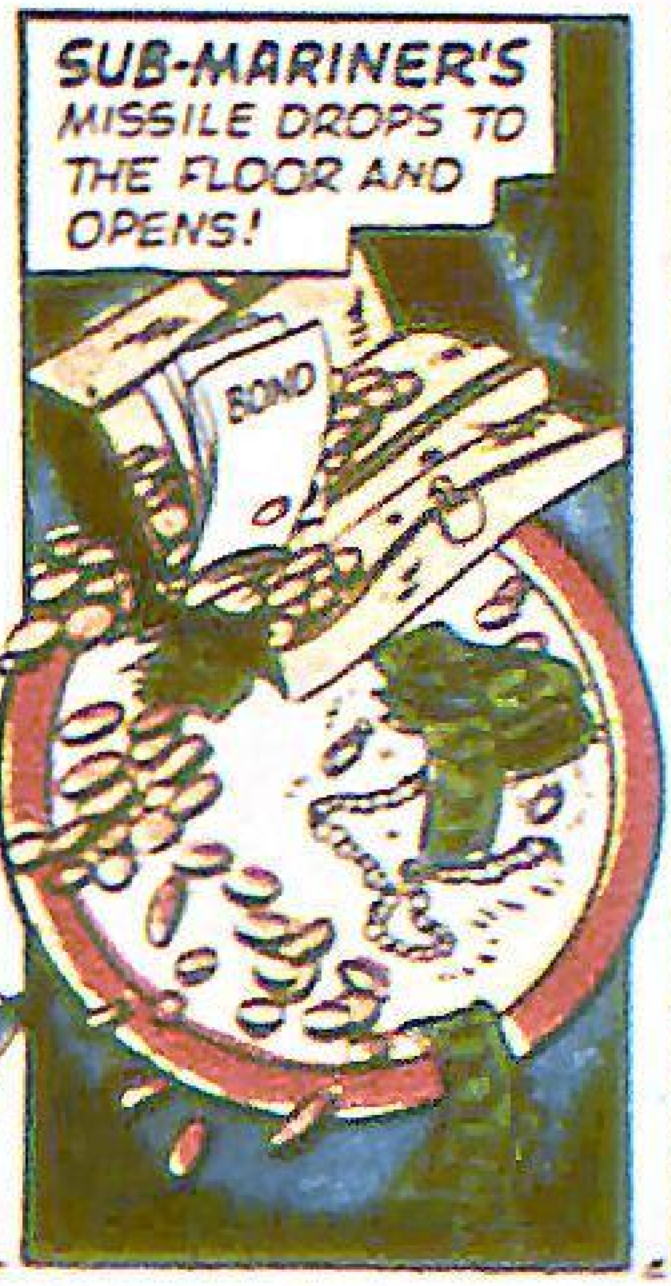

WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR, THE SNAKE'S BODY HITS THE WINCH OF THE WELL ---
CLICK!
AND THE BUCKET-ROPE UNCOILS!
IT WORKED!
AND NOW TO GET BACK TO THE --- HEY!
SO THIS IS WHERE RUBE HARTNETT HID HIS DOUGH!
I'D LIKE TO TAKE A PEEK, BUT I HAVEN'T THE TIME! FOR ALL I KNOW, BETTY MAY BE DEAD BY NOW!
UP WE GO!
HERE'S HOPING I'M NOT TOO LATE! -- WHAT'S THAT?
A WOMAN'S SCREAM! THE GHOST MUST BE GETTING LOUDER AND FUNNIER!

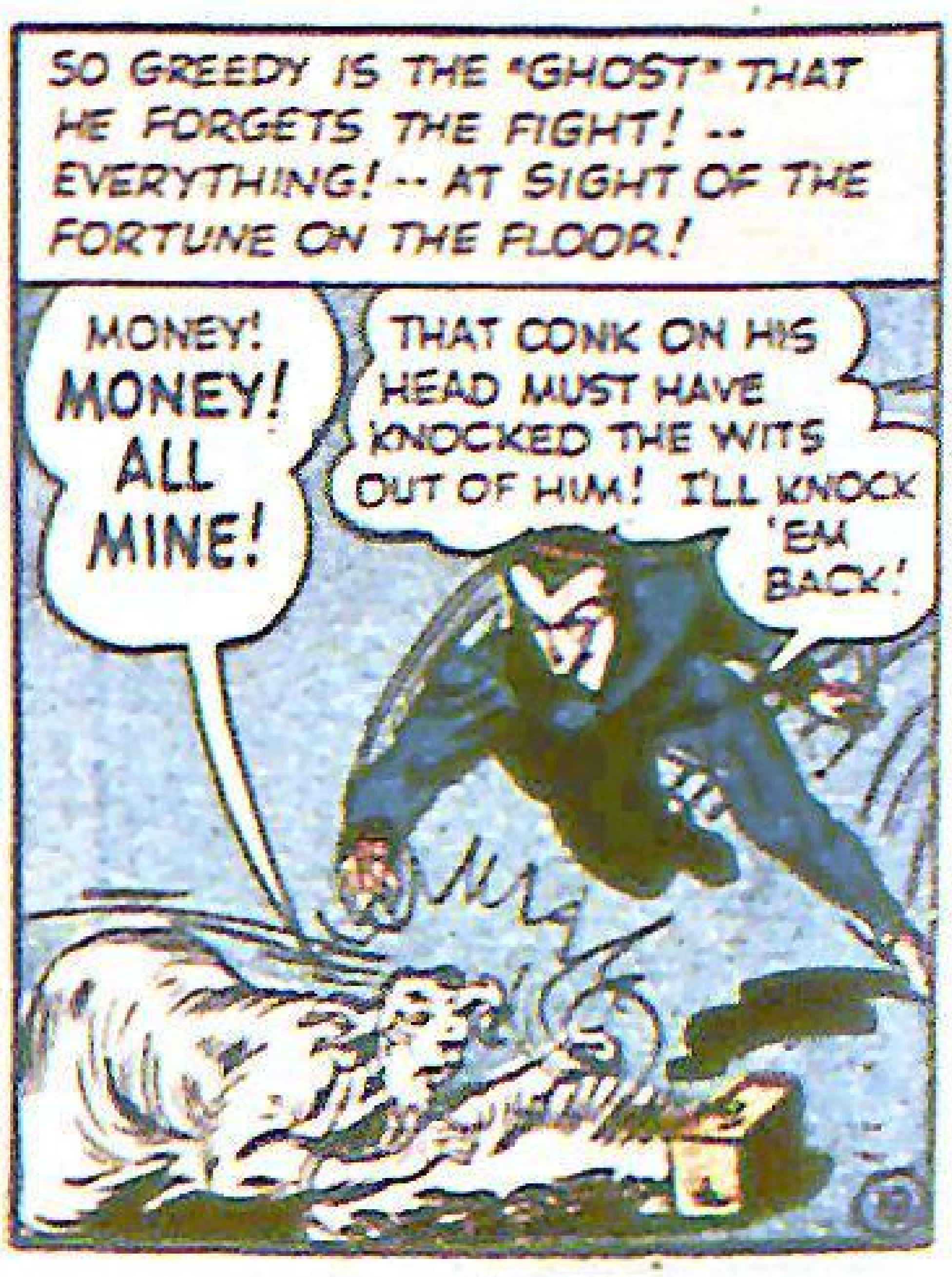

NO! NO!
AYE-EE-EEE!
AMANDA'S VOICE! SMELLING SALTS WON'T HELP HER NOW!

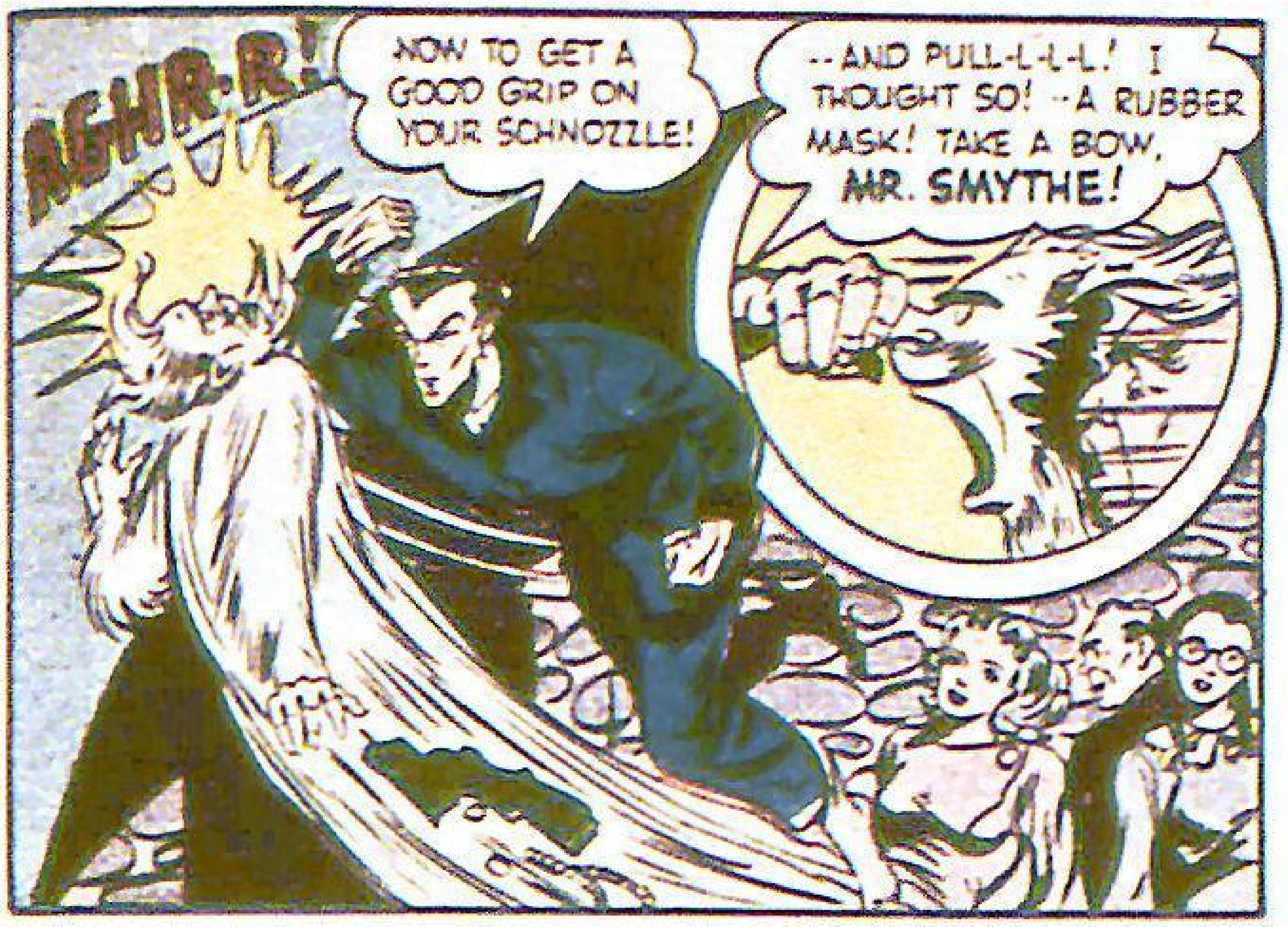

DON'T WORRY, MISS DEANE! SOON YOU WILL REJOIN SUB-MARINER --IN ANOTHER WORLD!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!

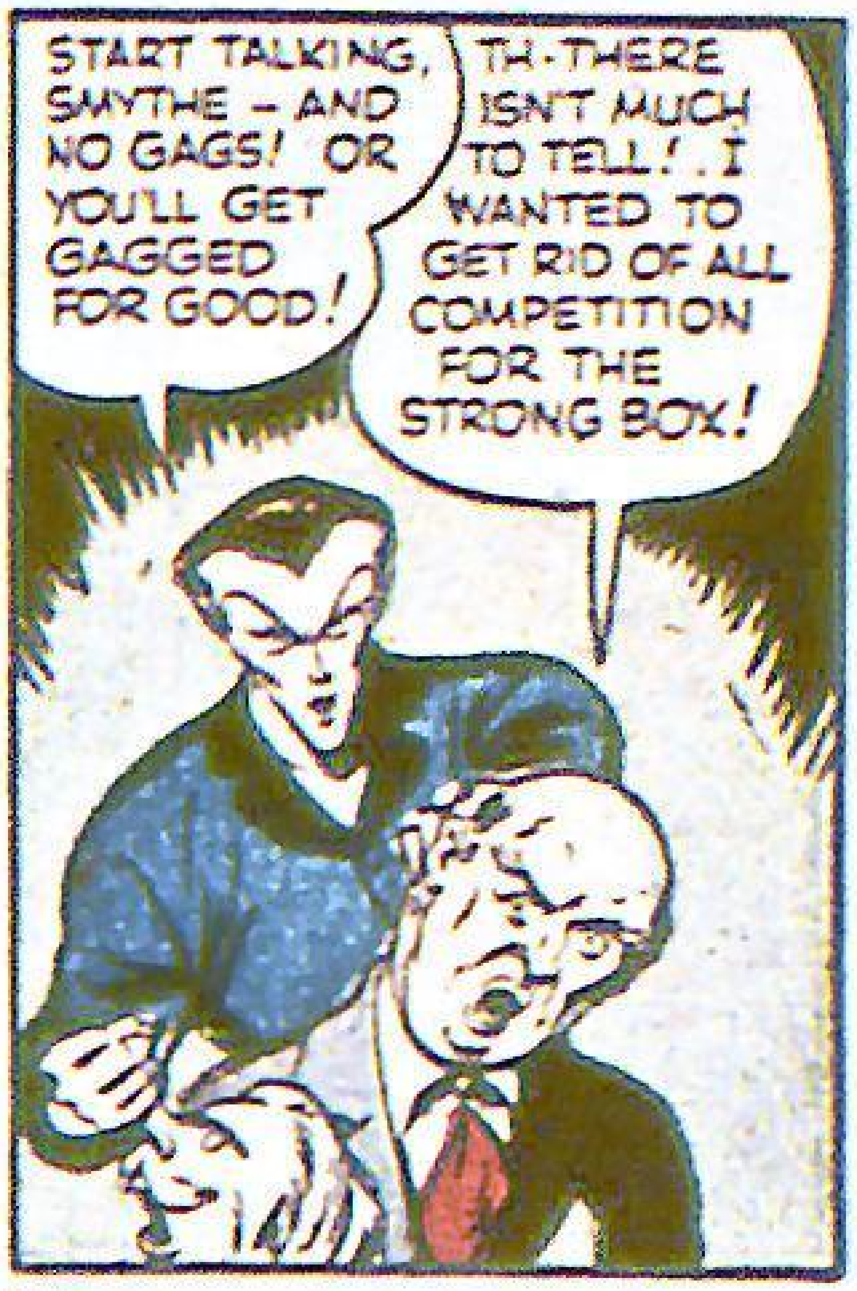

TYING YOUR WRISTS TOGETHER SHOULD ADD SAVOR TO THE JOKE! IN A MOMENT, YOU WILL BE SPINNING TOGETHER! IMAGINE SEEING YOUR HEADS CRACK!
IMAGINE SEEING YOUR HEAD CRACK!

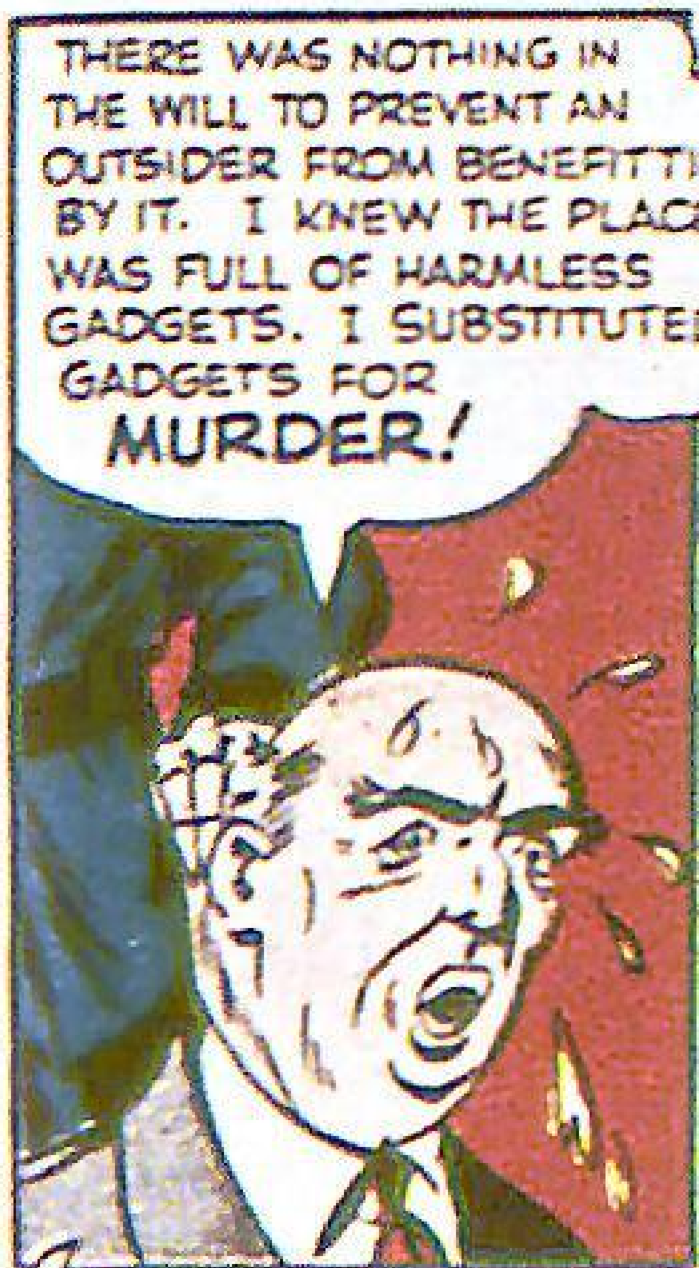

CRACK!
YEOW!

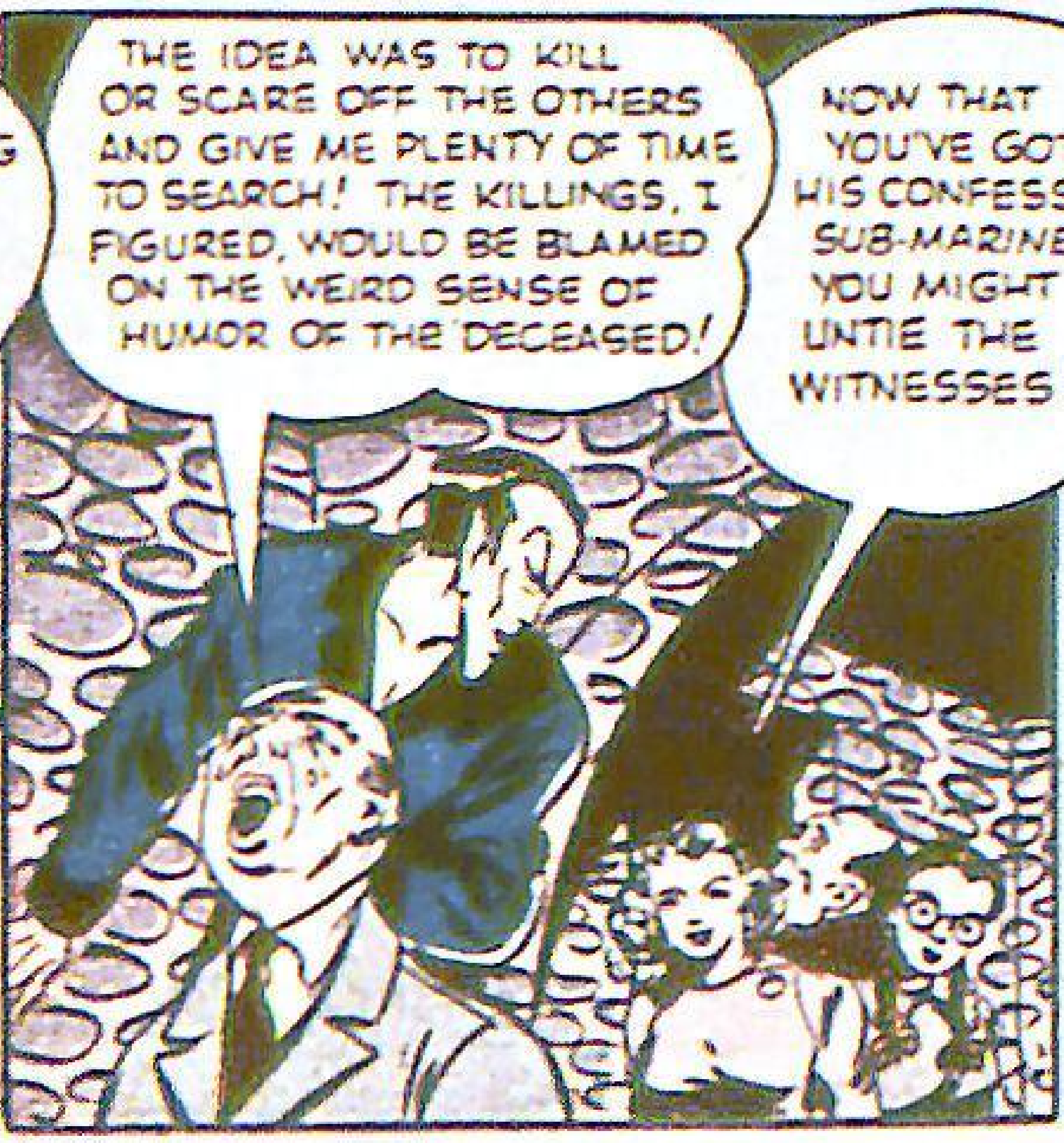

SUB-MARINER'S MISSILE DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND OPENS!
BOND

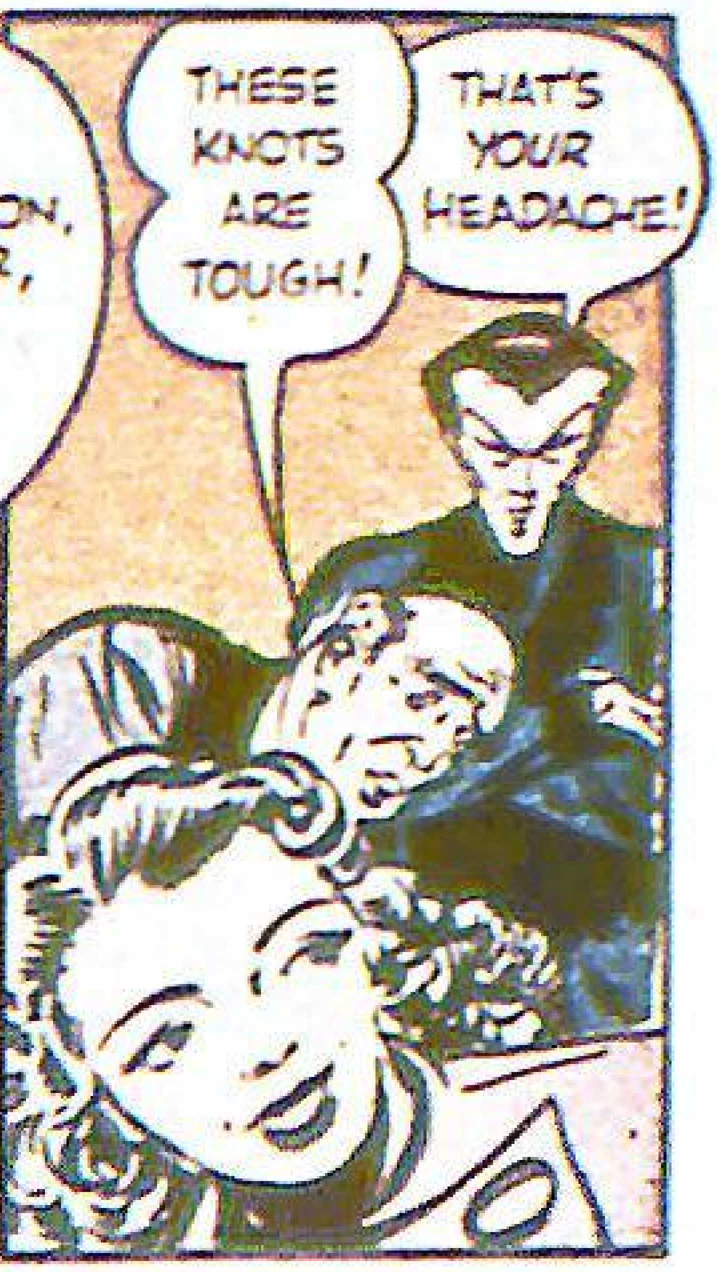

SO GREEDY IS THE "GHOST" THAT HE FORGETS THE FIGHT! -- EVERYTHING! -- AT SIGHT OF THE FORTUNE ON THE FLOOR!
MONEY! MONEY! ALL MINE!
THAT CONK ON HIS HEAD MUST HAVE KNOCKED THE WITS OUT OF HIM! I'LL KNOCK 'EM BACK!

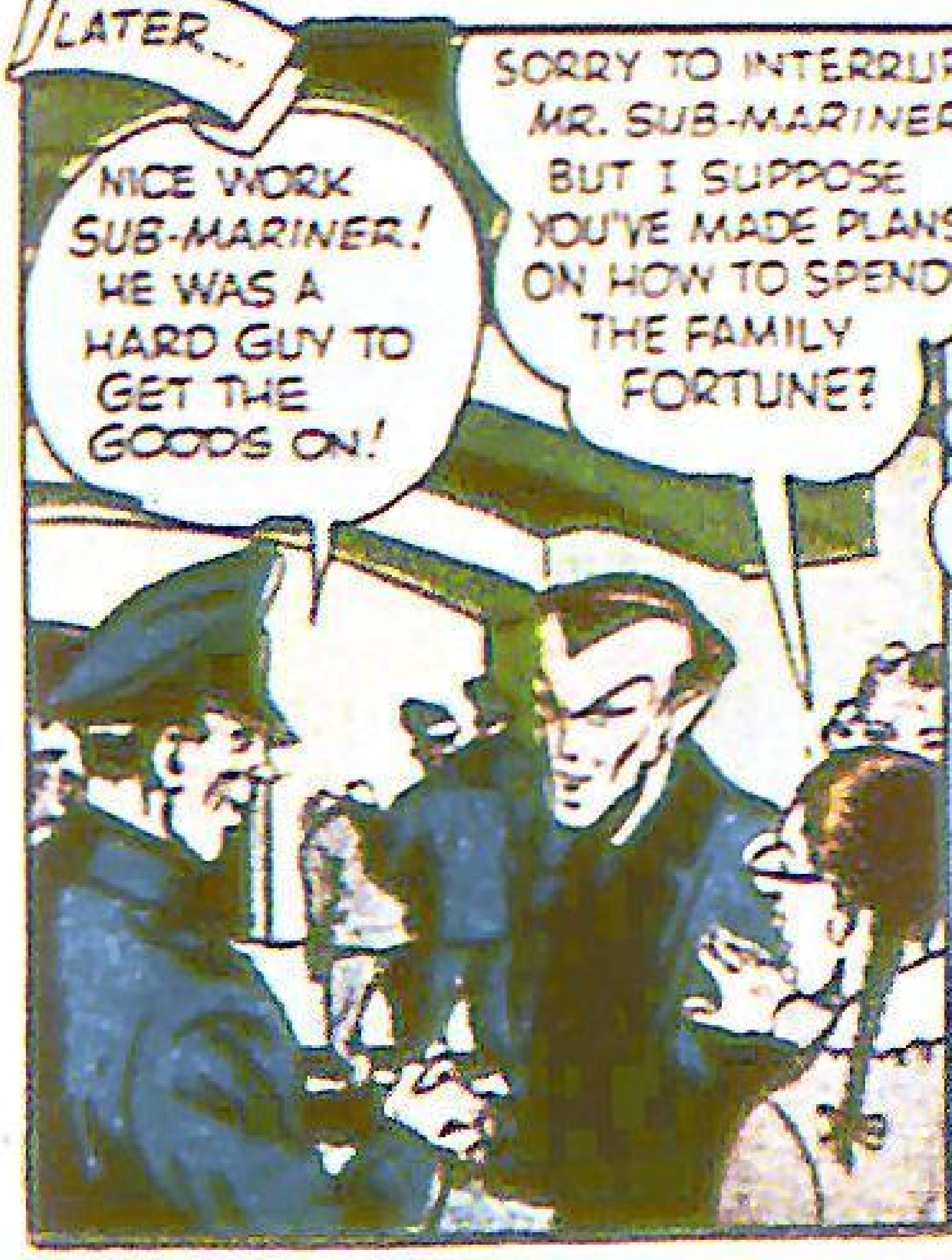

AGHR-R!
NOW TO GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR SCHNOZZLE!
--AND PULL-L-L-L! I THOUGHT SO! --A RUBBER MASK! TAKE A BOW, MR. SMYTHE!

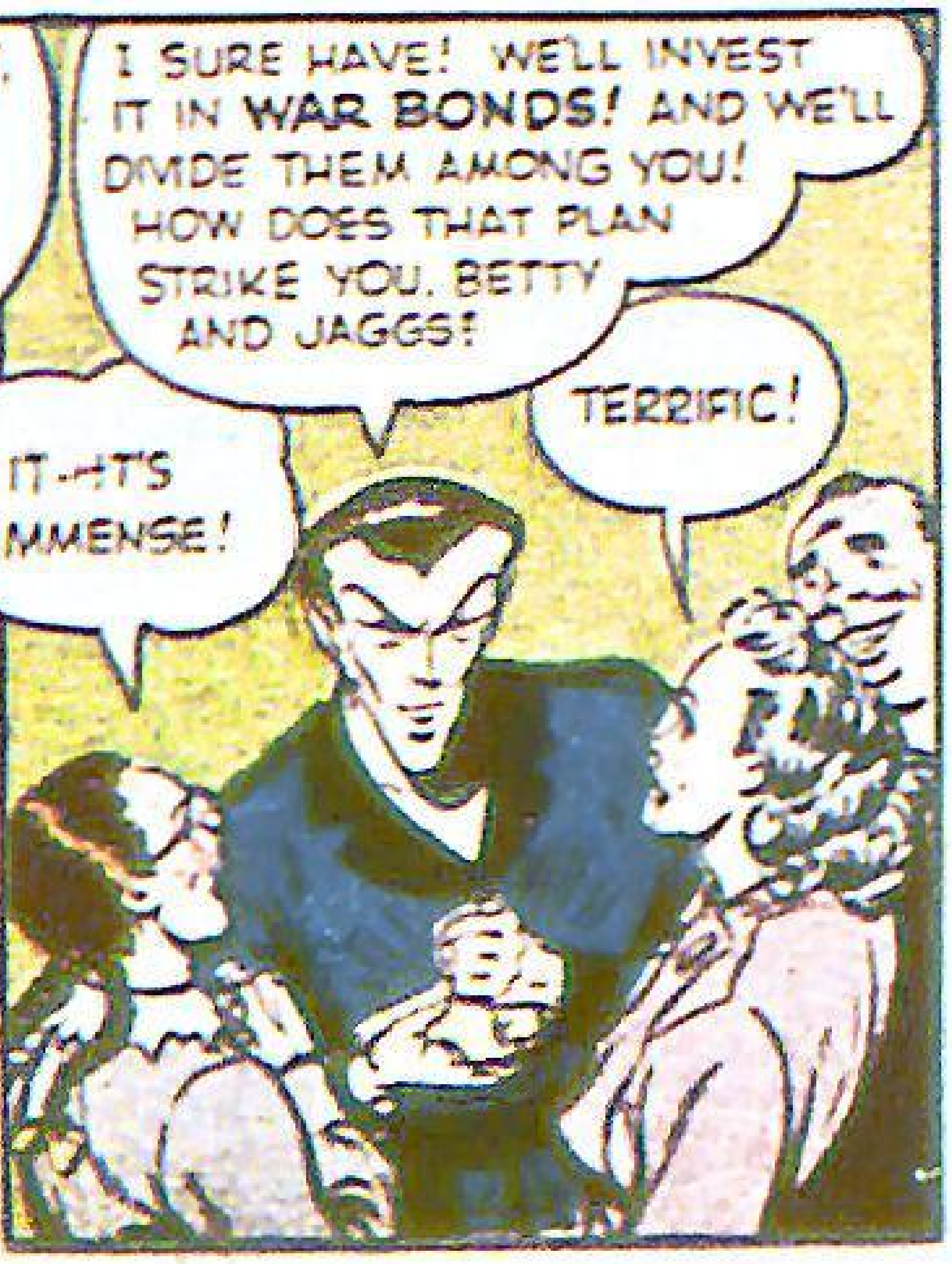

START TALKING, SMYTHE – AND NO GAGS! OR YOU'LL GET GAGGED FOR GOOD!
TH-THERE ISN'T MUCH TO TELL! I WANTED TO GET RID OF ALL COMPETITION FOR THE STRONG BOX!


THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE WILL TO PREVENT AN OUTSIDER FROM BENEFITTING BY IT. I KNEW THE PLACE WAS FULL OF HARMLESS GADGETS. I SUBSTITUTED GADGETS FOR MURDER!


THE IDEA WAS TO KILL OR SCARE OFF THE OTHERS AND GIVE ME PLENTY OF TIME TO SEARCH! THE KILLINGS, I FIGURED, WOULD BE BLAMED ON THE WEIRD SENSE OF HUMOR OF THE DECEASED!
NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT HIS CONFESSION, SUB-MARINER, YOU MIGHT UNTIE THE WITNESSES!


THESE KNOTS ARE TOUGH!
THAT'S YOUR HEADACHE!


LATER...
NICE WORK SUB-MARINER! HE WAS A HARD GUY TO GET THE GOODS ON!
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MR. SUB-MARINER, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'VE MADE PLANS ON HOW TO SPEND THE FAMILY FORTUNE?


I SURE HAVE! WE'LL INVEST IT IN WAR BONDS! AND WE'LL DIVIDE THEM AMONG YOU! HOW DOES THAT PLAN STRIKE YOU, BETTY AND JAGGS?
IT-IT'S IMMENSE!
TERRIFIC!

SUB-MARINER SAYS:

"IT'S SINK OR SWIM FOR *UNCLE SAM!* ... AND *I'M* GOING TO SWIM FOR SAILORS AND SOLDIERS ALIKE! THAT'S WHY *I'M* SOLD ON **WAR SAVING STAMPS!**

ARE YOU?"

Your pal,
Sub-Mariner

The Invalid

By Pvt. IRVING WERSTEIN

TOM GRANT stared blankly out of the Hospital window. Across the street he saw the rambling buildings of the Everett Aircraft Plant. He wasn't feeling right. His left side pained him. A dull pain.

A newspaper was spread out on his high hospital bed. The headline was a mighty voice that screamed in his ears again and again . . . DUTCH HARBOR BOMBED! DUTCH HARBOR BOMBED! The print swirled before his eyes as they turned to the page. "American battleships sunk . . . American boys, killed, maimed, wounded . . . American women and children cowering in air raid shelters as tons of explosives, propelled by the hands of the treacherous sons of Nippons, rained down upon them . . ."

"And I'm here . . . an invalid! Cooped up in bed. Me! Tom Grant, the top test pilot in the country!" His voice was bitter, but he spoke truth when he said that he was the best test pilot in the country. Tom Grant was a byword in aviation circles. Whenever a speedy pursuit ship fresh from the designer's board was to be tried out before skeptical, hard-eyed Army or Navy Flying Corps Officers, nervous manufacturers sent out a hurry call for Tom Grant. He delivered the goods. If the plane had anything, Tom would show it.

It was in answer to a hurry call from Jack Everett, the dynamic aircraft manufacturer, that he had hurried to the West Coast. He remembered every detail of that meeting with Everett, his long time friend. It had ended with Tom in the Hospital. Grant's thoughts went back two days . . .

EVERETT GRIPPED his hand warmly, points of excitement danced in his eyes. "Tom I've a job only you can handle. A new fighter. Faster than anything in the air. It's a flying arsenal. You have to put it over."

Tom grinned. "Jack, if that crate can get into the air, I'll make it sit up and sing the Star Spangled Banner."

"You haven't seen anything until you get an eyeful of this ship. We call it "The Vulture," just like its namesake . . . fast, powerful—and it can dive. But, come on, let's go see it. By the way, how about a trip through the plant on the way to the hangar? You've not been here in almost four years now. We've grown up since then." Everett's eyes hardened. "Yes, we've grown . . . but still not fast enough! Tom, we've doubled our production and we've got to double it again! We've got to win this war . . . and planes are elected to do it!"

"Right. War with the Nazis and Japs is no picnic! We must out-produce them as well as outfight them. I'd like to see the plant. You've come a long way since I tested your first plane. Let's see—it must have been ten years ago." The grin on Tom's weatherbeaten face became even wider.

"Yes," Everett laughed, "time flies. We aren't as young as we once were."

"If I were ten years younger I'd be in the Air Force right now. But the powers-that-be think I'm too old."

"What a laugh. Why you can fly rings around any of these young pilots."

"You're wrong, Jack. I'm a good test man . . . but modern air-fighting is for the kids. I'll do my part *this* way."

"I suppose you hit the nail on the head. Well . . . let's go."

The huge assembly plant swarmed with activity. Men climbed over the fuselages of partially assembled planes. Riveters, welders, machine screw operators, all in a seemingly endless bustle of movement. Overhead, huge cranes lowered motors into place, or lifted wing assemblies. Tom smiled appreciatively. He turned to his friend. "This is the kind of stuff that will pin Hitler's ears back."

The aircraft manufacturer raised his voice above the din of work.

"We already have hundreds of the Everett Fighters in action you know, and they are doing a good job!"

"I'll bet they are. Now where's that plane of yours . . . this 'Vulture'?"

"It's in the test hangar. This way . . . TOM! LOOK OUT!" Everett shouted wildly as he frantically pushed at the startled pilot.

TOM LOOKED UP to see, in a fleeting second, the gigantic hook on the end of a great chain which hung from an overhead crane, swinging toward him. For only the fraction of a thought he stood in the path of the onrushing juggernaut, and then leaped forward in a headlong dive to avoid the swinging death. A sharp, horrible agony swept through his left side as the hook grazed his hurtling body and then swung beyond him. Tom landed head first on the concrete flooring. Red fog swelled around him. He felt himself turned over. Dimly, as though through a bad telephone connection, he heard jumbled voices in excited overtones.

Then the mist cleared momentarily. Tom saw a face peering down at him from the control seat of the crane. It was as though he saw it in a dream. The livid scar that ran from lip to temple and twisted the mouth in a permanent snarl impressed itself on his musty brain. Mocking eyes burned into his . . . and then he felt himself going under in a whirling pool of blackness.

"YEAH . . . SO I'M HERE with three busted ribs and the Japs are bombing Dutch Harbor," Tom muttered aloud. Once again he looked out of the window next to him. He had been rushed to the Plant Hospital across the street from the assembly floor. "But I guess I got off lucky at that . . . why it that hook ever *hit* me . . ." he mused. And then it came to him! It hadn't been an accident! The chain was controlled! Like a flash, realization dawned! The Man with the Scar! He recalled, the way the other's eyes blazed into his . . . the triumphant mockery that lay in the twisted smile of the man at the controls.

"Aw . . . I must be going nuts . . . it was an *accident*." Tom smiled faintly and watched idly as the Telephone Company repair truck pulled to a halt in front of the plant. Now it was drizzling and the street glistened in the lights of the factory where a night shift was going full swing.

The truck backed slowly into the driveway next to the unloading platform and three men jumped out. Tom, bored, with nothing to do, watched them. The men unloaded a large spool of cable from the back of the truck and busily commenced stringing it out. A plant guard, on his rounds, sauntered up to the men. He spoke to them. Then Tom, in complete amazement, saw one of the repair crew lunge at the guard from behind. His arm rose and fell. The guard slumped. His inert body was thrown into the truck. The trio hurriedly continued unrolling the cable.

Tom was puzzled for only an instant. SABOTAGE! These men were about to commit some act of sabotage. He must stop them. His hand reached for the buzzer at the bedside.

"GET YOUR HAND AWAY from there!" The words came quietly. But with a menace that pierced Grant's senses like a knife. He turned his head. At the foot of the bed stood a man. The man . . . The Man with the Scar. A Luger pistol with a silencer on the muzzle dangled casually from his hand.

"How?" . . . began Tom.

"Simple. This is visiting hour. I'm your pal. I've come to visit with you. Don't try any tricks. This is a very fine pistol." The man moved to the head of the bed and stood next to the window.

"What do you want?" Tom's mind was racing a mile a minute.. He was trapped.

"First I want to demonstrate to you the high type of organization and efficiency with which my country and her allies will destroy the fools who stand in the way of the New Order. In three minutes, the great Everett Aircraft Assembly Plant will be the scene of a huge, seething fire. It will be almost totally wrecked. Thermite does such a good job."

"You wouldn't dare." Tom's eye caught the heavy glass pitcher on the night table. An idea flashed into his mind.

"THIS IS WAR! Our Leader dares—we follow." The snarl on his face gave the intruder a Satanic appearance. "Look!" he indicated the window with a casual gesture.

Tom saw the men from the truck evidently finishing their task of wiring. One of them ran back to the truck. He produced a large tin to which he attached the cable. He motioned to the others who ran toward him. It rained harder.

The scarred man smiled horribly. "Ha . . . soon . . . *poof!* An explosion . . . dead men and burning buildings. Another case for your piddling F.B.I. And as for you . . . a pistol shot muffled by the silencer . . . and a great test pilot is dead! You will not be able to help the foes of our destiny." For a split second the man turned to peer out of the window.

TOM MOVED with a speed attained only by perfectly coordinated muscles. He grabbed the heavy glass pitcher and flung it at the man. It caught scar-face squarely on the back of the head. He went down as though axpoled. The pitcher crashed to the floor with a dull thud. Tom reached over the side of the bed and retrieved the heavy Luger. He tore off the silencer and threw up the safety catch. With the butt he smashed the window, and leveling the pistol he fired. One of the men in the yard spun and dropped. His finger squeezed the trigger again and again. The shots reverberated wildly. Bedlam broke loose in the plant yard and in the corridor outside his room.

Tom smiled as guards came on the double below him. The two remaining men tried to get away in the truck. Guns blazed in the hands of the guards. The truck skidded and smashed into the concrete wall of the plant. Tom's door was flung open. A white-faced nurse stared as she saw the sprawled figure on the floor and her grinning patient sitting up in bed with a pistol in his hand. Heads appeared in the doorway. Feet pounded in the corridor. It was all over.

HOURS LATER Jack Everett sat beside his friend. "This Manfred Richter, this rat who was working in my plant was the leader of a Nazi spy ring. He tried to kill you with that hook and to destroy my plant. But you stopped him." Jack paused . . . "Tom," he said severely . . . you're hurt. You shouldn't have gotten out of bed."

Tom grinned . . . "But I didn't *have* to get out of bed to handle those birds . . . they were a *push-over!* Say, come to think of it . . . that wasn't a bad piece of work . . . for an *invalid*."

THE END

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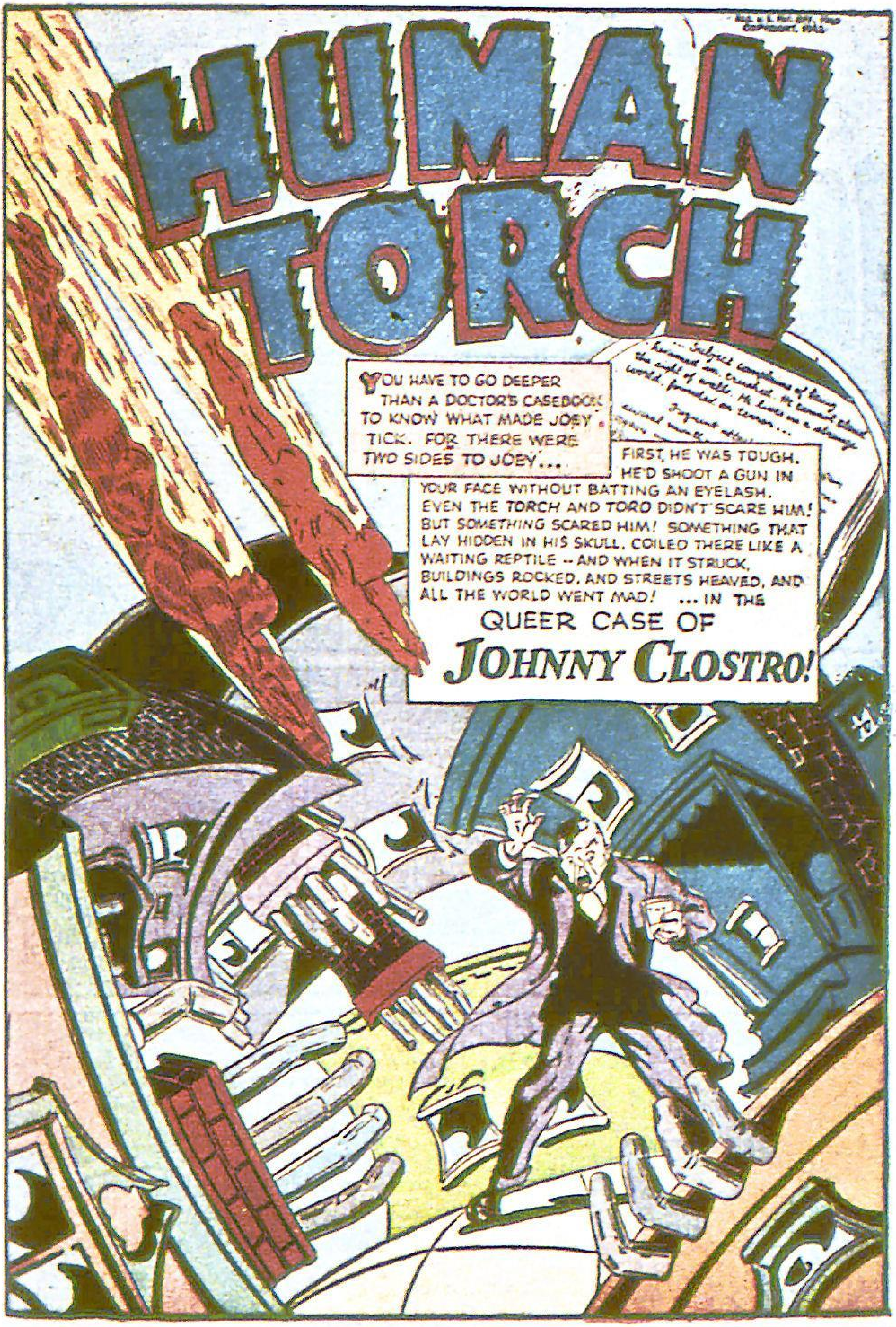
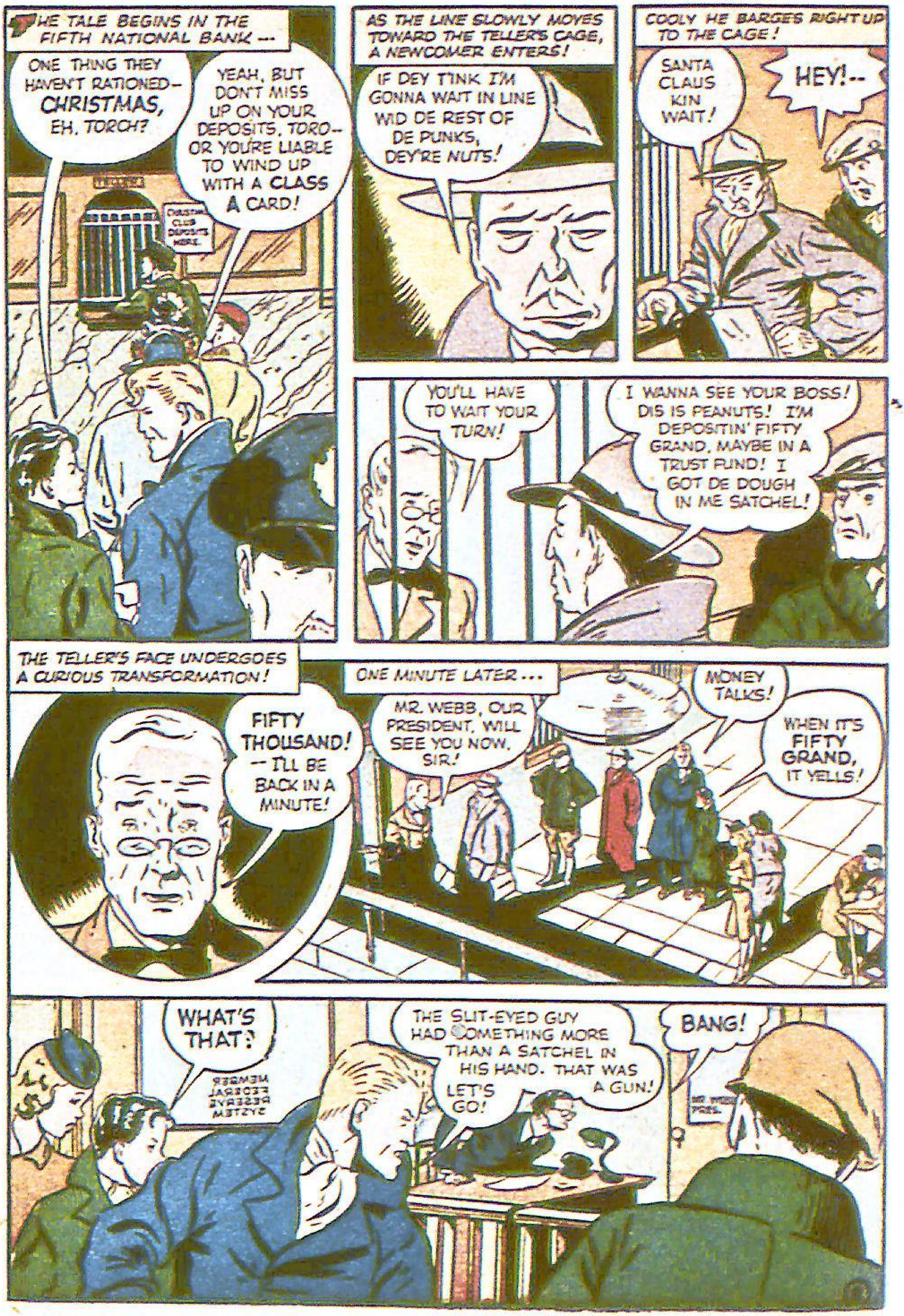
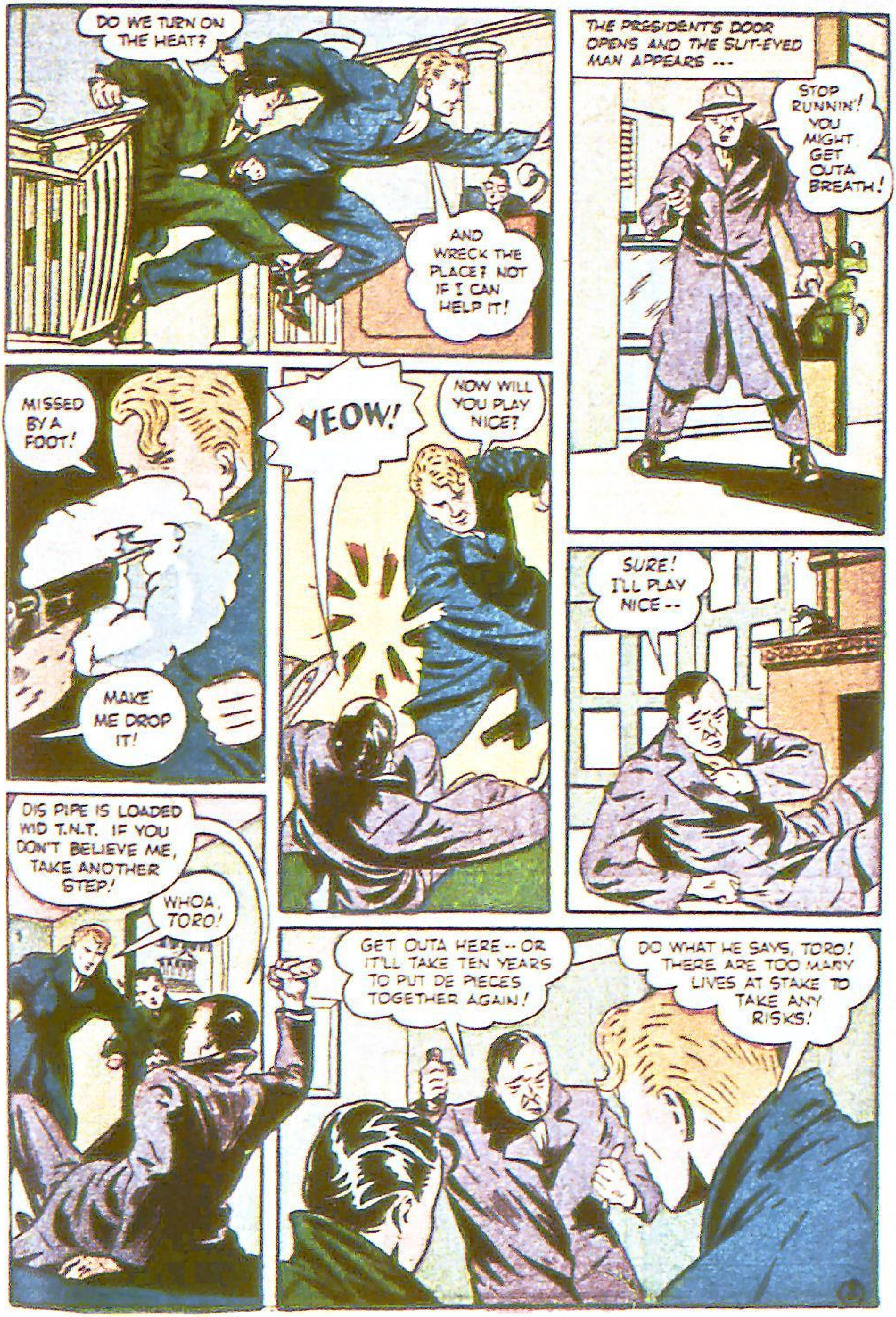
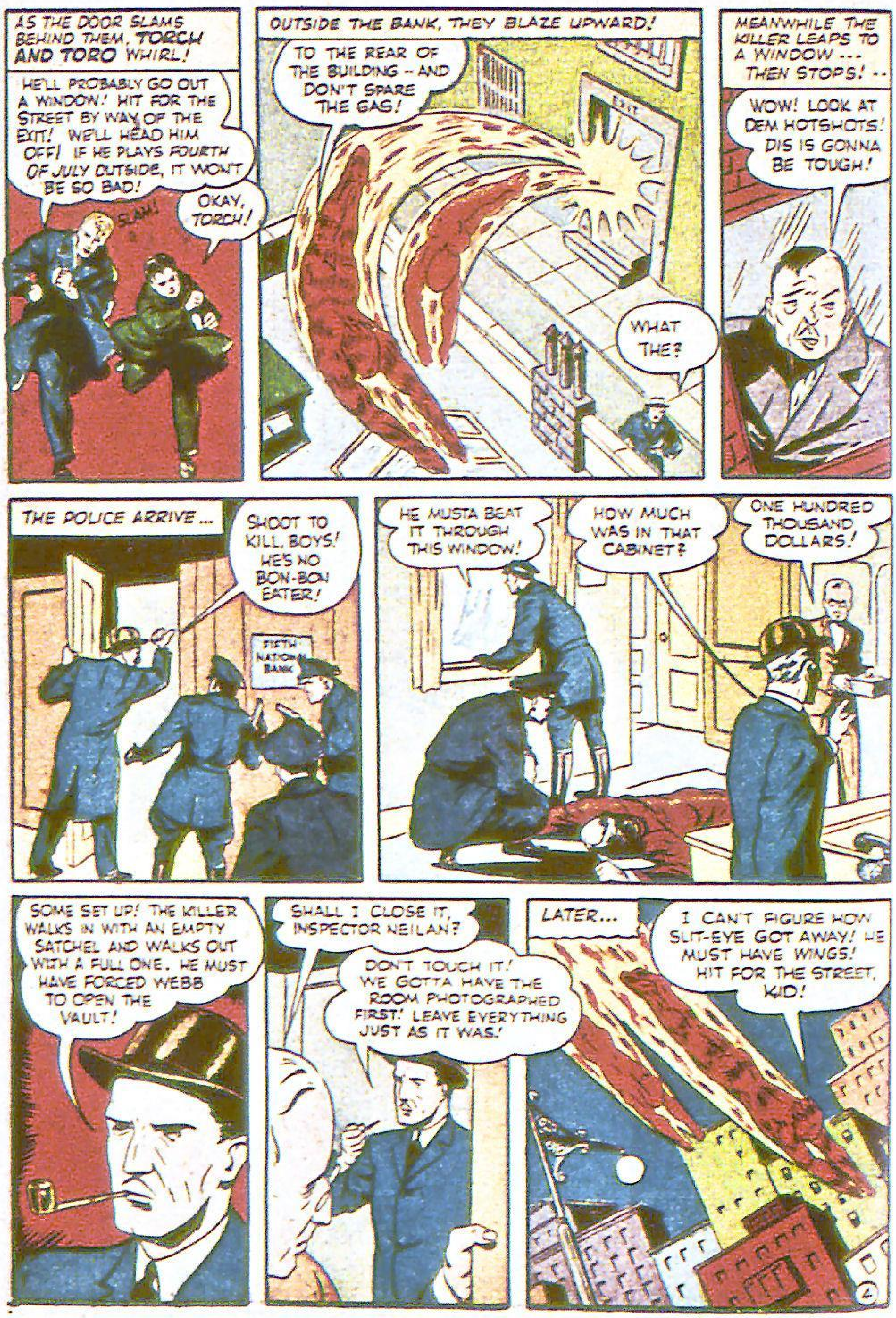
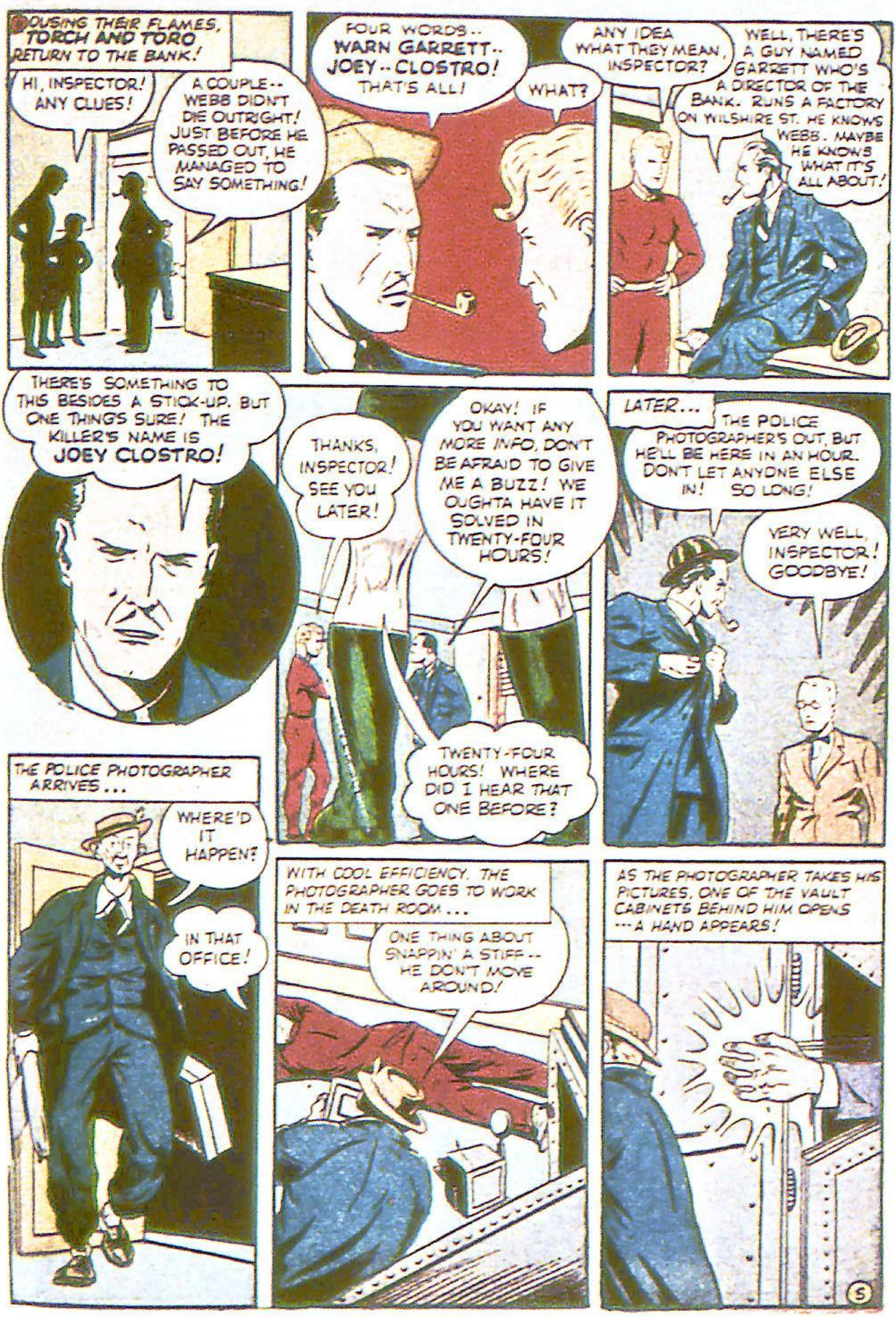
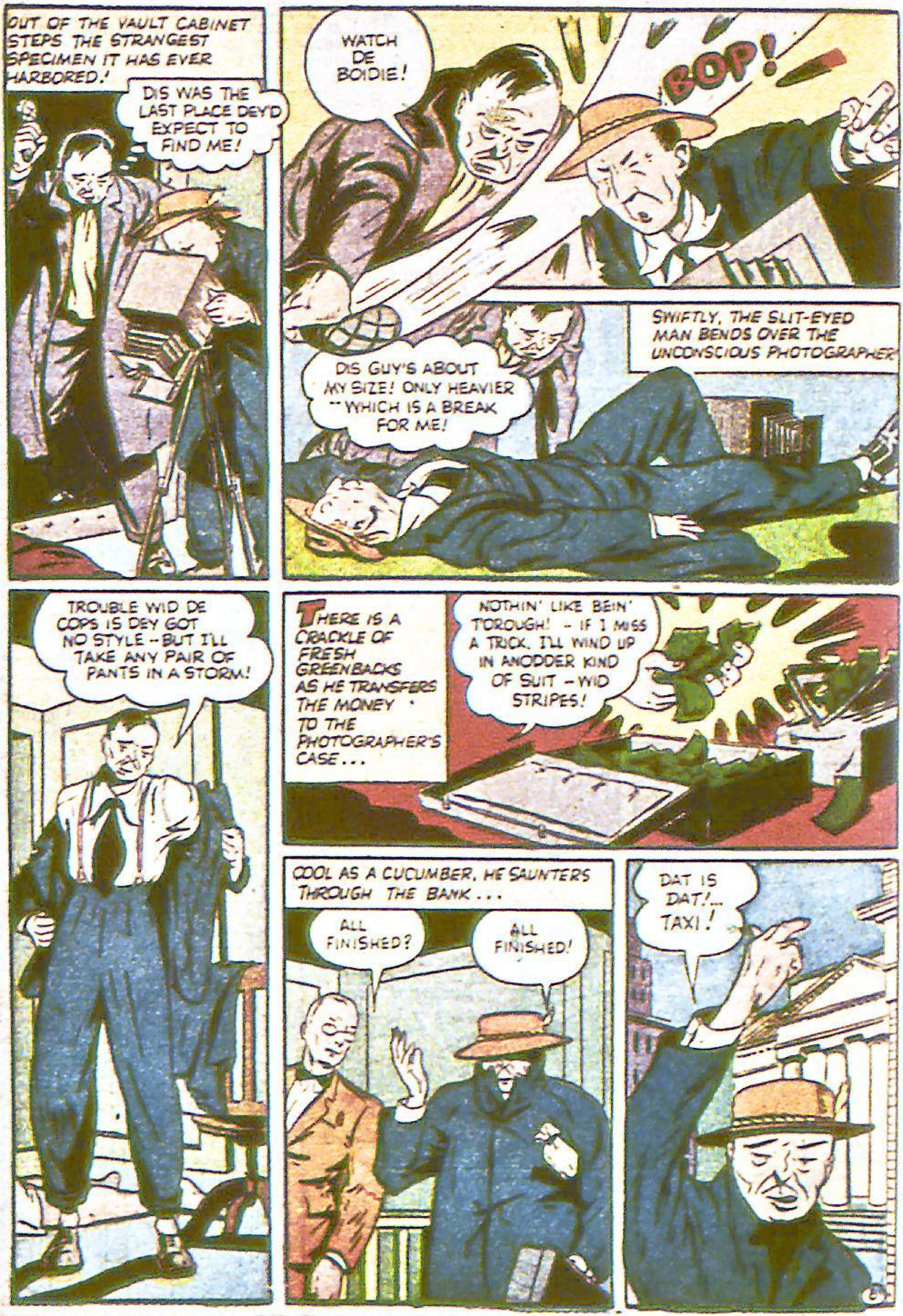

HUMAN TORCH
YOU HAVE TO GO DEEPER THAN A DOCTOR'S CASEBOOK TO KNOW WHAT MADE JOEY TICK. FOR THERE WERE TWO SIDES TO JOEY...
... Subject complains of being hemmed in, crushed. He cannot stand the sight of walls. He lives in a strange world, founded on terror...
FIRST, HE WAS TOUGH. HE'D SHOOT A GUN IN YOUR FACE WITHOUT BATTING AN EYELASH. EVEN THE TORCH AND TORO DIDN'T SCARE HIM! BUT SOMETHING SCARED HIM! SOMETHING THAT LAY HIDDEN IN HIS SKULL, COILED THERE LIKE A WAITING REPTILE -- AND WHEN IT STRUCK, BUILDINGS ROCKED, AND STREETS HEAVED, AND ALL THE WORLD WENT MAD! ... IN THE
QUEER CASE OF
JOHNNY CLOSTRO!

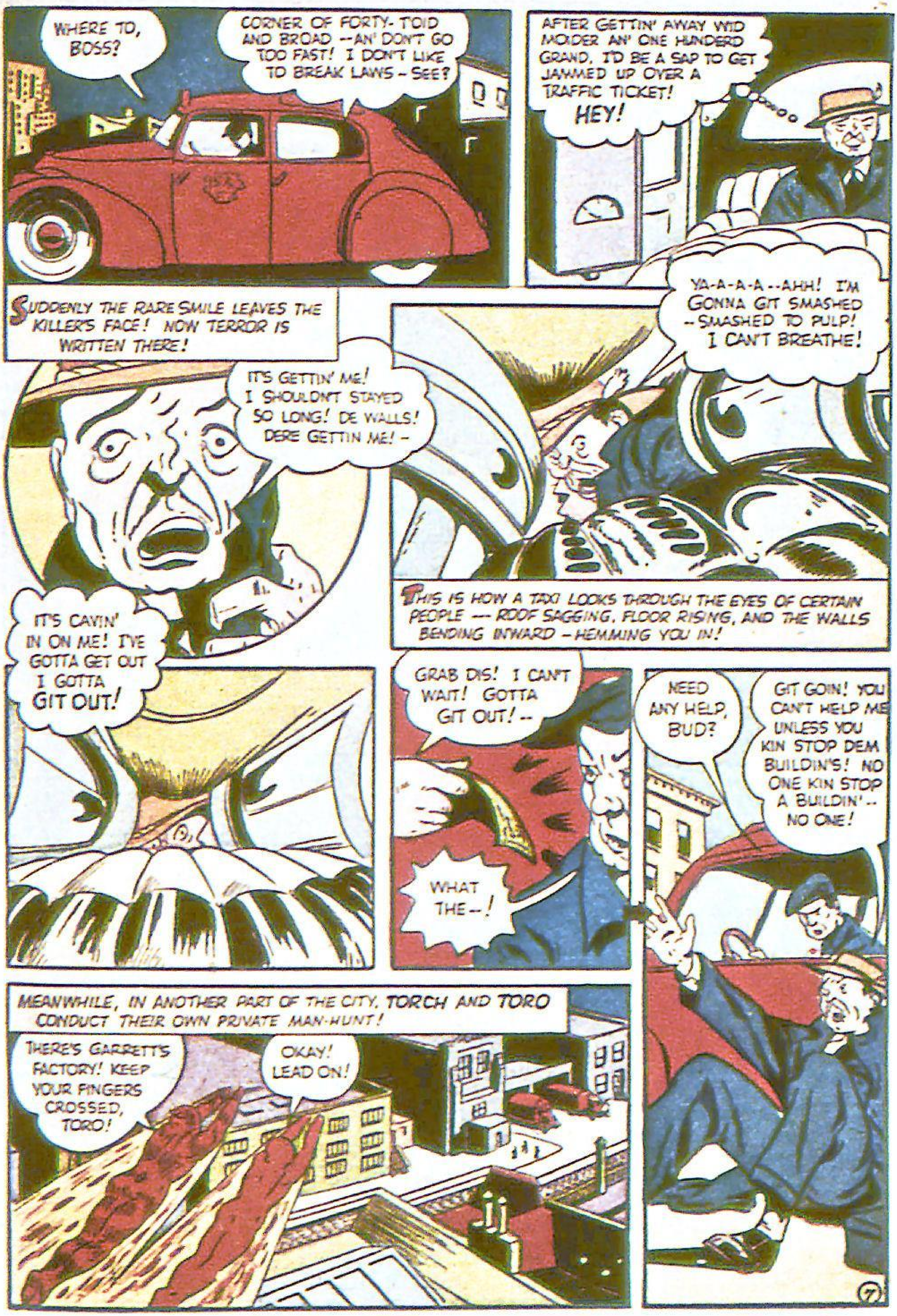

THE TALE BEGINS IN THE FIFTH NATIONAL BANK --
ONE THING THEY HAVEN'T RATIONED-- CHRISTMAS, EH, TORCH?
YEAH, BUT DON'T MISS UP ON YOUR DEPOSITS, TORO-- OR YOU'RE LIABLE TO WIND UP WITH A CLASS A CARD!
CHRISTMAS CLUB DEPOSITS HERE
AS THE LINE SLOWLY MOVES TOWARD THE TELLER'S CAGE, A NEWCOMER ENTERS!
IF DEY T'INK I'M GONNA WAIT IN LINE WID DE REST OF DE PUNKS, DEY'RE NUTS!
COOLY HE BARGES RIGHT UP TO THE CAGE!
SANTA CLAUS KIN WAIT!
HEY!--
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN!
I WANNA SEE YOUR BOSS! DIS IS PEANUTS! I'M DEPOSITIN' FIFTY GRAND, MAYBE IN A TRUST FUND! I GOT DE DOUGH IN ME SATCHEL!
THE TELLER'S FACE UNDERGOES A CURIOUS TRANSFORMATION!
FIFTY THOUSAND! --I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!
ONE MINUTE LATER...
MR. WEBB, OUR PRESIDENT, WILL SEE YOU NOW, SIR!
MONEY TALKS!
WHEN IT'S FIFTY GRAND, IT YELLS!
WHAT'S THAT?
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
THE SLIT-EYED GUY HAD SOMETHING MORE THAN A SATCHEL IN HIS HAND. THAT WAS A GUN!
LET'S GO!
MR. WEBB PRES.
BANG!

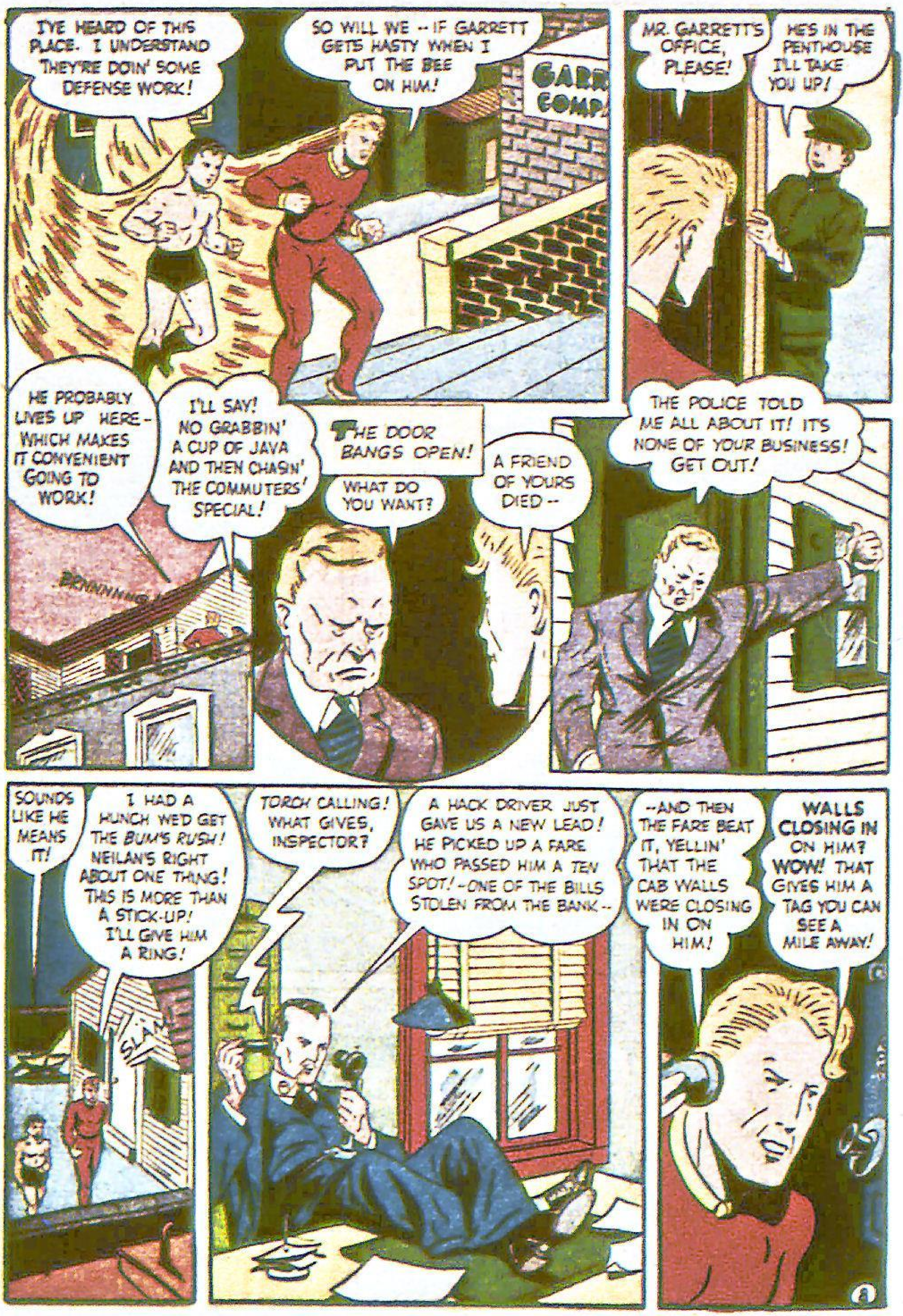

DO WE TURN ON THE HEAT?
AND WRECK THE PLACE? NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
THE PRESIDENT'S DOOR OPENS AND THE SLIT-EYED MAN APPEARS ---
STOP RUNNIN'! YOU MIGHT GET OUTA BREATH!
MISSED BY A FOOT!
MAKE ME DROP IT!
YEOW!
NOW WILL YOU PLAY NICE?
SURE! I'LL PLAY NICE --
DIS PIPE IS LOADED WID T.N.T. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, TAKE ANOTHER STEP!
WHOA, TORO!
GET OUTA HERE -- OR IT'LL TAKE TEN YEARS TO PUT DE PIECES TOGETHER AGAIN!
DO WHAT HE SAYS, TORO! THERE ARE TOO MANY LIVES AT STAKE TO TAKE ANY RISKS!
4

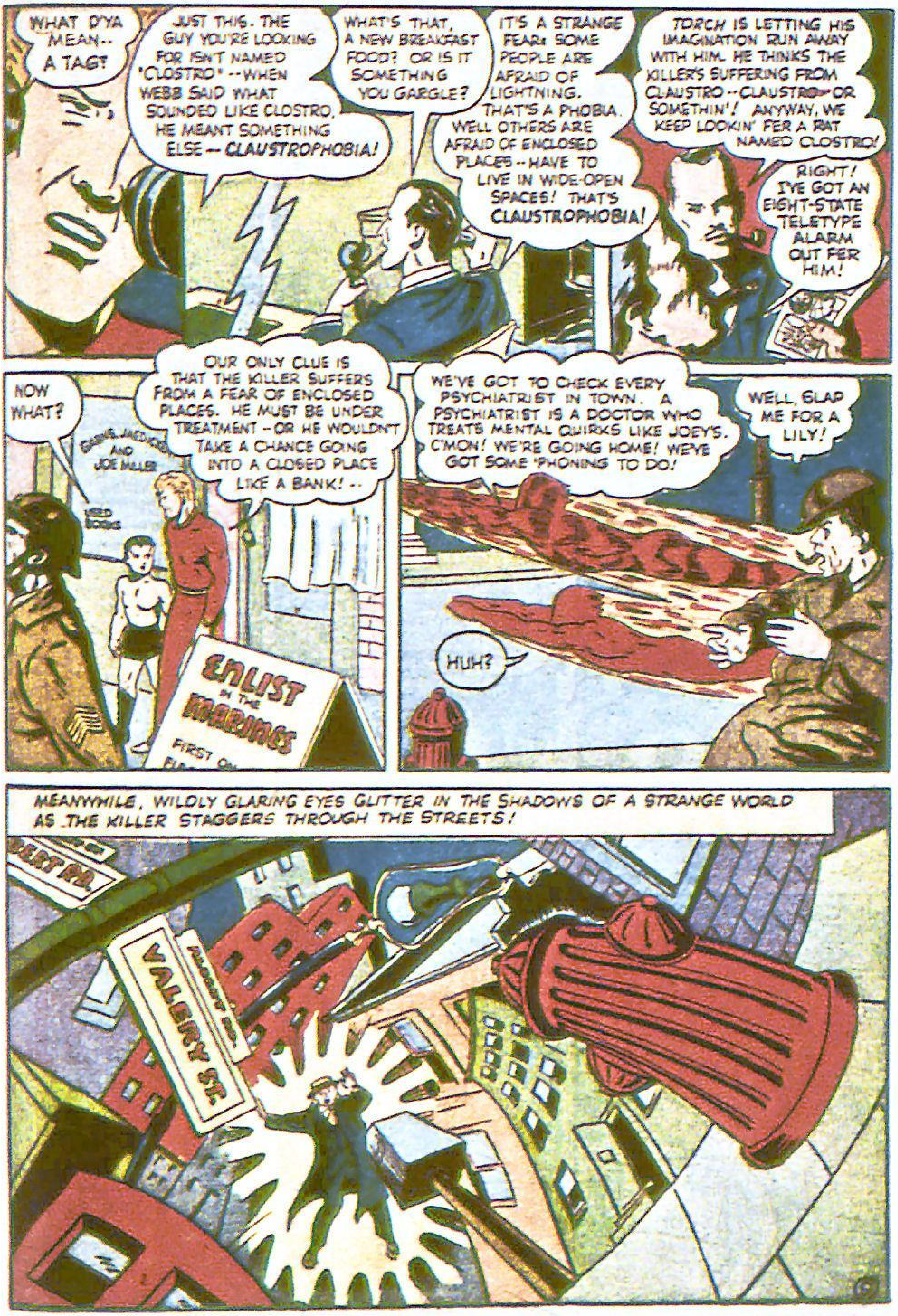

AS THE DOOR SLAMS BEHIND THEM, TORCH AND TORO WHIRL!
HE'LL PROBABLY GO OUT A WINDOW! HIT FOR THE STREET BY WAY OF THE EXIT! WE'LL HEAD HIM OFF! IF HE PLAYS FOURTH OF JULY OUTSIDE, IT WON'T BE SO BAD!
SLAM!
OKAY, TORCH!
OUTSIDE THE BANK, THEY BLAZE UPWARD!
TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING -- AND DON'T SPARE THE GAS!
EXIT
WHAT THE?
MEANWHILE THE KILLER LEAPS TO A WINDOW --- THEN STOPS! --
WOW! LOOK AT DEM HOTSHOTS! DIS IS GONNA BE TOUGH!
THE POLICE ARRIVE...
SHOOT TO KILL, BOYS! HE'S NO BON-BON EATER!
FIFTH NATIONAL BANK
HE MUSTA BEAT IT THROUGH THIS WINDOW!
HOW MUCH WAS IN THAT CABINET?
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!
SOME SET UP! THE KILLER WALKS IN WITH AN EMPTY SATCHEL AND WALKS OUT WITH A FULL ONE. HE MUST HAVE FORCED WEBB TO OPEN THE VAULT!
SHALL I CLOSE IT, INSPECTOR NEILAN?
DON'T TOUCH IT! WE GOTTA HAVE THE ROOM PHOTOGRAPHED FIRST! LEAVE EVERYTHING JUST AS IT WAS!
LATER...
I CAN'T FIGURE HOW SLIT-EYE GOT AWAY! HE MUST HAVE WINGS! HIT FOR THE STREET, KID!
4

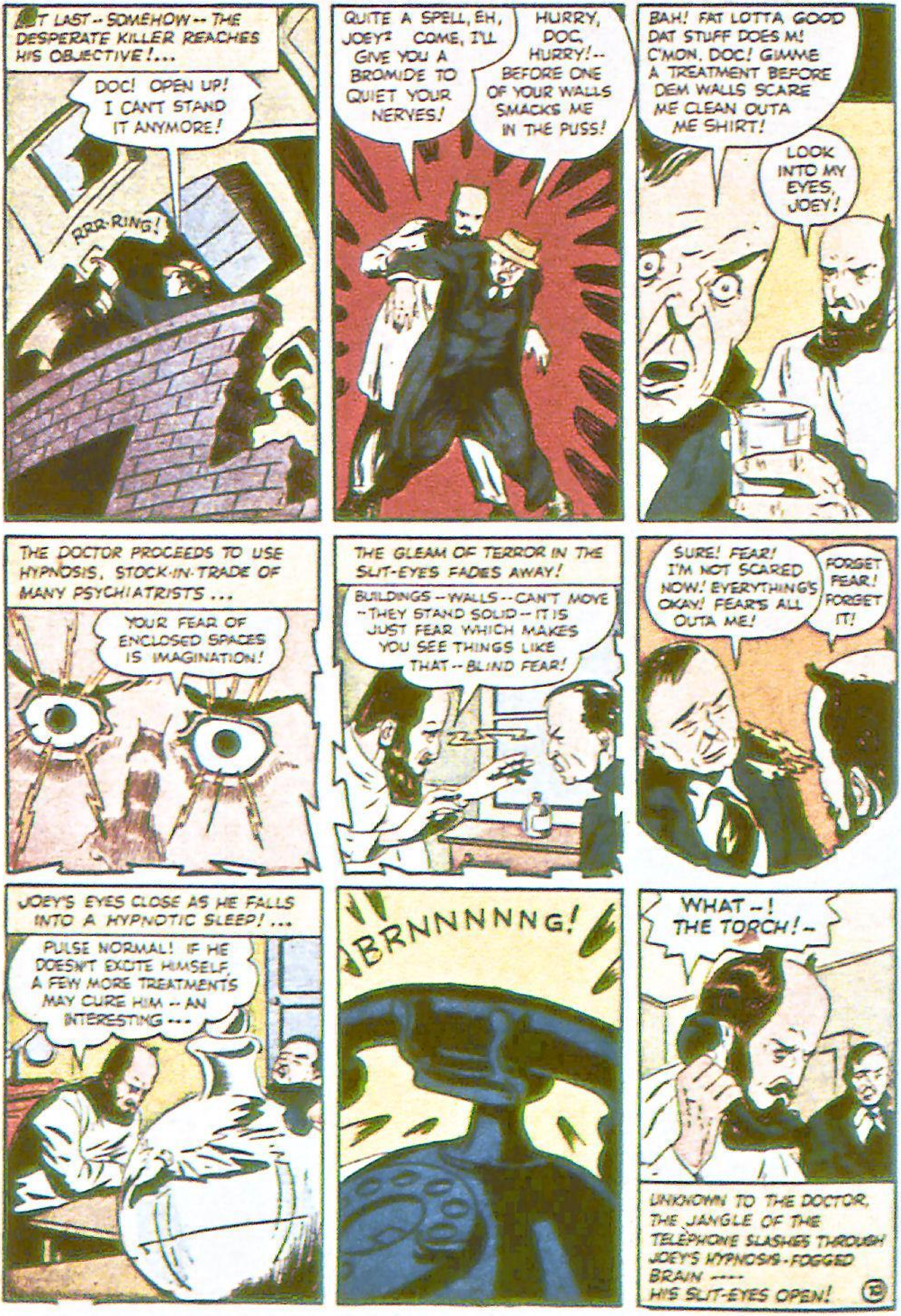

DOUSING THEIR FLAMES, TORCH AND TORO RETURN TO THE BANK!
HI, INSPECTOR! ANY CLUES!
A COUPLE -- WEBB DIDN'T DIE OUTRIGHT! JUST BEFORE HE PASSED OUT, HE MANAGED TO SAY SOMETHING!
FOUR WORDS.. WARN GARRETT.. JOEY..CLOSTRO! THAT'S ALL!
WHAT?
ANY IDEA WHAT THEY MEAN, INSPECTOR?
WELL, THERE'S A GUY NAMED GARRETT WHO'S A DIRECTOR OF THE BANK. RUNS A FACTORY ON WILSHIRE ST. HE KNOWS WEBB. MAYBE HE KNOWS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
THERE'S SOMETHING TO THIS BESIDES A STICK-UP. BUT ONE THING'S SURE! THE KILLER'S NAME IS JOEY CLOSTRO!
THANKS, INSPECTOR! SEE YOU LATER!
OKAY! IF YOU WANT ANY MORE INFO, DON'T BE AFRAID TO GIVE ME A BUZZ! WE OUGHTA HAVE IT SOLVED IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! WHERE DID I HEAR THAT ONE BEFORE?
LATER...
THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER'S OUT, BUT HE'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR. DON'T LET ANYONE ELSE IN! SO LONG!
VERY WELL, INSPECTOR! GOODBYE!
THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER ARRIVES...
WHERE'D IT HAPPEN?
IN THAT OFFICE!
WITH COOL EFFICIENCY, THE PHOTOGRAPHER GOES TO WORK IN THE DEATH ROOM...
ONE THING ABOUT SNAPPIN' A STIFF -- HE DON'T MOVE AROUND!
AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER TAKES HIS PICTURES, ONE OF THE VAULT CABINETS BEHIND HIM OPENS --- A HAND APPEARS!

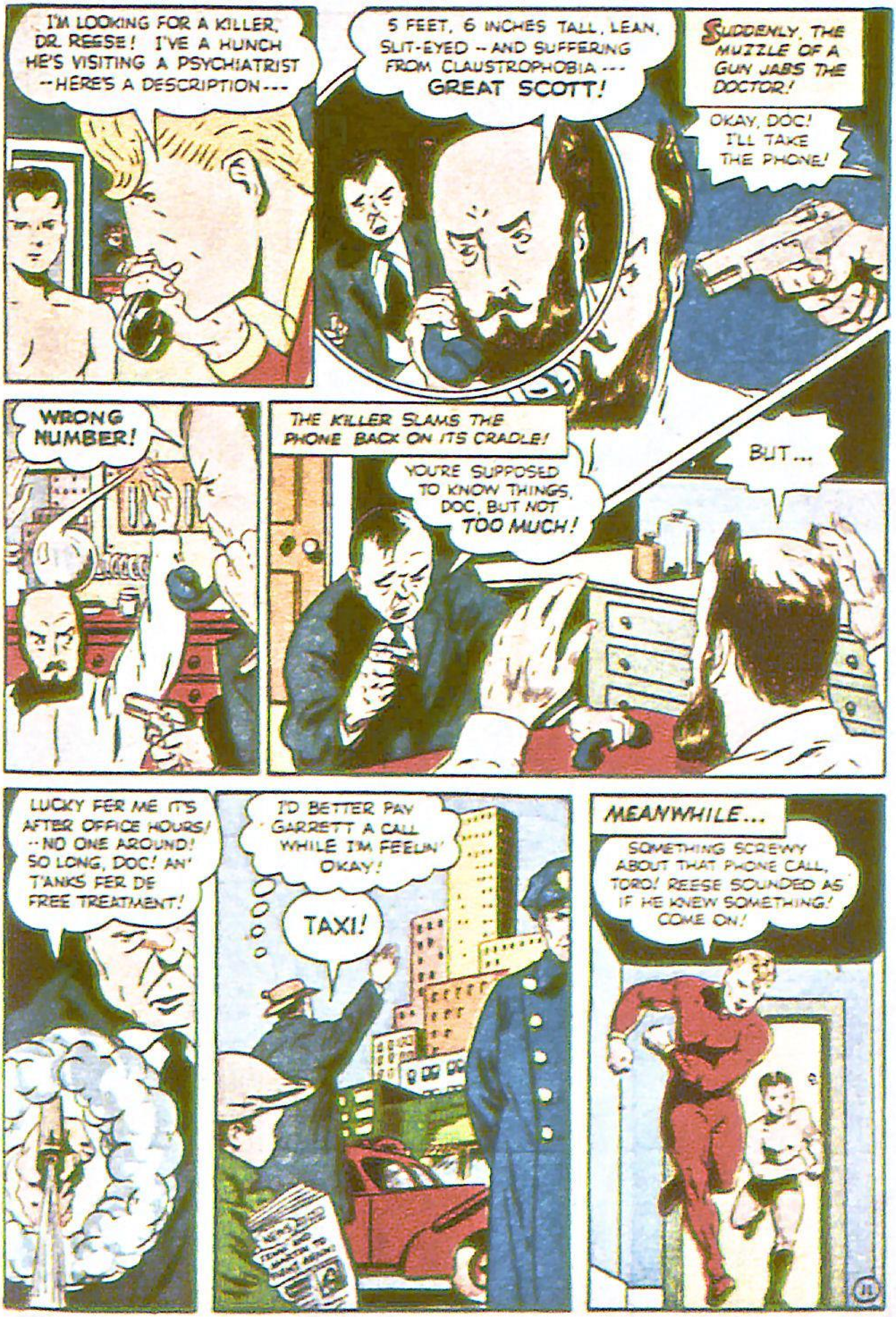

OUT OF THE VAULT CABINET STEPS THE STRANGEST SPECIMEN IT HAS EVER HARBORED!
DIS WAS THE LAST PLACE DEY'D EXPECT TO FIND ME!
WATCH DE BOIDIE!
BOP!
SWIFTLY, THE SLIT-EYED MAN BENDS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS PHOTOGRAPHER!
DIS GUY'S ABOUT MY SIZE! ONLY HEAVIER -- WHICH IS A BREAK FOR ME!
TROUBLE WID DE COPS IS DEY GOT NO STYLE -- BUT I'LL TAKE ANY PAIR OF PANTS IN A STORM!
THERE IS A CRACKLE OF FRESH GREENBACKS AS HE TRANSFERS THE MONEY TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CASE...
NOTHIN' LIKE BEIN' TOROUGH! - IF I MISS A TRICK, I'LL WIND UP IN ANODDER KIND OF SUIT - WID STRIPES!
COOL AS A CUCUMBER, HE SAUNTERS THROUGH THE BANK...
ALL FINISHED?
ALL FINISHED!
DAT IS DAT!... TAXI!
6

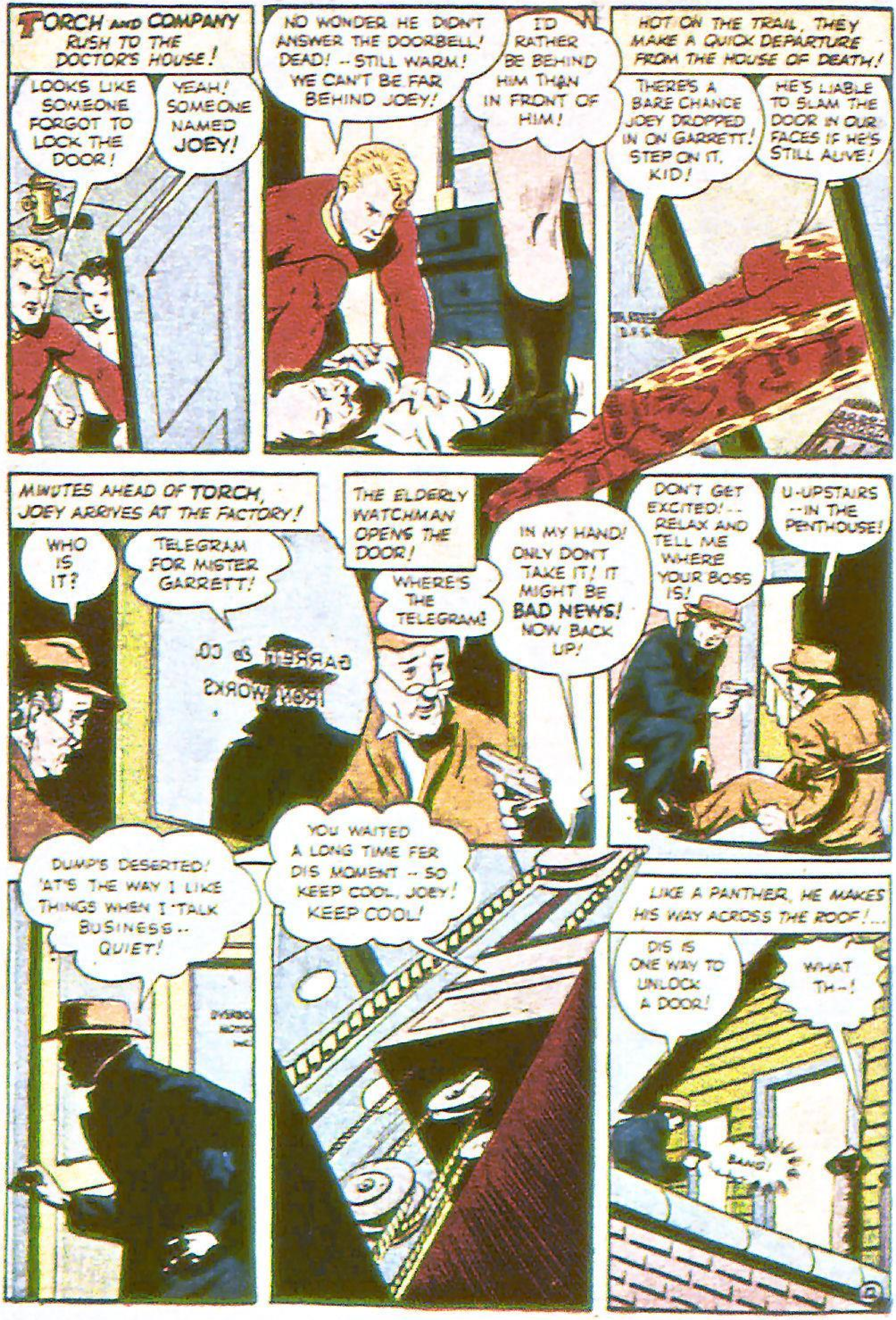

WHERE TO, BOSS?
CORNER OF FORTY-TOID AND BROAD --AN' DON'T GO TOO FAST! I DON'T LIKE TO BREAK LAWS - SEE?
AFTER GETTIN' AWAY WID MOIDER AN' ONE HUNDERD GRAND, I'D BE A SAP TO GET JAMMED UP OVER A TRAFFIC TICKET!
HEY!
SUDDENLY THE RARE SMILE LEAVES THE KILLER'S FACE! NOW TERROR IS WRITTEN THERE!
IT'S GETTIN' ME! I SHOULDN'T STAYED SO LONG! DE WALLS! DERE GETTIN ME! -
YA-A-A-A--AHH! I'M GONNA GIT SMASHED --SMASHED TO PULP! I CAN'T BREATHE!
THIS IS HOW A TAXI LOOKS THROUGH THE EYES OF CERTAIN PEOPLE --- ROOF SAGGING, FLOOR RISING, AND THE WALLS BENDING INWARD - HEMMING YOU IN!
IT'S CAVIN' IN ON ME! I'VE GOTTA GET OUT I GOTTA GIT OUT!
GRAB DIS! I CAN'T WAIT! GOTTA GIT OUT! --
WHAT THE -- !
NEED ANY HELP, BUD?
GIT GOIN! YOU CAN'T HELP ME UNLESS YOU KIN STOP DEM BUILDIN'S! NO ONE KIN STOP A BUILDIN' -- NO ONE!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, TORCH AND TORO CONDUCT THEIR OWN PRIVATE MAN-HUNT!
THERE'S GARRETT'S FACTORY! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, TORO!
OKAY! LEAD ON!

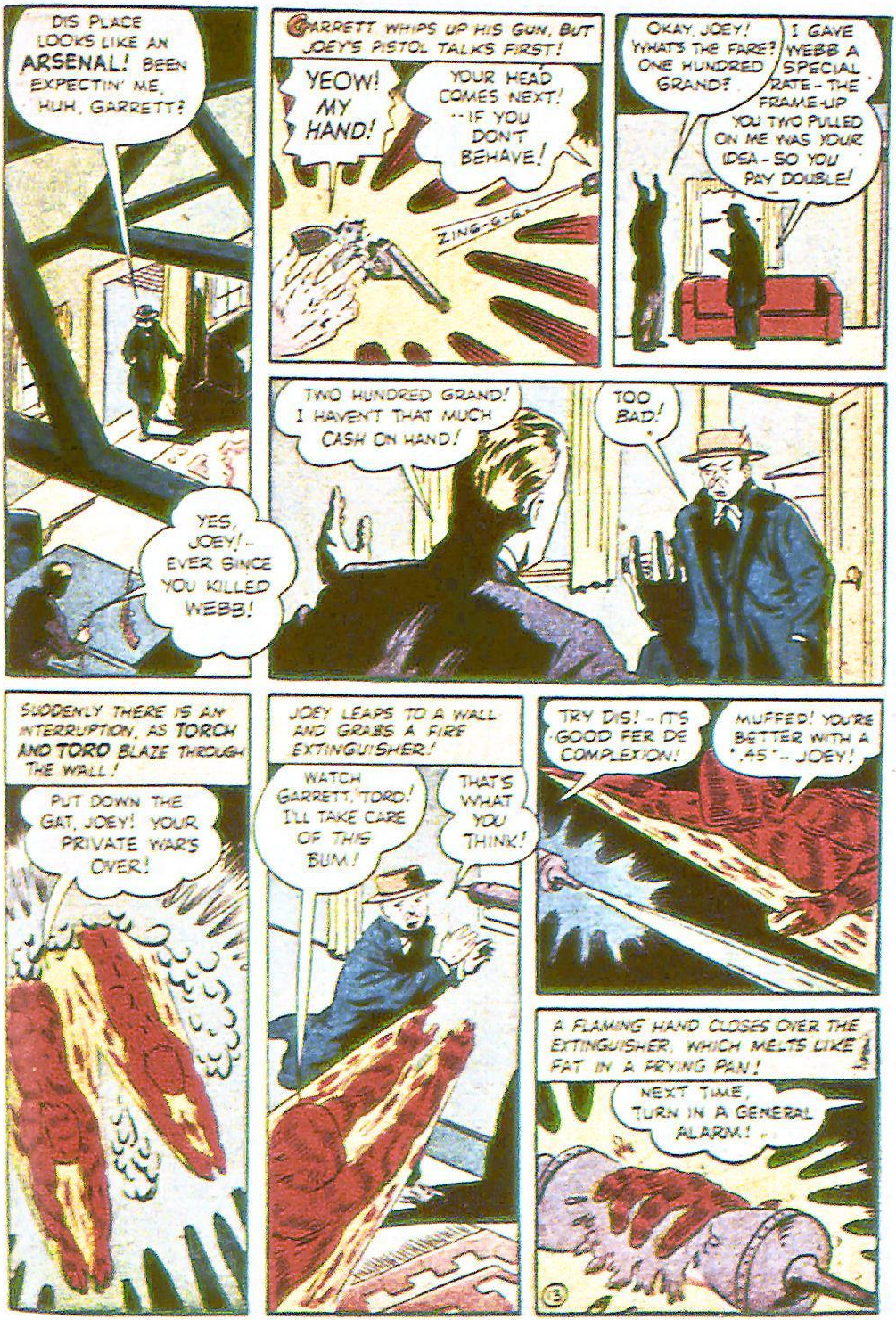

I'VE HEARD OF THIS PLACE. I UNDERSTAND THEY'RE DOIN' SOME DEFENSE WORK!
SO WILL WE -- IF GARRETT GETS HASTY WHEN I PUT THE BEE ON HIM!
GARR
COMP
MR. GARRETT'S OFFICE, PLEASE!
HE'S IN THE PENTHOUSE I'LL TAKE YOU UP!
HE PROBABLY LIVES UP HERE - WHICH MAKES IT CONVENIENT GOING TO WORK!
I'LL SAY! NO GRABBIN' A CUP OF JAVA AND THEN CHASIN' THE COMMUTERS' SPECIAL!
BRRNNNNG
THE DOOR BANGS OPEN!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
A FRIEND OF YOURS DIED --
THE POLICE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT! IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! GET OUT!
SOUNDS LIKE HE MEANS IT!
I HAD A HUNCH WE'D GET THE BUM'S RUSH! NEILAN'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING! THIS IS MORE THAN A STICK-UP! I'LL GIVE HIM A RING!
SLAM
TORCH CALLING! WHAT GIVES, INSPECTOR?
A HACK DRIVER JUST GAVE US A NEW LEAD! HE PICKED UP A FARE WHO PASSED HIM A TEN SPOT! - ONE OF THE BILLS STOLEN FROM THE BANK --
--AND THEN THE FARE BEAT IT, YELLIN' THAT THE CAB WALLS WERE CLOSING IN ON HIM!
WALLS CLOSING IN ON HIM? WOW! THAT GIVES HIM A TAG YOU CAN SEE A MILE AWAY!

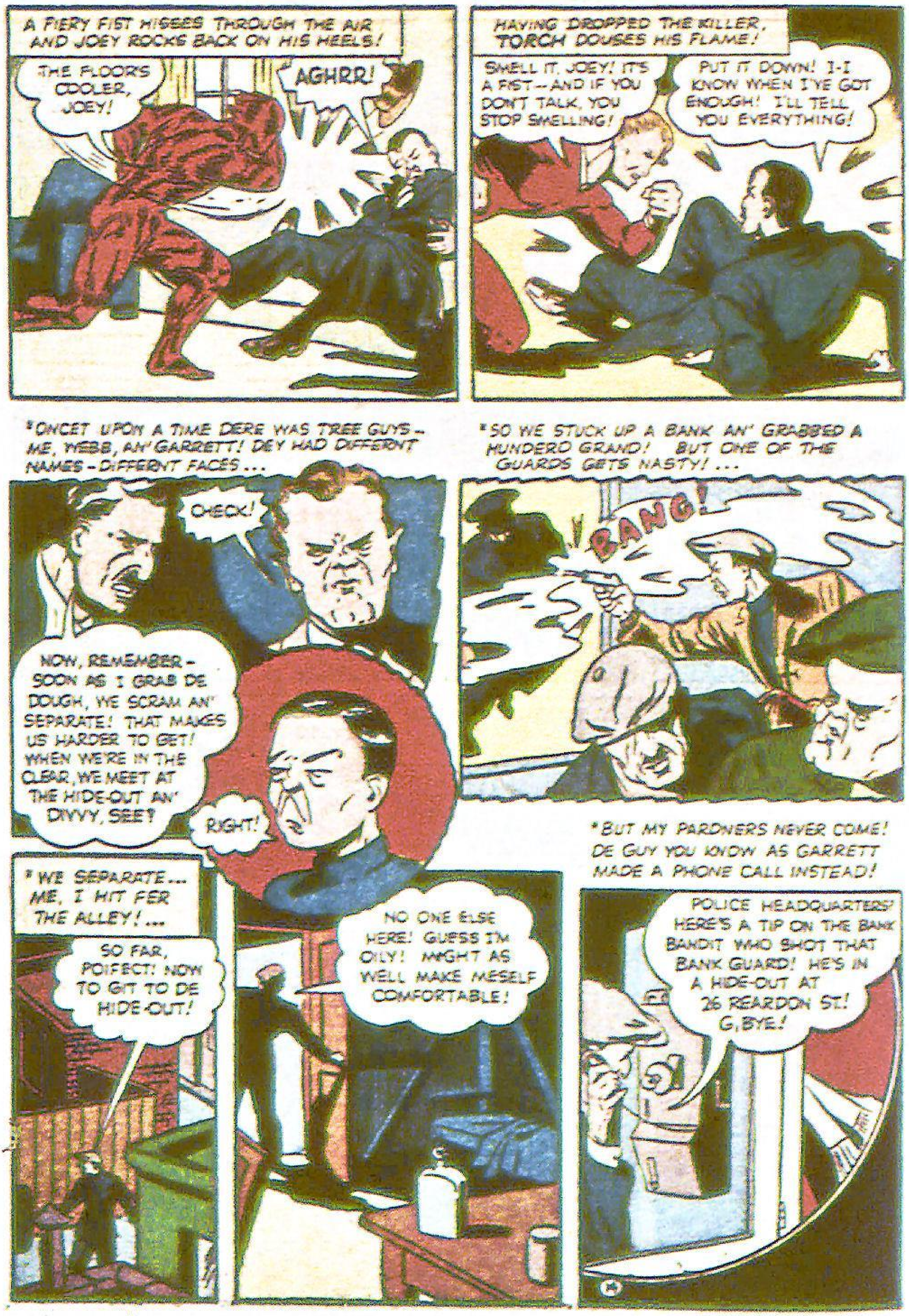

WHAT D'YA MEAN.. A TAG?
JUST THIS. THE GUY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ISN'T NAMED "CLOSTRO" --WHEN WEBB SAID WHAT SOUNDED LIKE CLOSTRO, HE MEANT SOMETHING ELSE -- CLAUSTROPHOBIA!
WHAT'S THAT, A NEW BREAKFAST FOOD? OR IS IT SOMETHING YOU GARGLE?
IT'S A STRANGE FEAR: SOME PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF LIGHTNING. THAT'S A PHOBIA. WELL OTHERS ARE AFRAID OF ENCLOSED PLACES -- HAVE TO LIVE IN WIDE-OPEN SPACES! THAT'S CLAUSTROPHOBIA!
TORCH IS LETTING HIS IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH HIM. HE THINKS THE KILLER'S SUFFERING FROM CLAUSTRO--CLAUSTRO-- OR SOMETHIN'! ANYWAY, WE KEEP LOOKIN' FER A RAT NAMED CLOSTRO!
RIGHT! I'VE GOT AN EIGHT-STATE TELETYPE ALARM OUT FER HIM!
NOW WHAT?
OUR ONLY CLUE IS THAT THE KILLER SUFFERS FROM A FEAR OF ENCLOSED PLACES. HE MUST BE UNDER TREATMENT -- OR HE WOULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE GOING INTO A CLOSED PLACE LIKE A BANK! --
AND JOE MILLER
USED BOOKS
ENLIST IN THE MARINES
FIRST
WE'VE GOT TO CHECK EVERY PSYCHIATRIST IN TOWN. A PSYCHIATRIST IS A DOCTOR WHO TREATS MENTAL QUIRKS LIKE JOEY'S. C'MON! WE'RE GOING HOME! WE'VE GOT SOME 'PHONING TO DO!
WELL, SLAP ME FOR A LILY!
HUH?
MEANWHILE, WILDLY GLARING EYES GLITTER IN THE SHADOWS OF A STRANGE WORLD AS THE KILLER STAGGERS THROUGH THE STREETS!
BERT PA.
VALLERY ST.

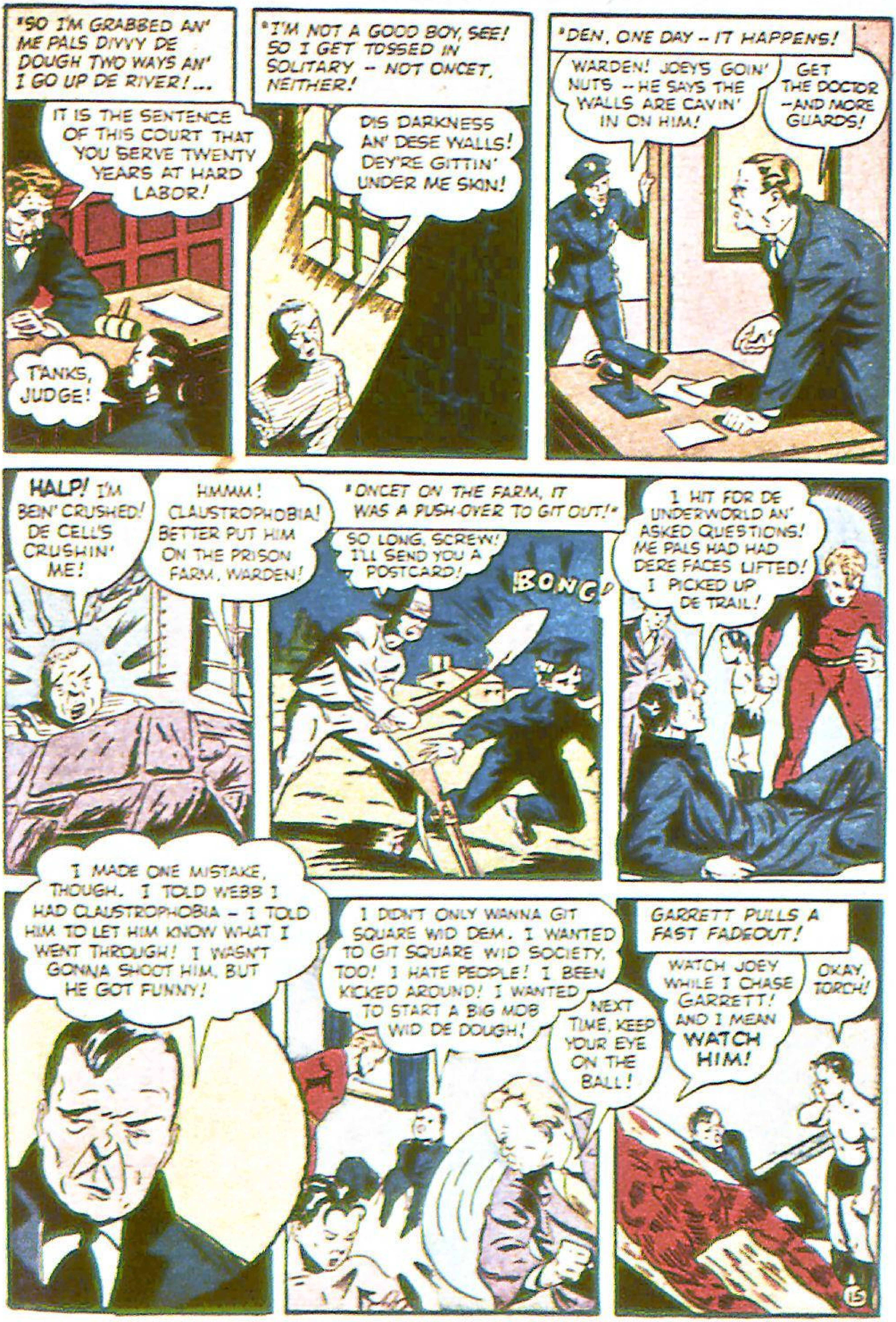

AT LAST -- SOMEHOW -- THE DESPERATE KILLER REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE! ...
DOC! OPEN UP! I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!
RRR-RING!
QUITE A SPELL, EH, JOEY? COME, I'LL GIVE YOU A BROMIDE TO QUIET YOUR NERVES!
HURRY, DOC, HURRY! -- BEFORE ONE OF YOUR WALLS SMACKS ME IN THE PUSS!
BAH! FAT LOTTA GOOD DAT STUFF DOES M! C'MON, DOC! GIMME A TREATMENT BEFORE DEM WALLS SCARE ME CLEAN OUTA ME SHIRT!
LOOK INTO MY EYES, JOEY!
THE DOCTOR PROCEEDS TO USE HYPNOSIS, STOCK-IN-TRADE OF MANY PSYCHIATRISTS ...
YOUR FEAR OF ENCLOSED SPACES IS IMAGINATION!
THE GLEAM OF TERROR IN THE SLIT-EYES FADES AWAY!
BUILDINGS -- WALLS -- CAN'T MOVE -- THEY STAND SOLID -- IT IS JUST FEAR WHICH MAKES YOU SEE THINGS LIKE THAT -- BLIND FEAR!
SURE! FEAR! I'M NOT SCARED NOW! EVERYTHING'S OKAY! FEAR'S ALL OUTA ME!
FORGET FEAR! FORGET IT!
JOEY'S EYES CLOSE AS HE FALLS INTO A HYPNOTIC SLEEP! ...
PULSE NORMAL! IF HE DOESN'T EXCITE HIMSELF, A FEW MORE TREATMENTS MAY CURE HIM -- AN INTERESTING ---
BRNNNNNNG!
WHAT --! THE TORCH! --
UNKNOWN TO THE DOCTOR, THE JANGLE OF THE TELEPHONE SLASHES THROUGH JOEY'S HYPNOSIS-FOGGED BRAIN ---- HIS SLIT-EYES OPEN!

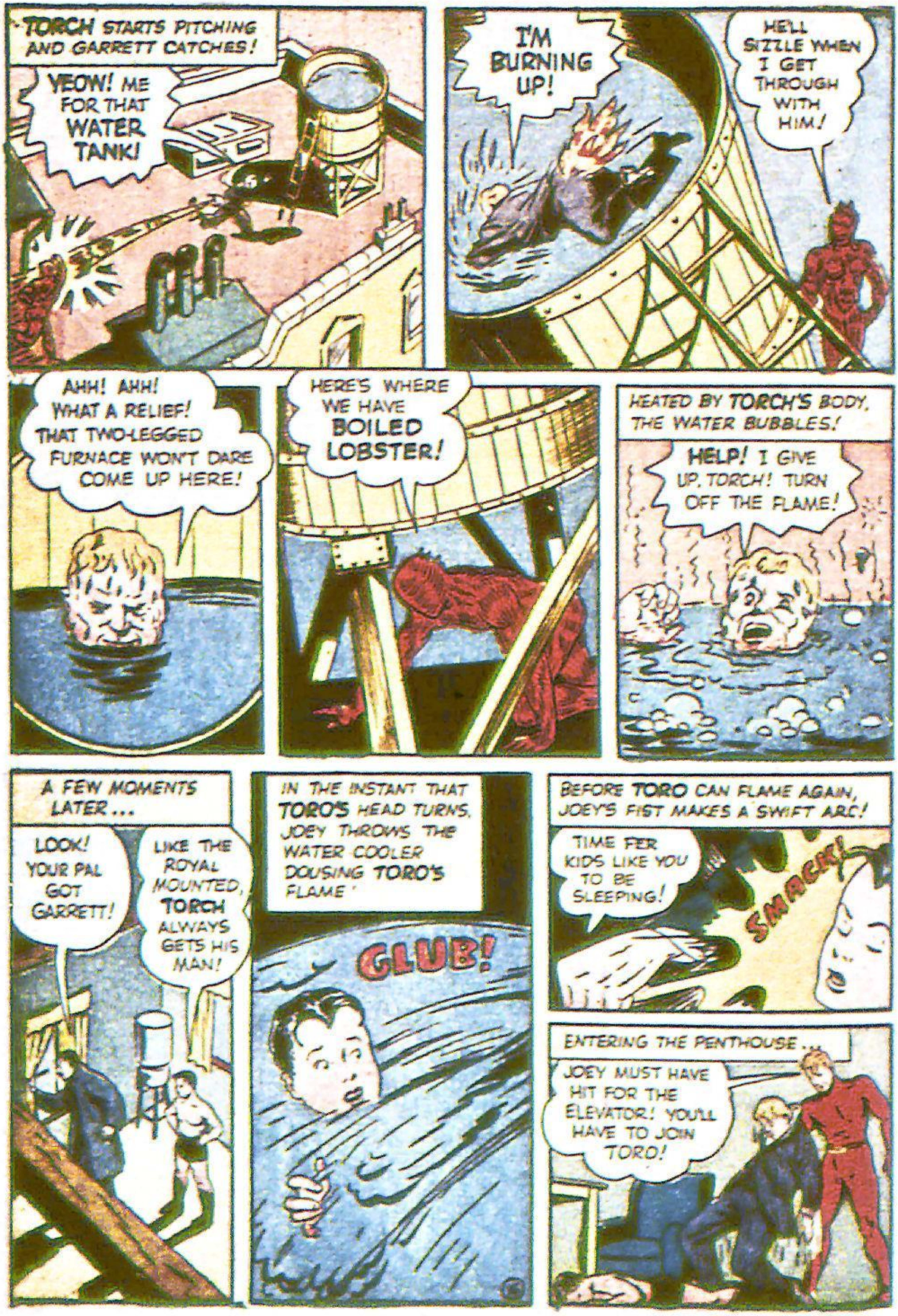

I'M LOOKING FOR A KILLER, DR. REESE! I'VE A HUNCH HE'S VISITING A PSYCHIATRIST --HERE'S A DESCRIPTION---
5 FEET, 6 INCHES TALL, LEAN, SLIT-EYED --AND SUFFERING FROM CLAUSTROPHOBIA--- GREAT SCOTT!
SUDDENLY, THE MUZZLE OF A GUN JABS THE DOCTOR!
OKAY, DOC! I'LL TAKE THE PHONE!
WRONG NUMBER!
THE KILLER SLAMS THE PHONE BACK ON ITS CRADLE!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW THINGS, DOC, BUT NOT TOO MUCH!
BUT...
LUCKY FER ME IT'S AFTER OFFICE HOURS! --NO ONE AROUND! SO LONG, DOC! AN' T'ANKS FER DE FREE TREATMENT!
I'D BETTER PAY GARRETT A CALL WHILE I'M FEELIN' OKAY!
TAXI!
MEANWHILE...
SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THAT PHONE CALL, TORO! REESE SOUNDED AS IF HE KNEW SOMETHING! COME ON!

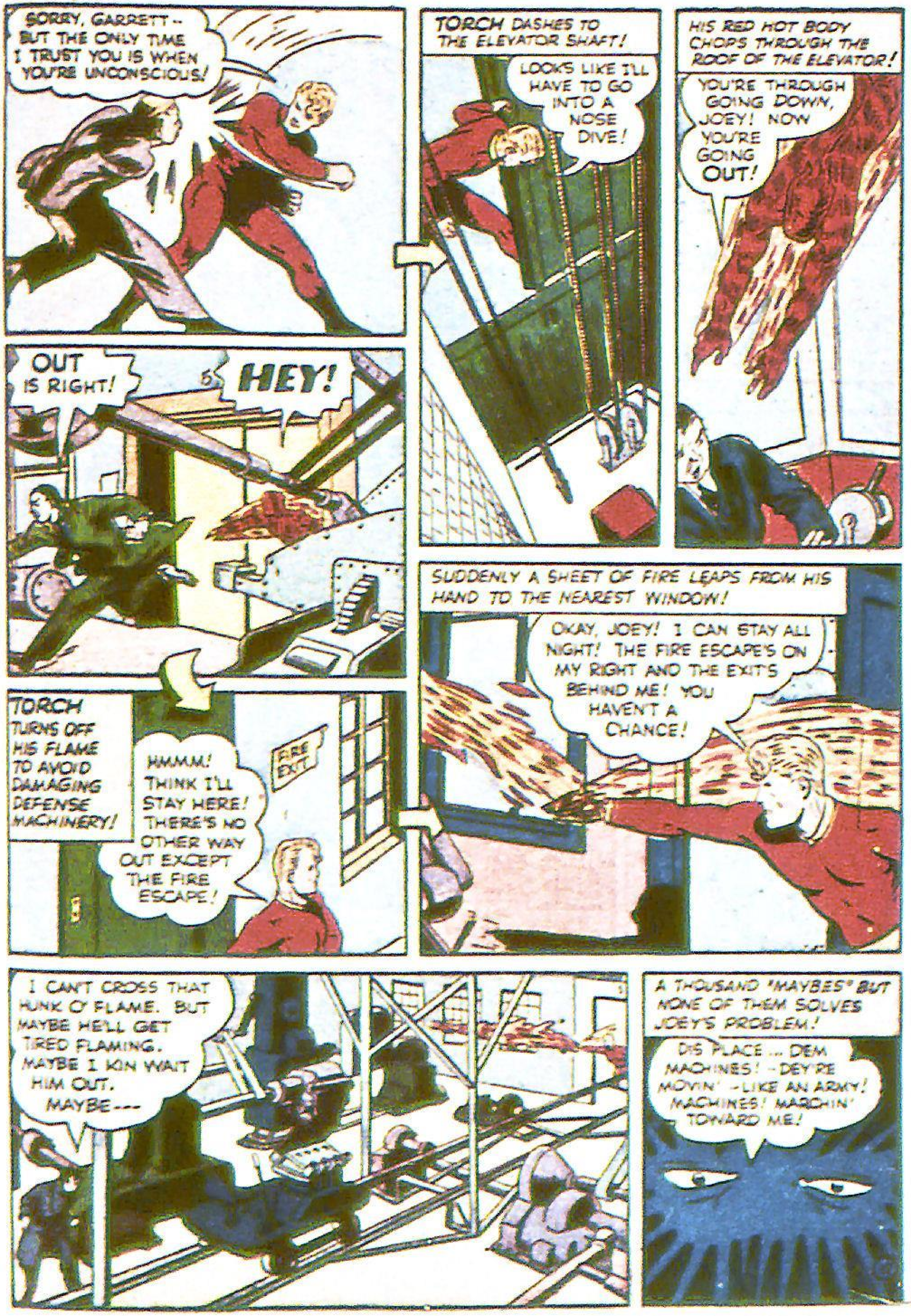

TORCH AND COMPANY RUSH TO THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FORGOT TO LOCK THE DOOR!
YEAH! SOMEONE NAMED JOEY!
NO WONDER HE DIDN'T ANSWER THE DOORBELL! DEAD! -- STILL WARM! WE CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND JOEY!
I'D RATHER BE BEHIND HIM THAN IN FRONT OF HIM!
HOT ON THE TRAIL, THEY MAKE A QUICK DEPARTURE FROM THE HOUSE OF DEATH!
THERE'S A BARE CHANCE JOEY DROPPED IN ON GARRETT! STEP ON IT, KID!
HE'S LIABLE TO SLAM THE DOOR IN OUR FACES IF HE'S STILL ALIVE!
MINUTES AHEAD OF TORCH, JOEY ARRIVES AT THE FACTORY!
WHO IS IT?
TELEGRAM FOR MISTER GARRETT!
GARRETT & CO. IRON WORKS
THE ELDERLY WATCHMAN OPENS THE DOOR!
WHERE'S THE TELEGRAM!
IN MY HAND! ONLY DON'T TAKE IT! IT MIGHT BE BAD NEWS! NOW BACK UP!
DON'T GET EXCITED! -- RELAX AND TELL ME WHERE YOUR BOSS IS!
U-UPSTAIRS --IN THE PENTHOUSE!
DUMP'S DESERTED! 'AT'S THE WAY I LIKE THINGS WHEN I TALK BUSINESS.. QUIET!
YOU WAITED A LONG TIME FER DIS MOMENT -- SO KEEP COOL, JOEY! KEEP COOL!
LIKE A PANTHER, HE MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE ROOF!...
DIS IS ONE WAY TO UNLOCK A DOOR!
WHAT TH--!
BANG!
3

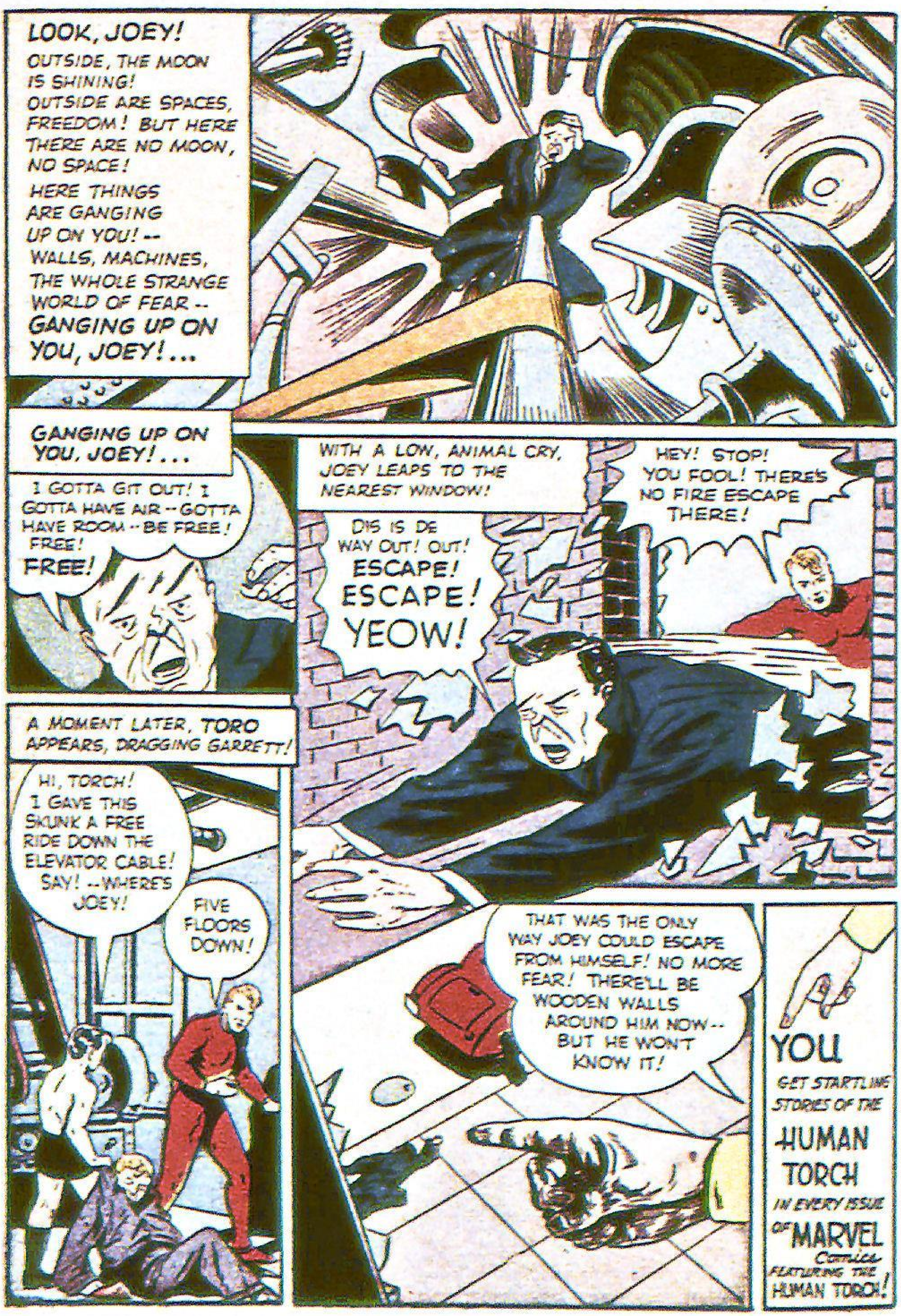

DIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE AN **ARSENAL!** BEEN EXPECTIN' ME, HUH, GARRETT?
YES, JOEY! - EVER SINCE YOU KILLED WEBB!
GARRETT WHIPS UP HIS GUN, BUT JOEY'S PISTOL TALKS FIRST!
YEOW! MY HAND!
YOUR HEAD COMES NEXT! --IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE!
ZING-G-G-
OKAY, JOEY! WHAT'S THE FARE? ONE HUNDRED GRAND?
I GAVE WEBB A SPECIAL RATE - THE FRAME-UP YOU TWO PULLED ON ME WAS YOUR IDEA - SO YOU PAY DOUBLE!
TWO HUNDRED GRAND! I HAVEN'T THAT MUCH CASH ON HAND!
TOO BAD!
SUDDENLY THERE IS AN INTERRUPTION, AS **TORCH** AND **TORO** BLAZE THROUGH THE WALL!
PUT DOWN THE GAT, JOEY! YOUR PRIVATE WAR'S OVER!
JOEY LEAPS TO A WALL AND GRABS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER!
WATCH GARRETT, TORO! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BUM!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
TRY DIS! - IT'S GOOD FER DE COMPLEXION!
MUFFED! YOU'RE BETTER WITH A ".45" - JOEY!
A FLAMING HAND CLOSES OVER THE EXTINGUISHER, WHICH MELTS LIKE FAT IN A FRYING PAN!
NEXT TIME, TURN IN A GENERAL ALARM!
13

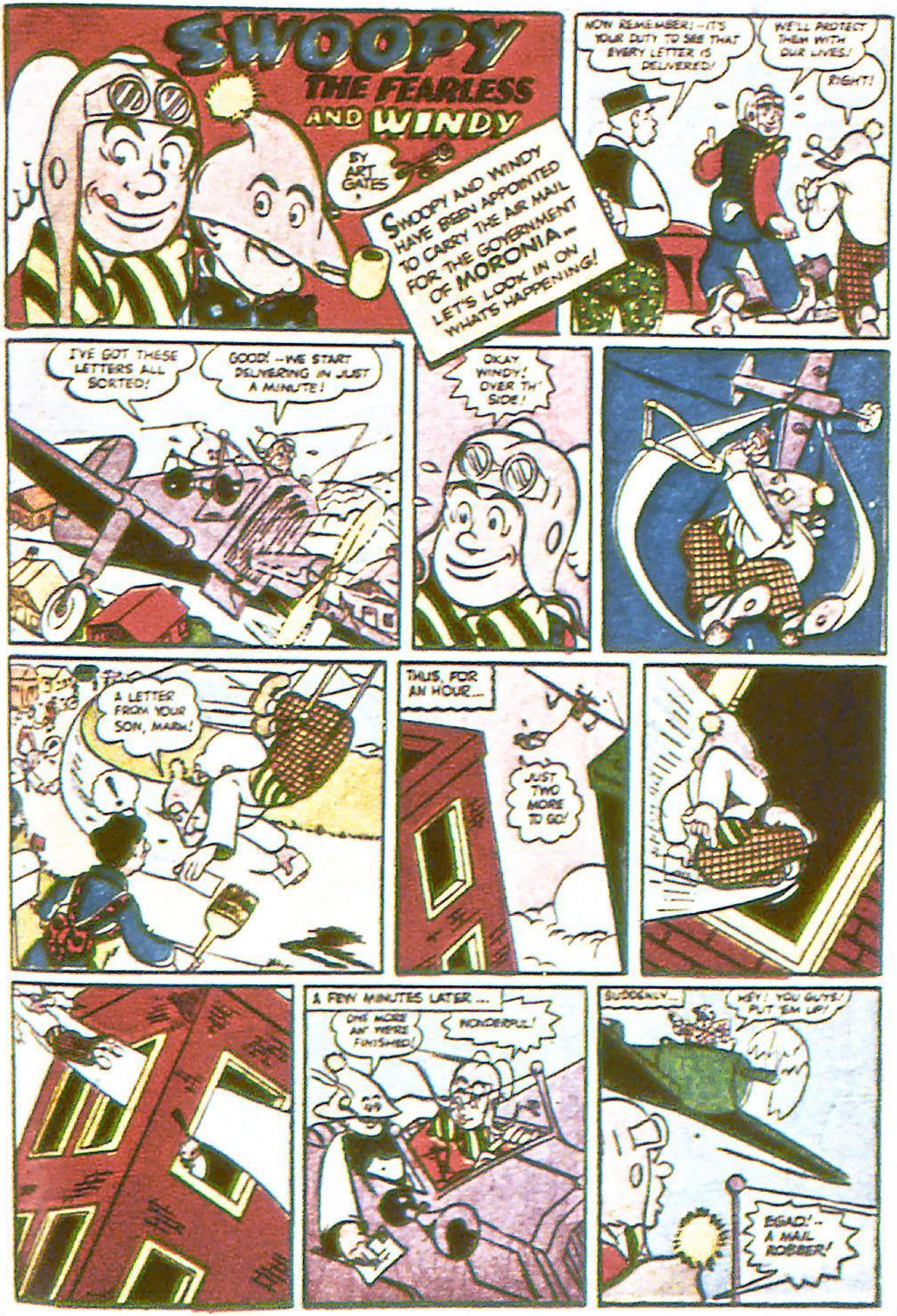

A FIERY FIST HISSES THROUGH THE AIR AND JOEY ROCKS BACK ON HIS HEELS!
THE FLOOR'S COOLER, JOEY!
AGHRR!
HAVING DROPPED THE KILLER, TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME!
SMELL IT, JOEY! IT'S A FIST--AND IF YOU DON'T TALK, YOU STOP SMELLING!
PUT IT DOWN! I-I KNOW WHEN I'VE GOT ENOUGH! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!
"ONCET UPON A TIME DERE WAS TREE GUYS-- ME, WEBB, AN' GARRETT! DEY HAD DIFFERNT NAMES-DIFFERNT FACES...
CHECK!
NOW, REMEMBER- SOON AS I GRAB DE DOUGH, WE SCRAM AN' SEPARATE! THAT MAKES US HARDER TO GET! WHEN WE'RE IN THE CLEAR, WE MEET AT THE HIDE-OUT AN' DIVVY, SEE?
RIGHT!
"SO WE STUCK UP A BANK AN' GRABBED A HUNDERD GRAND! BUT ONE OF THE GUARDS GETS NASTY! ...
BANG!
"WE SEPARATE... ME, I HIT FER THE ALLEY!...
SO FAR, POIFECT! NOW TO GIT TO DE HIDE-OUT!
NO ONE ELSE HERE! GUESS I'M OILY! MIGHT AS WELL MAKE MESELF COMFORTABLE!
"BUT MY PARDNERS NEVER COME! DE GUY YOU KNOW AS GARRETT MADE A PHONE CALL INSTEAD!
POLICE HEADQUARTERS? HERE'S A TIP ON THE BANK BANDIT WHO SHOT THAT BANK GUARD! HE'S IN A HIDE-OUT AT 26 REARDON ST.! G'BYE!

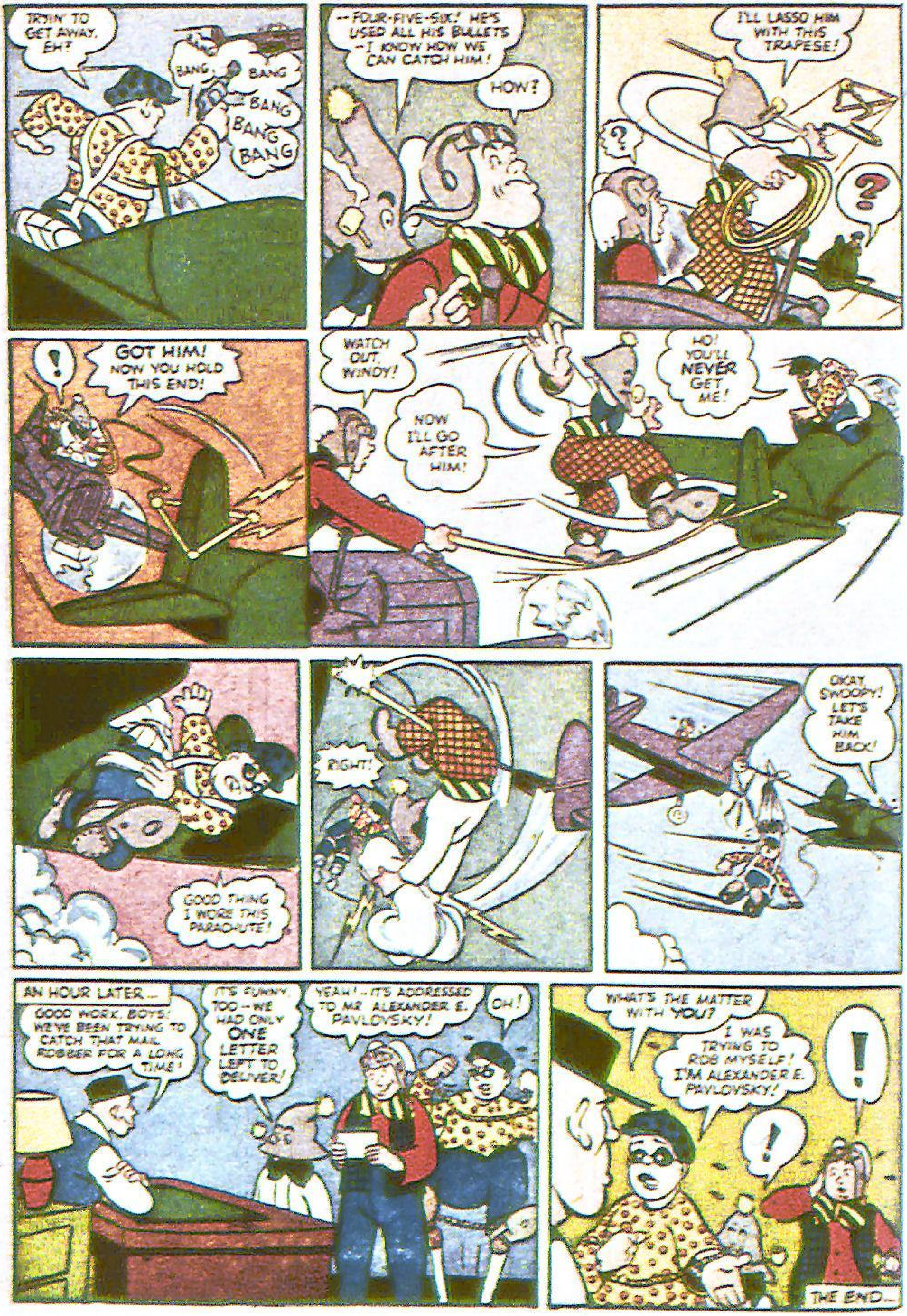

"SO I'M GRABBED AN' ME PALS DIVVY DE DOUGH TWO WAYS AN' I GO UP DE RIVER!...
IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT THAT YOU SERVE TWENTY YEARS AT HARD LABOR!
TANKS, JUDGE!
"I'M NOT A GOOD BOY, SEE! SO I GET TOSSED IN SOLITARY -- NOT ONCET, NEITHER!
DIS DARKNESS AN' DESE WALLS! DEY'RE GITTIN' UNDER ME SKIN!
"DEN, ONE DAY -- IT HAPPENS!
WARDEN! JOEY'S GOIN' NUTS -- HE SAYS THE WALLS ARE CAVIN' IN ON HIM!
GET THE DOCTOR --AND MORE GUARDS!
HALP! I'M BEIN' CRUSHED! DE CELL'S CRUSHIN' ME!
HMMM! CLAUSTROPHOBIA! BETTER PUT HIM ON THE PRISON FARM, WARDEN!
"ONCET ON THE FARM, IT WAS A PUSH-OVER TO GIT OUT!"
SO LONG, SCREW! I'LL SEND YOU A POSTCARD!
BONG
I HIT FOR DE UNDERWORLD AN' ASKED QUESTIONS! ME PALS HAD HAD DERE FACES LIFTED! I PICKED UP DE TRAIL!
I MADE ONE MISTAKE, THOUGH. I TOLD WEBB I HAD CLAUSTROPHOBIA - I TOLD HIM TO LET HIM KNOW WHAT I WENT THROUGH! I WASN'T GONNA SHOOT HIM, BUT HE GOT FUNNY!
I DIDN'T ONLY WANNA GIT SQUARE WID DEM. I WANTED TO GIT SQUARE WID SOCIETY, TOO! I HATE PEOPLE! I BEEN KICKED AROUND! I WANTED TO START A BIG MOB WID DE DOUGH!
NEXT TIME, KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL!
GARRETT PULLS A FAST FADEOUT!
WATCH JOEY WHILE I CHASE GARRETT! AND I MEAN WATCH HIM!
OKAY, TORCH!

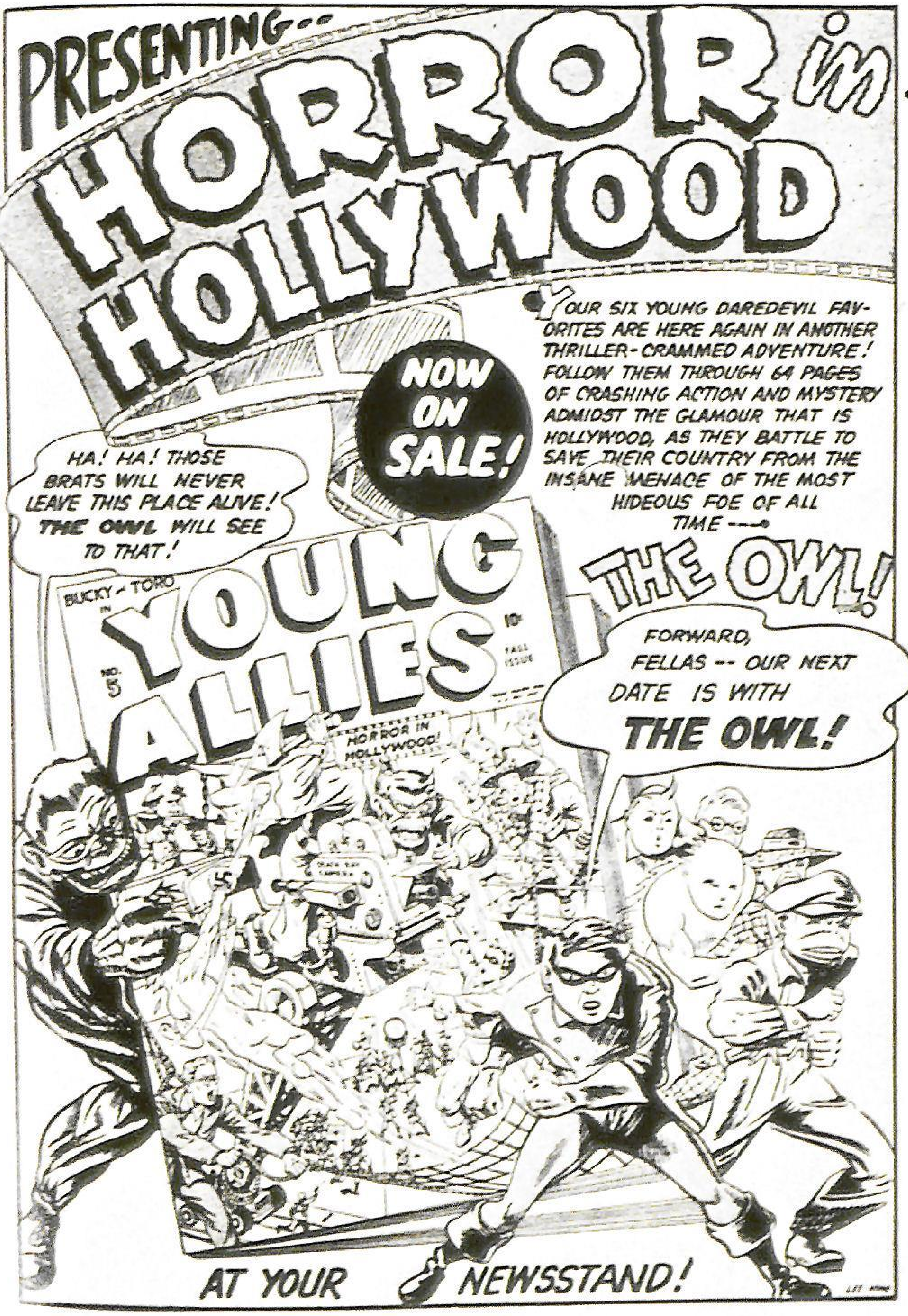

TORCH STARTS PITCHING AND GARRETT CATCHES!
YEOW! ME FOR THAT WATER TANK!
I'M BURNING UP!
HE'LL SIZZLE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM!
AHH! AHH! WHAT A RELIEF! THAT TWO-LEGGED FURNACE WON'T DARE COME UP HERE!
HERE'S WHERE WE HAVE BOILED LOBSTER!
HEATED BY TORCH'S BODY, THE WATER BUBBLES!
HELP! I GIVE UP, TORCH! TURN OFF THE FLAME!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
LOOK! YOUR PAL GOT GARRETT!
LIKE THE ROYAL MOUNTED, TORCH ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!
IN THE INSTANT THAT TORO'S HEAD TURNS, JOEY THROWS THE WATER COOLER DOUSING TORO'S FLAME
GLUB!
BEFORE TORO CAN FLAME AGAIN, JOEY'S FIST MAKES A SWIFT ARC!
TIME FER KIDS LIKE YOU TO BE SLEEPING!
SMACK!
ENTERING THE PENTHOUSE...
JOEY MUST HAVE HIT FOR THE ELEVATOR! YOU'LL HAVE TO JOIN TORO!


SORRY, GARRETT-- BUT THE ONLY TIME I TRUST YOU IS WHEN YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUS!
TORCH DASHES TO THE ELEVATOR SHAFT!
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO A NOSE DIVE!
HIS RED HOT BODY CHOPS THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE ELEVATOR!
YOU'RE THROUGH GOING DOWN, JOEY! NOW YOU'RE GOING OUT!
OUT IS RIGHT!
HEY!
TORCH TURNS OFF HIS FLAME TO AVOID DAMAGING DEFENSE MACHINERY!
HMMM! THINK I'LL STAY HERE! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT EXCEPT THE FIRE ESCAPE!
FIRE EXIT
SUDDENLY A SHEET OF FIRE LEAPS FROM HIS HAND TO THE NEAREST WINDOW!
OKAY, JOEY! I CAN STAY ALL NIGHT! THE FIRE ESCAPE'S ON MY RIGHT AND THE EXIT'S BEHIND ME! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
I CAN'T CROSS THAT HUNK O' FLAME. BUT MAYBE HE'LL GET TIRED FLAMING. MAYBE I KIN WAIT HIM OUT. MAYBE---
A THOUSAND "MAYBES" BUT NONE OF THEM SOLVES JOEY'S PROBLEM!
DIS PLACE ... DEM MACHINES! -DEY'RE MOVIN' -LIKE AN ARMY! MACHINES! MARCHIN' TOWARD ME!


LOOK, JOEY! OUTSIDE, THE MOON IS SHINING! OUTSIDE ARE SPACES, FREEDOM! BUT HERE THERE ARE NO MOON, NO SPACE! HERE THINGS ARE GANGING UP ON YOU! -- WALLS, MACHINES, THE WHOLE STRANGE WORLD OF FEAR -- GANGING UP ON YOU, JOEY!...
GANGING UP ON YOU, JOEY!...
I GOTTA GIT OUT! I GOTTA HAVE AIR -- GOTTA HAVE ROOM -- BE FREE! FREE! FREE!
WITH A LOW, ANIMAL CRY, JOEY LEAPS TO THE NEAREST WINDOW!
DIS IS DE WAY OUT! OUT! ESCAPE! ESCAPE! YEOW!
HEY! STOP! YOU FOOL! THERE'S NO FIRE ESCAPE THERE!
A MOMENT LATER, TORO APPEARS, DRAGGING GARRETT!
HI, TORCH! I GAVE THIS SKUNK A FREE RIDE DOWN THE ELEVATOR CABLE! SAY! -- WHERE'S JOEY!
FIVE FLOORS DOWN!
THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY JOEY COULD ESCAPE FROM HIMSELF! NO MORE FEAR! THERE'LL BE WOODEN WALLS AROUND HIM NOW -- BUT HE WON'T KNOW IT!
YOU GET STARTLING STORIES OF THE HUMAN TORCH IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL Comics FEATURING THE HUMAN TORCH!


SWOOPY THE FEARLESS AND WINDY
BY ART GATES
SWOOPY AND WINDY HAVE BEEN APPOINTED TO CARRY THE AIR MAIL FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF MORONIA... LET'S LOOK IN ON WHAT'S HAPPENING!
NOW REMEMBER! -- IT'S YOUR DUTY TO SEE THAT EVERY LETTER IS DELIVERED!
WE'LL PROTECT THEM WITH OUR LIVES!
RIGHT!
I'VE GOT THESE LETTERS ALL SORTED!
GOOD! -- WE START DELIVERING IN JUST A MINUTE!
OKAY WINDY! OVER TH' SIDE!
A LETTER FROM YOUR SON, MARK!
!
THUS, FOR AN HOUR...
JUST TWO MORE TO GO!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
ONE MORE AN' WE'RE FINISHED!
WONDERFUL!
SUDDENLY...
HEY! YOU GUYS! PUT 'EM UP!
EGAD! -- A MAIL ROBBER!


TRYIN' TO GET AWAY, EH?
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
--FOUR-FIVE-SIX! HE'S USED ALL HIS BULLETS --I KNOW HOW WE CAN CATCH HIM!
HOW?
I'LL LASSO HIM WITH THIS TRAPESE!
?
?
!
GOT HIM! NOW YOU HOLD THIS END!
WATCH OUT, WINDY!
NOW I'LL GO AFTER HIM!
HO! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!
GOOD THING I WORE THIS PARACHUTE!
RIGHT!
OKAY, SWOOPY! LET'S TAKE HIM BACK!
AN HOUR LATER...
GOOD WORK, BOYS! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CATCH THAT MAIL ROBBER FOR A LONG TIME!
IT'S FUNNY, TOO--WE HAD ONLY ONE LETTER LEFT TO DELIVER!
YEAH!--IT'S ADDRESSED TO MR. ALEXANDER E. PAVLOVSKY!
OH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
I WAS TRYING TO ROB MYSELF! I'M ALEXANDER E. PAVLOVSKY!
!
!
THE END...


PRESENTING...
HORROR in HOLLYWOOD
YOUR SIX YOUNG DAREDEVIL FAVORITES ARE HERE AGAIN IN ANOTHER THRILLER-CRAMMED ADVENTURE! FOLLOW THEM THROUGH 64 PAGES OF CRASHING ACTION AND MYSTERY ADMIDST THE GLAMOUR THAT IS HOLLYWOOD, AS THEY BATTLE TO SAVE THEIR COUNTRY FROM THE INSANE MENACE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS FOE OF ALL TIME---
NOW ON SALE!
HA! HA! THOSE BRATS WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE! THE OWL WILL SEE TO THAT!
THE OWL!
BUCKY - TORO IN
YOUNG ALLIES
No. 5
10¢
FALL ISSUE
HORROR IN HOLLYWOOD!
FORWARD, FELLAS -- OUR NEXT DATE IS WITH THE OWL!
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

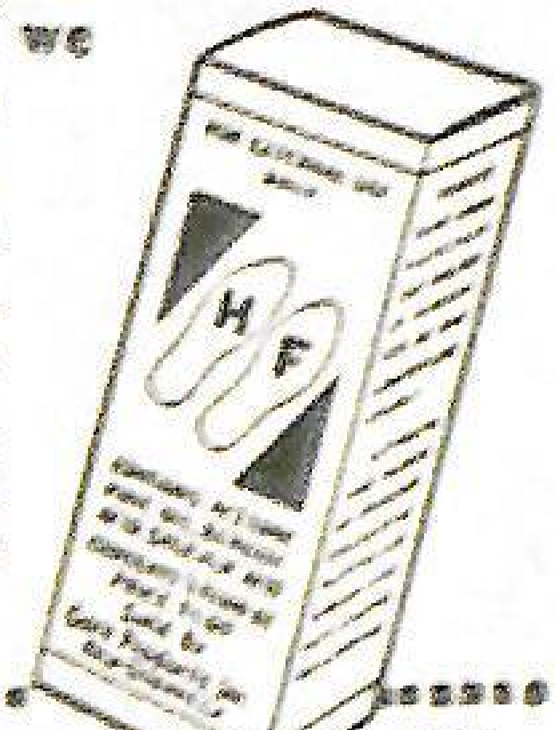
DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



M.C

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME____________________________________

ADDRESS_________________________________

CITY________________________STATE________